

The Musical Quarterly

O. G. SONNECK, *Editor*

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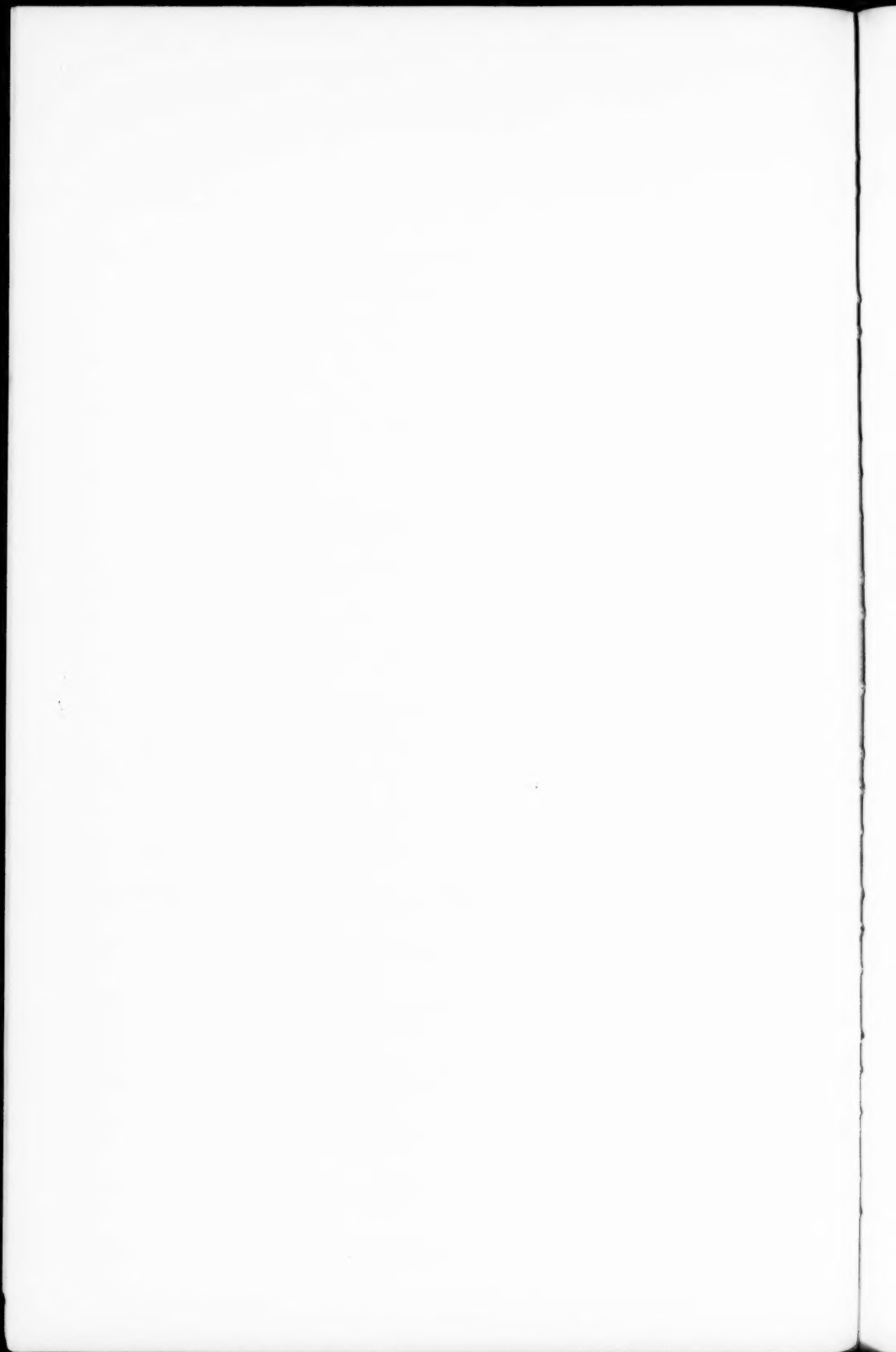
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MUSICAL APPRECIATION

By J. LAWRENCE ERB

THE term, "Musical Appreciation," has within the past decade taken on a specific meaning. Strictly speaking, all study of music and all performance and hearing of music are intended to lead to its proper appreciation; and there is no doubt that such recognition as music has enjoyed has come almost exclusively in the past through these means.

There is another sense, however, in which the term is used. This is the usage which has become more and more identified with the words, "Musical Appreciation," especially among educators. Any usage so new as this is necessarily somewhat vague in its connotations, but, in a general way, the term, "Musical Appreciation," has come to mean that deliberate study *about* music, through the spoken word and the musical illustration, sometimes reinforced by pictures, costumes, or other accessories, without any definite demands upon the student in the line of performance.

Its beginnings are in the dim past. For years, the lecture-recital, the analytical lecture, the programme-note, the critique, the costume-recital and a host of other methods tending to popularize music have been in vogue. The universities and colleges have long carried on courses designed to bring about a wider and a better understanding of music, to the end that the culture for which these institutions stand should be more complete and more related to the demands of everyday life. Yet it has been notoriously true that, in spite of all the energy and enthusiasm that has been expended in the cause of good music—to say nothing of the money—after all, only a very small proportion of the population of this country has shown more than the slightest interest in music of the better type. In fact, outside the great centers

of population, good music, well performed, has been practically unheard by any but the fortunate few whose proximity to an educational institution made occasional hearings possible. Naturally, under such circumstances, there could be little hope of familiarity upon the part of the American people as a whole with good music or of any adequate understanding of its meaning and message.

Increasing wealth and comfort have, however, brought in their train a demand for higher standards of living, as well as for a better type of social intercourse. The improvement in means of communication has made group-activities more accessible to a large number of people. Where there is social intercourse, especially by groups, music is naturally in demand. Moreover, the invention of mechanical musical instruments and of the talking-machine together with the recent development of radio has opened wide vistas to millions of persons whose inadequate technical musical education had hitherto made an intimate knowledge of good music impossible.

These and other influences, scarcely less potent, have contributed to the development of an interest in music which has stimulated musicians and educators to devise means of making this interest intelligent and *appreciative*, to the end that it might contribute to the upbuilding of all serious musical enterprises, and that it might add something worth-while to the culture of those exposed to its influence.

It was out of this development that the conscious and deliberate study of Musical Appreciation evolved. The first efforts were directed more particularly toward the serious music-student and the no-less-serious amateur, and were more or less technical in their nature, involving studies in the analysis of form and other matters of no particular interest to the general public. When the movement began to reach down, however, below the university and college and professional-student class, into the high-schools and then into the grade-schools, and when the popularity of the talking-machine created a great adult class of listeners, a new method, a new manner of approach became necessary. Form became secondary; substance was primary.

It also became apparent that a wide variety of music, not nearly all of it "classical" in the much-abused sense of the term, must be countenanced, even promoted, in order to reach the millions who had previously received scant recognition and practically no attention. That psychological variety whose recognition has served to make general education so fascinating was

found to apply equally to music-study, especially upon the appreciative side; and many of the sacred formulæ, hallowed by time and usage, while not necessarily superseded, have been made to rub elbows with young upstarts of more plebeian birth but of great vigor and adaptability, to the end that society as a whole—not merely a stratum or two—might feel the ingratiating, the uplifting influence of music.

In other words, by a well-defined process of supply and demand, resulting in an interest that may safely be characterized as nationwide, music has come into nearly every home and every life where the parcel-post or the express company or the radio can penetrate. The crucial question is, "What shall be the type of the music which these newly-interested ones are to hear and appropriate?" Obviously, left to their own devices and the tender mercies of those whose interest in music is chiefly if not entirely commercial, it is inevitable that the results will be less advantageous than if intelligently and sympathetically directed by agencies whose primary interest is the highest good, the most lasting enjoyment, the most inspiring recreation attainable, and whose methods are those which educational ideals and experience would commend. If children and grown-ups need to be *taught to play*, as we are assured, in spite of the universal instinct which, even in a sophisticated society, many—thank God—never outgrow, how much more is it necessary, in spite of the universal love of beauty, to help those who have been starved of esthetic expression to a realization of the meaning and message of what to them, for lack of use, has become well-nigh an unknown tongue!

It is no longer necessary—if there ever was necessity—to show cause why musical culture should, so far as possible, be universally disseminated. Restricting high-grade art to the "nobility and gentry," if it ever was the custom, has certainly been outgrown in these days of rampant democracy. The question in our day is not, "Shall good music be brought to the masses?" but rather, "How can the general public be most effectively brought into contact with good music so as to develop an universal love and appreciation for the best?"

Obviously the problem is one involving both the material and the method to be used in the study of music from the standpoint of its appreciation, rather than from the professional point of view. Obviously also, any attempt to bring about a general appreciation of music by using the methods and standards of the professional musician are doomed to failure, since the professional viewpoint has been the only one in evidence for all the generations

during which music has failed to fulfill its mission as a democratic art. It would perhaps be untrue to state that professionalism has killed popular interest in music, yet such a statement would contain certain important elements of truth which should not be disregarded. Perhaps it is fairer to say that the *disciplinary* features, so necessary for the attainment of professional standards, are fatal to popular appreciation, which is based not at all upon performing ability but upon the ability to *enjoy* (and to enjoy intelligently, if the earnest efforts of the musical appreciation enthusiasts prevail). That this is true is attested by the pathetic attempts, made by otherwise cultured people, to find a slightest trace of intelligible beauty in much of the music which is purveyed by the concert-givers of the day. They are bewildered because they find no ideas which can be translated in terms of their musical experience.

While it is no doubt true, as the music-historians tell us, that the rhythmic sense was the first to develop in the human race, this year of grace is so far removed from the day of origins that a somewhat different condition prevails. To-day it is the universal testimony of music teachers that a sense of rhythm, especially as exhibited in the ability to *keep time* while playing or singing, is the rarest thing among their students. This condition may not be due, however, so much to a perversion of natural instinct as to imperfections in the system of teaching and presenting new music to the student, also, perhaps, to complexities of the musical notation, which are further complicated by somewhat divergent practice among the composers themselves.

In any event, present-day musical interest exhibits itself usually first in connection with "tune" or melody. This assertion holds true in spite of such transitory phenomena as the present epidemic of "jazz," or the recently passed but no less violent attack of "rag-time-itis." Even in these apparently rhythmic manifestations *par excellence*, an attempt to reduce the most blatant examples to pure rhythm, playing them, for instance, as solos on the drum, would without doubt soon demonstrate that the *tune*, such as it is, is after all the main consideration. To insist that, since melody cannot exist without rhythm, the primacy of rhythm still holds, may be disproved by referring to the common experience that the identity, and often the enjoyment, of a familiar composition, at least to the layman, is not seriously impaired though the rhythm be distorted or to a large extent allowed to disappear, so long as the melodic line is not too much interfered with. The "horrible examples" where serious music has been

forced to do "stunts," such as the translation to the dance-floor of "popular classics," or the garbling of masterpieces in connection with popular songs or musical comedies, are cases in point. It is entirely within the facts to assert that, to the great public, *melody reigns supreme*—since melody is really the *musical idea*, the other elements being accessories in the expression of the idea.

It would seem, then, that the study of Musical Appreciation or, perhaps, more properly, the attempt to create the appreciation of good music, must begin upon the melodic basis. Moreover, in accordance with good educational usage, passing from the known to the unknown, *familiar* examples should provide the groundwork for making the acquaintance of the unfamiliar. And, as with persons whom we come to know and regard highly, it is usually necessary that we meet them repeatedly under varying conditions in order that we may acquire that understanding which is essential to true appreciation.

Repeated hearing, therefore, is the fundamental factor in bringing about the appreciation of music—repeated hearing, prefaced or accompanied by such information as may serve to stimulate the interest or to throw light upon any obscurities of construction or meaning. No amount of *talking about music* can take the place of hearing it. Rather, too much talk often reacts unfavorably in creating impossible expectations or, on the other hand, in dulling the edge of interest, so that the zest is worn off.

Repeated hearings mean repeated performances. Obviously the ideal is an artistic performance by a first-class musician—but that is not nearly always available. The millionaire may possess a concert-grand piano of the finest make and a library of the choicest music and still remain in the most rudimentary class as regards musical appreciation. Or he may go a step further and pay excellent artists large sums of money to play or sing for him, yet his condition is scarcely improved, unless he has the wit and they the willingness to make the performances *educational* in character, carefully selected and presented, so that he may be led, step by step, into the Tonal Kingdom. The appreciation of music is an educational process and therefore a growth, a development, an evolution, if you will, in which each step upward must proceed out of the next below. True, some grow faster than others, but that does not disprove the assertion that it *is* a growth, not a sudden metamorphosis, like the change from chrysalis to butterfly.

Much more accessible than personal performance, even to the wealthy, is the mechanical reproduction of music, now so

much improved and including so wide a range of selection. Here, on the one hand, is the player-piano, and, on the other, the talking-machine, each with its advantages, though, from the standpoint of inexpensiveness, the talking-machine can obviously reach the larger public. While it is true that there is still a great amount of music of the highest type which is not to be found in the realm of the "canned" or mechanical product—because, quite naturally, these depend upon public demand for their output, and this output bears a very direct relation to the concert and opera programmes of any given season—nevertheless, in the many years of the development of the talking-machine and the player-piano, an almost incredible amount of good music has been recorded, much of it not once but many times. In fact, the catalogues of the various companies producing these recordings are a most excellent (and encouraging) index of the development in musical appreciation upon the part of the American people.

Many ingenious schemes have been devised for popularizing music by means of the talking-machines. The leading producers of records have prepared attractive books featuring their products and at the same time performing a real service to the purchasing public. Some of these are among the very best works yet produced in the realm of musical appreciation. Where the dealer in talking-machines has the facilities and the enterprise, frequent hearings of the best records with explanatory remarks have reached large numbers of embryonic music-lovers. A device employed in at least one State University has been of great value in reaching the dwellers in rural and semi-rural communities. Typewritten lectures have been carefully prepared to be sent out, together with a selected list of records, on the same principle as the circulating library of books. The lecture may be read by an individual in the privacy of his home, or by a club or other gathering, while the records are interpolated at the proper intervals.

An elaborate machinery exists which has done much to induce people to *listen* to music—but unless the listening is done with discriminating intelligence, musical appreciation in any true sense cannot be said to have arrived. Whoever essays to bring about real musical appreciation must present the material with such a background of information and with the opportunity to make proper comparisons as will result on the one hand in an intelligent understanding of the music, and on the other in the cultivation of an ever-developing taste for the best. Therefore it is not enough to be *exposed* to the *music*. The mind must be stimulated, as well as the emotions and the esthetic sense. There

must, moreover, be digestion and assimilation if the music provided is to do lasting good.

Following the score while listening—a practice which is open to serious question at a concert—is of excellent advantage in the *study* of a composition for intelligent hearing. And it cannot be denied that at least a rudimentary knowledge of theory and form are of great assistance in making the meaning clear. Yet, in the light of much misguided zeal upon the part of the professional musician and the appreciation propagandist, it is well to remember the Scripture, "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." Better, *no* technical knowledge whatever—if one were obliged to choose—but an abiding love and enthusiasm for the music itself, than an intellectual concept from which beauty has fled. Too many teachers of musical appreciation in the past have torn the rose to shreds in order to exhibit its structure, when what was needed was to preserve its beauty and fragrance to make glad the souls of the multitude.

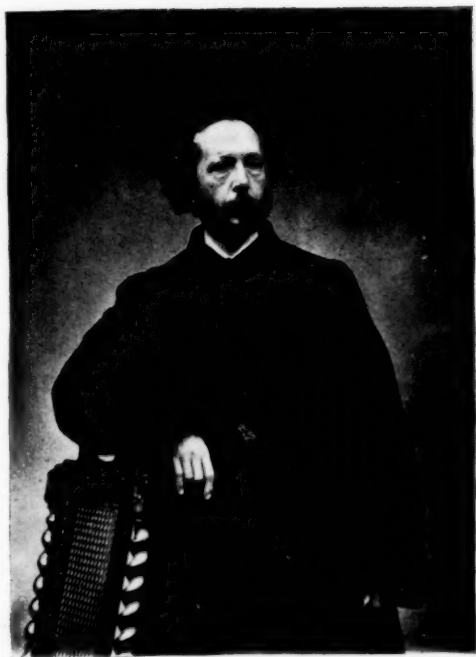
Through the intelligent, tactful presentation of good music in a setting of interesting information attractively presented, the way is open for making ours a nation of music-lovers. Perhaps such a course will never produce the "Great American Composer," but again, perhaps it will. At any rate, there is no project more stimulating to the ambitious musician than that of contributing to the general musical uplift of our people. Hence the timeliness of the movement for the teaching, in many forms and from many angles, of musical appreciation. It is the Spirit of the Times in musical education.

ÉDOUARD LALO

By JULIEN TIERSOT

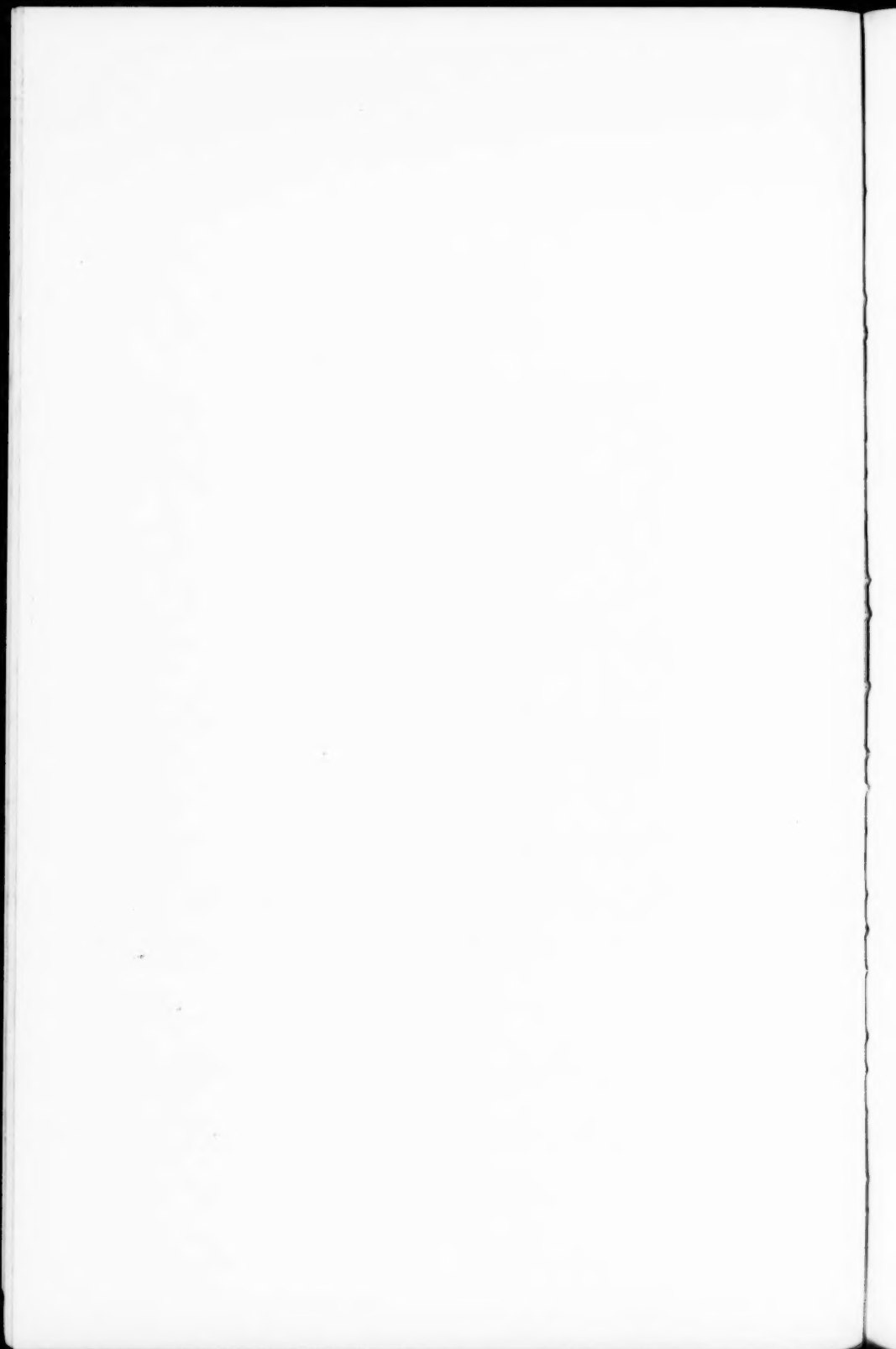
THOSE men, the centenary of whose natal day has been celebrated in France during recent years, formed a generation very different from that which preceded as well as that which followed them. Their predecessors, "children of the century," as one of their number called them, were those who in the ardor of youth, toward 1830, engendered Romanticism, that movement inspired by a fierce craving for revivification and self-expression, and by the puissant urging of an imagination unrestrained, spontaneous and creative. Those who followed them were the men of 1870, called to a duty more exacting and who, in most branches of French creative activity, in music as in all others, directed their efforts to an uplift in consequence of which the national ideal was notably raised. Between these groups lived the men of 1848—for, regardless of opinion, the epochs of history are closely and intimately allied to those of all mental manifestations, even such as seem farthest removed from the activities of public life: at all events, those who took part in the latter lived among those who were the artisans of the former; they were brushed by their wing, they felt their reaction.

Now, in the nineteenth century, the year 1848 is a fateful date: preceded by tremendous hopes, the events which ran their course during that year ended in disillusion, miscarriages, and disruptions of which many men of the best intentions were the deplorable victims. Notwithstanding, the dreams once visioned were not forgotten, and some of them were realized at a later date. Here we naturally have to confine ourselves to music. It was the epoch when the greatest musician of his age, Berlioz, after his first essays about the year 1830, which justified the highest hopes, felt that he had been vanquished and ruined by his own masterpiece, and became a prey to dejection and despair. Yet about him others triumphed, musicians whom we will not accuse of mediocrity, since it is not a question of their talent; but who pursued a far lower aim than that toward which the great geniuses strove. These lesser spirits revelled in every satisfaction, while those who claimed the right to follow their own path independently saw their place in the sun refused them. What a tremendous dose



CLICHÉ PIERRE PETIT

Édouard Lalo



of courage was necessary for those who, born in the interval between the two generations, wished to separate from those who called themselves the masters, the life-story of several among them has amply demonstrated. A few attempted the struggle: yet how hard a struggle it was. We should remember, quite aside from music, the incomprehension, the hostility against which Flaubert, Renan, Baudelaire had to struggle in their younger years, while Pasteur long kept himself shut up in the silence of his laboratory, patiently waiting for the hour to strike in order to reveal what his genius had achieved for the good of humanity.

Three French musicians belong to this generation, and each one of the three, in his own way, is peculiarly representative of it; they are César Franck, Édouard Lalo, and Ernest Reyer. The effort of all three was meritorious; yet it may be said that they did not see its fruition, or receive their reward, until that moment when the generation following joined hands with them. Men of 1848, they are allied to 1870. This is true of César Franck in particular, and of Lalo: it was not until new companions—Saint-Saëns, Bizet, Massenet, later Gabriel Fauré, Vincent d'Indy and still others—had joined them that they, till then so isolated, could feel that they were in some sort living in a social environment really meant for them. Reyer (who, incidentally, never became estranged from the two others, but always remained sympathetic), continued, nevertheless, to follow his own road: of his ties with the past he retained all that was best; his faithfulness to Berlioz was a continuing bond of union with the illustrious dead, and prevented a more intimate union with those who marched in the van, and whose trend was toward new paths. Still, he played his part, notably different from the parts of the others; so we may dismiss him for the moment, after paying him the homage he so justly merits. The other two, however, deserve to have their careers as well as their work examined in detail. Recently we reviewed César Franck;¹ to-day we shall occupy ourselves with Édouard Lalo.

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Édouard Lalo was born in Lille, January 27, 1823. His father, an officer of the Empire, wounded at Lützen and decorated on the field of battle, left the army and held a position in the civil administration. He traced his descent from a Spanish family which

¹See THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY, January, 1923.

had come to Flanders in times past, and apparently the Iberian blood in his veins remained pure, for the women who for several succeeding generations married into the family in nearly all cases bore names of Spanish origin: Édouard Lalo's own mother was named Wacquez. Brought up in this *bourgeois* environment, he received the suitable education, in which music was not neglected.

At that time there was in Lille an old teacher, Baumann, who had come from Germany or Austria; a 'cellist who had played in the orchestras which gave the first performances of the Beethoven Symphonies, conducted by that immortal master himself. Baumann gave the future composer of *Le Roi d'Ys* his first lessons, the only ones, perhaps, which he absorbed and applied usefully. Taking his art very seriously, Lalo's teacher, this man of another age, not only lavished advice of a technical nature on him, but added salutary admonitions regarding the artist's conduct of life, and the exercise of his profession. His pupil listened to his counsels attentively and trustfully, and never forgot them.

Under this wise guidance Édouard Lalo's taste for music developed until it became all-absorbing, and when the time arrived to choose a profession, he told his family that none but that of a musician would do for him. This gave rise to the customary disputes. According to the *bourgeois* ideas of that time, a family was dishonored when the son became an artist. Remonstrances, menaces, paternal maledictions, nothing was spared; but, as usually is the case, quite without effect; and Lalo departed for Paris, rich only in his hopes.

How did he spend the time which elapsed between his twentieth and thirtieth years? It would be difficult to say, for we have no record or, at any rate, very little information at our disposal. The youth of that time lived the *vie de Bohème*, the "Bohemian life"; carefree, but also one of privation and expédients. It seems certain that Lalo was practically familiar with this life in its ultimate conditions. The difference, however, between himself and Henry Murger's heroes was that they, while awaiting Fortune's smile, gave little thought to the renewal of art: they merely aspired to success, success gained by the usual means, and Schaunard was quite content when, having renounced the dream of his great descriptive symphony, ever beyond his realization, he managed to find a publisher for his first album of romances. Lalo cherished higher ambitions. He was not satisfied to make music like all the rest of the world, for he had an absolute disdain for all those musical productions which brought success to their creators round about him. And he only suffered the

more, for he was obliged to wait the longer before becoming known and finding it possible to be understood.

On his arrival in Paris, so it is said, he presented himself at the Conservatoire, and spent some time in Habeneck's class; it was decidedly necessary for him to perfect himself in the study of his instrument, this being the violin. Notwithstanding, no trace of his presence in the institution over whose destinies Auber then presided have ever been discovered, and the *Dictionnaire des Lauréats du Conservatoire* shows a virgin page where Lalo's name should stand. Among those who gave him lessons, Schulhoff, the *bravura* virtuoso, who might have given him some instruction in instrumental music, has been mentioned. Then there was a young musician, a companion, no doubt, named Crèveœur, who was preparing himself for the Roman competition. He won the second prize in 1847, and then abandoned composition in order to become a lace merchant—another type that might have figured in the *Vie de Bohème*. Did not Schaunard, already mentioned, renounce his success as a composer in order to end his days as a vendor of children's toys?

Lalo, more daring, did not renounce his aim. He, too, might have competed for Rome: he did not wish to. "At the time when I might have done so," said he, "the trend of these competitions toward the comic opera was antipathetic to me." Let us make note of the names of the prize-winners between 1842 and 1852, the years during which Lalo could have taken part in the *concourses*: Roger, Victor Massé, Eugène Gautier, Henry Duvernoy, Renaud de Vilback, Mertens, Ortolan, Gastinel, Deffès, Crèveœur, Charlot, Thirard (Duprato), Bazille, Matthias, Hignard, Jonas, Cahen, Deléhelle, Galibert. It is but too true that Édouard Lalo had no place in such company. What meed of glory could he have gained in rivalry with Charlot, Deléhelle and Galibert, and, no doubt, seeing them preferred to him?

Hence he wrote music in his own way and, it must be confessed, in spite of his inherent tendencies, these first attempts did, to some extent, show the influence of an environment with which he was not in sympathy. Yet is it ever possible completely to withdraw from an influence of the kind? The chronological catalogue of his works begins with those romances whose titles in themselves intimate an art much in demand. We have an *Adieu au Désert* and *l'Ombre de Dieu*, dedicated to Barrailhet, the baritone without an equal when it came to singing the sentimental Halévy *cantabile*; *le Novice*, whose name evokes recollections of Donizetti's *la Favorite*; and even *Six Romances populaires* to the words of songs by

Béranger: *Si j'étais petit oiseau, Beaucoup d'amour, la Pauvre Femme*, etc. A catalogue of Édouard Lalo's works, prepared by his son, Mr. Pierre Lalo, informs us that these fugitive pages date from the year 1848 and 1849. They in no wise make it possible to divine the composer of *Namouna* and the *Rapsodie norvégienne*. Another, somewhat later volume—*Six Mélodies* to poems by Victor Hugo, Op. 17 (1855)—proves to us that the young composer did not long delay in raising the tone of his work.

It would have been easier to divine him, in the beginning, by his instrumental music, for it is in this field, throughout his life, that his main effort was exerted. "In concerts one heard only fantasies on operatic themes," he confided to a biographer. But he did not wish to commit himself to these inferior tasks. A skillful performer on his instrument, he began to write for it some individual pieces, ingenious and good in style: a *Fantaisie originale*, in A major, for violin and piano, Op. 1; an *Allegro maestoso* in C minor, Op. 2; published by Richault, and practically contemporary with his first song numbers. Then came *Impromptus* (*Es-pérance, Insouciance*), Op. 4, and *Arlequin*, a sketch; genre pieces, rather than compositions with any loftier aim, and followed, a little later, by another series of *Impromptus*: *Pastorale, Scherzo alla Pulcinella*, Op. 8; the *Soirées parisiennes*; the *Ballade, Menuet* and *Idylle*, Op. 18; and, for the 'cello, a *Chanson villageoise* and *Sérénade*, Op. 14. Finally, not altogether content with these lesser productions, which nevertheless revealed the artist's hand, he determined to attempt the large chamber-music forms. His first Trio in C minor, Op. 7, and the second, in B minor, so the catalogue affirms, still antedate the year 1850; his Sonata for violin and piano, Op. 12, was written in 1854, as a letter to which we will soon refer proves. The *Allegro* for 'cello, Op. 16, belongs to the same period, as well as the String Quartet, Op. 19, and the Sonata for 'cello and piano, published without opus-number.

It was with great difficulty that publishers were found for these works; some had to wait a long time for publication, and when they did appear had no success. It was not until long afterwards that certain of them, at times reworked, were able to attract the attention of the musical public.

Lalo, nevertheless, was not altogether isolated during his life. This portion of his biography remains in the shadow. It has, however, been illumined by recently discovered documents—principally letters—which shed new light on it, and no longer permit us to ignore the manner in which he was active at the time. One of these letters, written by him in 1854 to the violinist

Armingaud, informs us, first of all from the personal standpoint, that if, formerly, there had been differences between Lalo and his father, their misunderstanding was a thing of the past, and that he spent his vacations in Lille, at his father's home. The document's main interest, however, lies in the picture it gives us of his mode of life in Paris. His correspondent, Armingaud, for whom, to all appearances, he felt a confiding friendship, was a violinist of talent and initiative, and before long we shall find the two united in an enterprise important both for Lalo's career and for the progress of musical art in France itself. Another person mentioned in the letter was a composer and one of Lalo's compatriots (he was born in Valenciennes), Edmond Membrée, who, although he had followed another direction, and had confined himself to theatrical and vocal music, could not have been entirely devoid of artistic ambitions in his youthful days. He had tasted success in a vocal composition which for thirty years had been included in the repertoire of every singer, *Page, Écuyer, Capitaine*, and Lalo, who began his career with *le Novice* and *l'Adieu au Désert*, possibly may have envied him his fame. A letter from Membrée, a little later, mentions Lalo as one of a group of friends who, under one head or another, were all artists. First there was the 'cellist Jacquard, to whom the letter was addressed; then Armingaud, already mentioned; then the painters—Gérome, whose success and prosperity Membrée confirms, and others less famous and less fortunate: Leroux, Caudron, Delersalle, and certain ladies. It was in this environment, surely an interesting one, that Lalo lived between his thirtieth and fortieth years.

He did more than meet these persons as a mere familiar, and soon played an active part in their gatherings. With his two friends, Armingaud and Jacquard, he founded a concert enterprise which was by no means unimportant as regards the musical instruction of the French public of the middle of the nineteenth century, since it helped to educate it and form its taste. At that time, those who really loved music did not find enough to satisfy them in what they were allowed to hear. Italian operas and comic operas were their sole nourishment; absolute music did not exist for them; the Conservatoire concerts were open only to a small number of privileged persons; and Berlioz, who sought to found a Philharmonic Society (to which Armingaud was to belong), had failed to do so. Nowhere could the quartets of Beethoven, Mozart or Haydn be heard. Armingaud, Jacquard and Lalo resolved to unite in attempting the effort necessary to fill so serious a gap: thanks to their association a Chamber Music Society was

founded in Paris (how such societies have multiplied since their time is generally known), which gave public performances of the masterworks of chamber music to audiences not numerically large, it is true, yet eager to enjoy lofty musical sensations. "It is to this small and very enthusiastic nucleus," Lalo wrote, later, "that I attribute the beginning of that movement whose development we may see to-day."

He was right. Thanks to Lalo and his friends a breath of purity was henceforth to freshen and vivify the musical atmosphere. Besides the three masters then venerated as classics, the harmonious group of string players, occasionally joined by a pianist—Massart, Ernest Lubek (who died early), and later the young Camille Saint-Saëns—did not fear to hark back to Bach, the source of all music, yet who at that time seemed so far distant. As to the moderns, the precautions which then seemed indispensable were taken. Schumann and Mendelssohn were not ventured upon save now and then; that is to say, the younger composers had but little chance of seeing themselves received. A few exceptions, however, were made in favor of Lalo, who, since he belonged to the group of players, had some special rights. One day, in 1859, Jacquard, together with Lubek, played Lalo's *Allegro* for 'cello and piano. His Trio in B minor was also attempted, and received some compliments, as well as his String Quartet, which made an impression of greater austerity.

These, incidentally, were no more than isolated manifestations, without a future. What did it avail Lalo to increase his production, when this brought him no appreciable results? He became discouraged; for the space of ten years he ceased to write ("I shall regret this giving way all my life long," he admitted, at a later date). He contented himself with carrying on his avocation as a musician, that of a teacher giving violin lessons or lessons in accompanying. Hereby, however, he did not secure the same result which, at the same time and by the same means, had been obtained by César Franck, who founded a school. Notwithstanding this, his professional activity in this direction did not fail to produce an especially happy result: he married one of his pupils, Mlle. de Marigny, daughter of an officer attached to the general staff of the military government of Paris, who later was in command of the Amiens subdivision. This occurrence of a more intimate nature deserves mention not merely because it rounds out the biography of the man, but also because of the influence it exerted on the artist's destiny. Madame Lalo, a musician gifted with an incomparable contralto voice, the profoundly moving

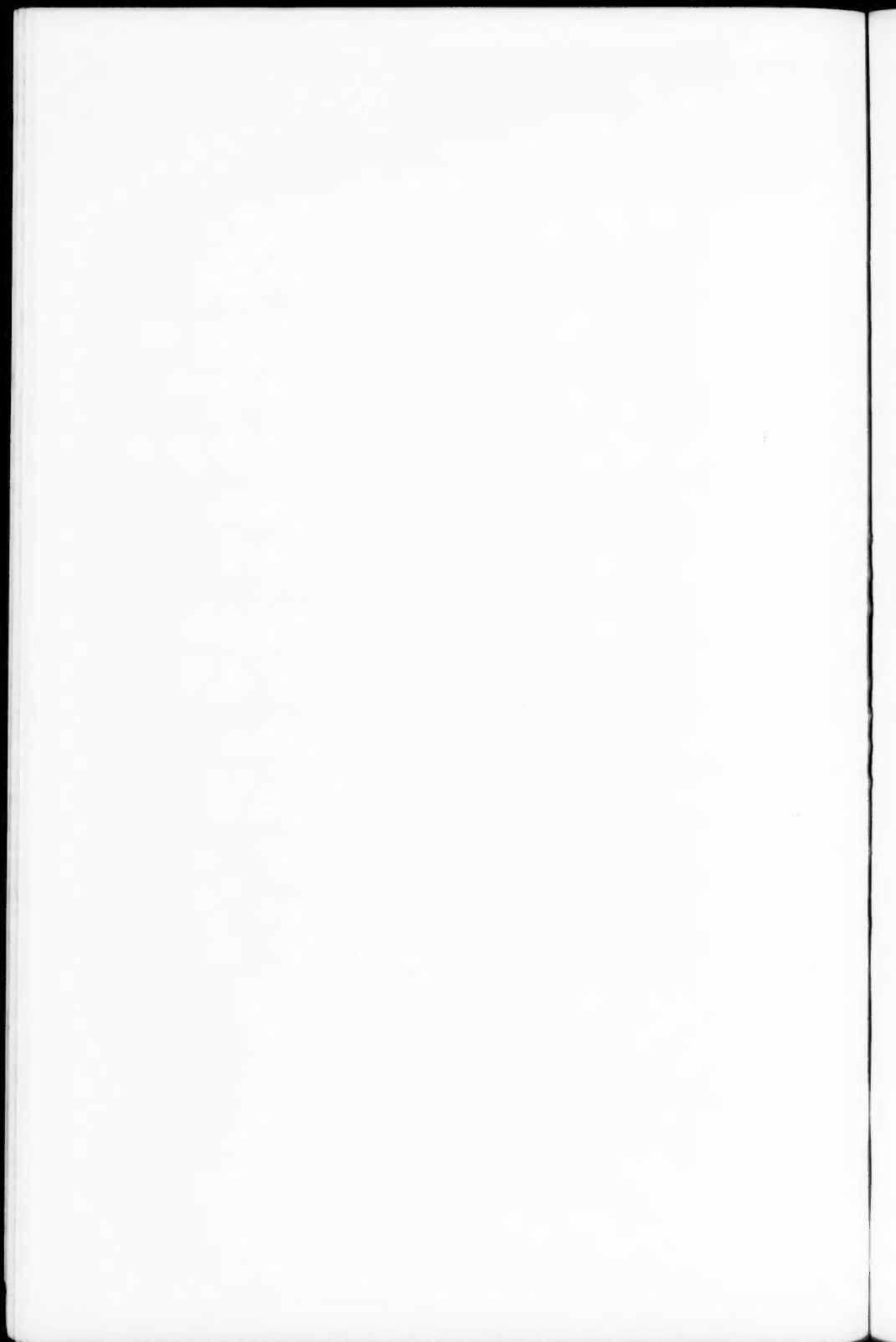


Éd. Lalo

L. Jacquard

Mas

J. Armingaud



quality of whose accent and tone-color none who have heard it could ever forget, was her husband's comrade and collaborator, the best he could have dreamed of having. In consequence of this happy and worthy union Lalo regained his courage; he ceased to doubt himself and once more commenced to write.

An evolution had taken place in the course of his ideas. Allowing the pages of his chamber-music manuscripts to accumulate, he wished to attempt the stage, from which, hitherto, he had kept aloof. He was nearly forty-eight years of age; to make his début in a career which in his day was regarded as one altogether different from that which he had followed, appeared to be a hazardous venture; nevertheless, it seemed as though a favorable opportunity to do so was about to offer.

Toward the end of the Second Empire it chanced that those who governed the state took care to encourage the arts. Even more—they actually regarded music as one of them. This solicitude, as may be imagined, was not carried to the extent of devoting attention to the lesser genres: those in authority knew nothing better than the opera. Hence they determined to institute a competition for the composition of three musical dramatic works, destined for the three Parisian theatres consecrated to that art: the *Opéra*, the *Opéra-Comique* and the *Théâtre Lyrique*. The house last erected had, during the past ten years, fought the good fight, revealing to the French public such works as *Faust*, and the other Gounod operas, Berlioz's *les Troyens*, new works by Bizet and Reyer, the classic masterpieces of Mozart, Gluck, Beethoven, etc. There fine and worthy artistic work was done. Lalo resolved to take part in the competition destined to enrich the repertoire of the only musical stage which might lay claim to his sympathies.

The intentions of those who initiated this movement were excellent. Let us see in what they resulted.

We mentioned at the beginning of this article that the period from 1848 to 1870 was a period of miscarriages. Alas, they had not as yet come to an end at the moment when Lalo and other young masters who still had a lesser past behind them dared the chances of the competition. Nothing more clearly bears witness to the fact than the deplorable end of the efforts which the announcement had occasioned. There was, as we now know, a whole generation of youthful musicians, as yet unknown, who only asked a chance to act and become known. We shall see them on the morrow rise, put themselves at the head of a movement, and bring about the regeneration of French music. The opportunity

which this competition presented seemed unfavorable one. Several among those who took part in it are known to us; others who did not give their names, are suspected of having participated, and those were by no means the least. At the *Opéra* competition a given theme was one of the conditions: *la Coupe du roi de Thule*. It is positively known that Massenet was among the competitors, and Guiraud and other notable composers as well, and Bizet's biographers tell us that he himself submitted a score. The prize was awarded to Eugène Diaz, whose name would remain altogether obscure were it not for the reflected glory of that of his father, the famous painter: his crowned work was received by the public with the most complete indifference.

The same held good of the *Opéra-Comique*, where *le Florentin*, from the pen of a worthy musician who had no genius, Charles Lenepveu, was given. With regard to the competition for the *Théâtre Lyrique*, it conferred distinction on three musicians: one, named Phillipot, had written a one-act *opéra bouffe*; the second, Canoby, had written a somewhat longer but empty work, *la Coupe et les Lèvres*, after Alfred de Musset. The third was Édouard Lalo, who had submitted to the judges an opera in three extended acts, the poem taken from Schiller's drama *La Conjuration de Fiesque*. Thus Lalo was ranked after Phillipot and Canoby, and it was the one-act operetta, *le Magnifique*, which bore off the prize. When, after several years, this prize-winning work finally was performed, it seemed even below mediocrity, and fell through once and for all.

Such was the fate, such the result, of the competition!

Lalo, notwithstanding, found that after all he had created an important work, one far more important than any he thus far had produced, and one richly musical. Should he not consider himself beaten and give up all thought of reprisal? There was all the more reason to do so because, on the very jury which had relegated him to an inferior place, were some people of good taste who should have been able to appreciate the value of the score he submitted. The director of the *Opéra*, Émile Perrin, was notified of its worth; he was an artist and, bearing in mind the necessity of enriching and renewing the repertoire of his *Académie de musique*, he interested himself in *Fiesque*, and insisted that the composer make some alterations which, no doubt, were quite in order, since the work was too luxuriant. Alas, the War of 1870 broke out! It was necessary to give up all fine artistic projects for a long time. Perrin left the directorate of the *Opéra*, and his successor was anything but an artist. The *Théâtre Lyrique*, for which

Fiesque had been intended, was burned down. Taking back his score, Lalo offered it wherever he could; for him, to whom all solicitation was distasteful, this must have been a sore humiliation. He presented it to Vachot, the director of *La Monnaie* in Brussels, who at first gave him an encouraging reception; said he would accept the work, and even announced the distribution of the parts. Yet the rehearsals did not begin; it was all a pretence; for Vachot gave up the management of the *Opéra*, which he had intended to do at the very moment when he was soothing Lalo with his promises. Avrillon, his successor, was not interested in keeping any engagements entered into before his time. Gounod, who (at the beginning of the war) had taken refuge in London, had occasion to come to Brussels toward the end of 1872; he maintained friendly relations with Lalo and his wife's family, and attempted to influence Avrillon favorably with regard to *Fiesque*, but was unable to do so. A letter, which may be read further on, written to Lalo's mother-in-law, informs us anent the point of view of the director in question who, incidentally, was declared bankrupt at the end of a few months. What misfortunes pursued this work on which Lalo had built such high hopes! Discouraged, he gave up the idea of ever seeing it performed. He contented himself with having fragments given in concert, published the score, and, somewhat later, took from it various pages which he intercalated in subsequent works. The Symphony in G minor, of 1885, in numerous places reproduces the rhythms and themes of *Fiesque*. Separate numbers—an *Aubade* for ten instruments, a vocal duo *Sous les halliers*, even an *O Salutaris* for three voices—are transcriptions from this youthful opera. Its traces may even be met with in certain discreet corners of the *Roi d'Ys*. Finally, when, long afterward, having received the benediction of success, Lalo was asked to write new works—an historical opera, *la Jacquerie*, a ballet, *Néron*—*Fiesque* was a mine from which he drew largely. Gluck did the same thing when, toward the end of his life, wishing to seal his glory, he wrote *Armide* and *Iphigénie en Tauride*; he drew themes, at times entire numbers, from his first operas, and replaced them in his masterpieces; thus revamped and utilized by the composers, those inspirations of youth always succeed in lending works created at a later period freshness and vitality, inherent qualities of their very nature, which survive all transformations.

Besides, Lalo's situation was about to change, and altogether to his advantage. The morrow of 1870 had arrived, the epoch which, as we already have said, was that of the reawakening of the

national spirit in all French artistic manifestations. It was at this moment—let us once more recall the fact—that young musicians united and formed a group in order to found their *Société Nationale: Ars gallica*. We already have named most of them, and we know that Lalo was one of them from the very first day; his name was even listed in the first programme of the concerts given by the *Société*, one of whose most active adherents he at once became. We shall not enter into detail regarding all the new things he had performed there, especially during the first years. We shall only recall the titles of a few works which should follow the enumeration begun in the preceding pages of this article. He wrote new songs, which Madame Lalo was the first to sing, and which, little by little, found other interpreters. They were written to poems by Alfred de Musset, Lamartine and Théophile Gautier (*l'Esclave*, that expressive and superbly conceived page), and more recent verse, like the admirable *Marine*, by poets like André Theuriot. He took in hand some of his older chamber-music works, and composed new ones, such as the Third Trio in A minor, Op. 26 (1880). Then he undertook to write for orchestra. To the overture of *Fiesque* he first added a few detached pieces, traced with that turn of the hand of which he had the mastery: *Aubade*, *Divertissement*, *Allegro symphonique*, *Scherzo*, and the *Rapsodie norvégienne*, a marvel of orchestral color. Remembering that, if not a virtuoso, he was at any rate an excellent performer on the violin, he felt like giving greater latitude to his old temptation to write for that instrument. From 1873 on he wrote a Concerto, Op. 20, played by Sarasate, and which at once established him as a master of the violin style; and not long after followed it up with the *Symphonie espagnole*, Op. 21 (same year), and then a Concerto for 'cello (1876). Finally returning to the violin, for which he also had written the solo part of the *Rapsodie norvégienne*, he wrote a *Concerto russe* (1880). Later, in 1889, there came a Concerto for piano. In the end he crowned this ensemble of instrumental compositions by having performed at the Concerts Lamoureux, in 1887, his Symphony in G minor, which still holds its place among French symphonies as one of the happiest and most valuable.

By dint of this extensive activity, Édouard Lalo emerged from the shadows. Though now well over fifty he was often confused with the "younger composers"; he had achieved a place in the musical world and was accounted "somebody." His position in the world, to which he attached considerable importance, made him prominent. He gave musical receptions at his home, to

which he took pleasure in inviting foreign artists. He was to be seen at the concerts, at the *Société Nationale*, at Madame Viardot's, not taking part in performances himself, but with an air of in-born aristocracy, a little distant. He was not much given to compliments—was not even very amiable—yet his perfect courtesy was at the same time paired with a politic discretion, conscious of its own value, and he was not averse to hearing himself called *maître*.

Nevertheless, this external brilliancy did not suffice to satisfy his ambition. Success on the operatic stage, especially at that time, was the only kind of success which brought a musician great fame. *Fiesque* had not realized Lalo's hopes: hence he must undertake to write another opera. He began a *Savonarole*. It was a curious choice of subject on the part of a musician whose art was one of subtlety, one which would have compelled him greatly to modify his style in order to interpret the sombre figure of a fanatic whose austerity was unleavened by human kindness. He wrote a single act, then stopped. Another subject made a greater impression on him, that of a Breton legend, *le Roi d'Ys*, romantic and primitive, decidedly suitable to appeal for musical setting. By 1876, the overture to this opera had already been performed in concert, and vocal fragments had been sung by Madame Lalo at the *séances* of the *Société Nationale*. The work would soon have been ready for production had not circumstances intervened.

But the destinies of musicians are subject to fluctuations which often seem about to drag them down into the abyss. Lalo was once more to experience their effect. A new director at the *Opéra*, Vaucorbeil, had formerly shown some interest in him. It was thought that he would induce him to complete the *Roi d'Ys* and perform it. Nothing of the sort: he would have none of it; yet, as a consolation, he ordered a ballet from him. And what would have been a godsend to other composers became a source of chagrin to Lalo! The scenario of *Namouna*, quite romantic, and displaying pictures vivid in color, would not have been unfavorable for musical treatment, had the composer been free to treat it in his own way. But he was obliged to submit to the exigencies of an entire *corps de ballet*, and write what he himself called "music for legs." Between himself and the ballet-master an unintermittent battle raged, in which the composer would not give way. To cap the climax, he had been accorded only a very limited time in which to complete his work: always careful to let nothing incomplete or commonplace escape him, he made but slow progress, for he was not an "easy" worker. When the date of delivery arrived he

had not finished. The effort had been too much for his strength; he could not resist, and was stricken with an attack of hemiplegy. Then Gounod gave him a further proof of his artistic solidarity: he orchestrated the final numbers which Lalo had only sketched out. After further delays, for which the composer was not always to blame, *Namouna* was produced March 6th, 1882, on the boards of the *Opéra*, yet this only caused Lalo new difficulties. He had wanted to write too well for the taste of the habitués of the Paris *Opéra*. The music was condemned as heavy, as not being very danceable. What is more, the composer, miscalled "advanced," in a scene representing a tumult of the populace, was accused of having used dissonances which in 1882 were judged condemnable, and which seem very anodyne to us to-day. It was the first time, no doubt, that ballet music caused so great a scandal. In fact, Lalo had the impudence one day, during the rehearsals, to reply to someone who advised him to write music which could be danced easily: "Do you think I want to do *Giselle* over again?" Yet it was this ballet music of the old style that the subscribers to the *Opéra* desired: they crushed Lalo with the insult that he was a "symphonist," and *Namouna* fell through. Its music had its revenge in the concert-hall, in the form of suites, and there it has maintained its place as the most perfect music hitherto written by its composer.

Yet this series of cruel mortifications was to come to an end, and Lalo was not to die without having had the consolation of witnessing the success of his greatest work. *Le Roi d'Ys*, as has been said, was begun in 1875. Disregarding the high level of excellence to which he had brought his work at that time, he worked it over ten years later, transforming it completely; and finally had the good fortune to see it presented, in a faithful interpretation, on the stage whose framework was best adapted to set it off—that of the *Opéra-Comique*. This house, after the burning of the *Salle Favart*, gave its performances at the *Théâtre Lyrique* (to-day the *Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt*), the very stage on which, some twenty years before, Lalo had dreamed of representing *Fiesque*, and where previously (as already mentioned) *les Troyens*, *Mireille* and *Roméo et Juliette* had been performed. No environment could have been more favorable to *le Roi d'Ys*. The evening of May 7, 1888, when this work was given for the first time, rewarded Lalo for the torments of his long period of waiting. The work, from the first day, seemed alive, harmonious, moving, magnificently proportioned, rich in song and in rhythm, the production of an artist who had attained the supreme heights of

mastery, and was capable of summing up in his score the activities of a whole life. Two years had no more than passed before it had been given for the hundredth time; and it has never left the repertoire into which it entered thirty-six years ago.

This tardy success made the composer fashionable. Thenceforth, everyone wished to perform other works by this new man—now wellnigh a septagenarian. In 1891, the Hippodrome mounted a great spectacular pantomime, *Néron*: Lalo was asked to compose the music for it. He contented himself with turning over the material in his drawers, and took up the score of his youth, *Fiesque*, together with some detached pages of the same period. A young composer of the day, Xavier Leroux, linked up and amalgamated these somewhat dissimilar elements. Then Lalo began a new opera, *la Jacquerie*. Yet Fortune had smiled on him decidedly too late; he could not get beyond the first act. The score was completed by Arthur Coquard, and performed at Monte-Carlo, then at the *Opéra-Comique* in 1895. Lalo had died three years before. A heart disorder, developing after the momentary paralysis which had stricken him in connection with his *Namouna* troubles, brought about his end. He passed away in Paris, April 28, 1892.

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Lalo's life was one devoid of romantic incident: hence its narration may seem monotonous. It is contained altogether in his works. He himself was in no sense a man of action, and, for all that he left behind him an important legacy (whose quality, incidentally, is greater than its quantity), it can not be said that he toiled assiduously. On the contrary, he took a certain pleasure in idling, and admitted it without shame! When he had to compose the music for a ballet in a few months' time, it seemed to him a gigantic task—and, in truth, he thought it would kill him. He was by nature passive or, at any rate, inclined to contemplation. He was capable of admiration, yet was little inclined to express it by external enthusiasm. When he began his career, the great efflorescence of the age of romanticism had passed, and he was not the one to bid it burgeon forth again. Berlioz's junior by twenty years, he was a man of quite another epoch. He too could suffer, but he could not cry his grief for all the world to hear. His natural discretion equalled the discretion of his art. It lay in his character to be but little inclined to confidences, and he did not like to speak of his affairs; those who knew him best never

learned much of his more intimate life from his own lips. He had the foible of concealing his age: it was not until after his death that people knew he was born early in 1823. A biographer, Arthur Pougin, whom he supplied with information regarding his life, fixed the year 1830 as that of his birth; hence he allowed himself to be rejuvenated. And if it be permissible for us to enter into personal details, we can remember that up to the time of *Namouna* he could boast a head of hair and a brown beard which made him look like a man in the fifties, at most. The illness which befell him compelled him to abandon the artificial means by which he had maintained this illusion, and made him as white as an old man overnight.

Curt, concentrated in spirit, enclosed in his tacit opposition to the "established order of things," equally obstinate in his wish to do good and in his latent hatreds, not a diplomat—unless owing to his habit of not always expressing his thoughts, but thinking them nevertheless; a bit of a fatalist, lacking the spirit of intrigue, and not voluntarily yielding to those who were the source of power and influence, Lalo had none of the qualities necessary to win success—unless it be talent. And is talent enough? At any rate, it was long before he won success.

His talent he gained largely through study. Yet it would be unjust to pretend that it was due to study alone. Art and nature play an equal part in the genius of a master like Lalo.

There was within him an atavism owing to which he clearly reveals himself as belonging to the family of the great musicians. None are more closely allied to the French masters of the good eighteenth-century school. His son, Mr. Pierre Lalo, who has introduced into musical criticism a spirit manifestly akin to that of his father, was one of those who, toward the end of the nineteenth century, proved best able to direct public attention to the genius of Rameau, and to show that the part played by such a musician remains one of the most characteristic and best among representatives of French art. Édouard Lalo, who knew but little of Rameau, nevertheless seems attached to him by the most intimate ties. With different resources, using a musical tongue enriched by a century and a half of technical progress, his heart shows close affinities with that of the composer of *Castor et Pollux*. *Namouna* (which, perhaps, is still the most definite and the most personal of Lalo's productions) in its entirety harks back to Rameau, and in modern French music deserves a place equivalent to that given, in the eighteenth-century repertoire, to the *Fêtes d'Hélène*, *les Indes galantes*, *Acanthe et Céphire* and *la Guirlande*.

In addition, traces of another atavism are perceptible. We have mentioned, at the beginning of this article, that Lalo's family was of Spanish origin. Now, not long since, when we had an opportunity of hearing new compositions by members of the neo-Spanish school, the only analogy with the music of the past of which this highly original and vital modern Spanish music seemed to admit was that suggested by the recollection of Lalo. While listening, for example, to the ballet music of Mr. Manuel de Falla, we could not help but think that it had a family resemblance to that of *Namouna* or to other pages of the same origin and written with the same delicate, savory and subtle art. Thus Lalo's music is linked in turn to a past already distant and an art decidedly modern, by way of a tradition ever living and unexhausted, a tradition which, in the one case as in the other, proves to be that of a truly Latin art.

If there be nothing romantic in Lalo's spirit, he at least possessed a romantic taste with regard to color. His orchestra, less heavily weighed than that of Berlioz, nevertheless rejoices in dazzling clarities, with, from time to time, transparent and crystalline sonorities, and a vibrant and joyous brilliancy. Lalo employs trumpets, not to ask fanfares of them, but in an altogether melodic sense, using them to present his musical ideas in high relief. The last movement of the *Rapsodie norvégienne* borrows unequalled brilliance from the sound of these instruments; all rings forth to gladden the ear. The trumpets also supply a heroic vibration for a vocal ensemble number in the *Roi d'Ys*; as well as at the peroration of the overture which reproduces its outlines. And there is a certain orchestral *Scherzo* to whose line they give extraordinary value.

His violin parts are written in a virtuoso spirit which reveals the professional, yet without a hint of anything "made" or arranged: one may convince one's self of the fact by listening to the *Rapsodie* aforementioned which, written at first (under the title of *Fantaisie norvégienne*) for a solo violin, has taken on a resplendent brilliancy, owing to the multiplication of sonorities due to the orchestra.

Yet it is not merely by his employ of various agents of sonority that Lalo has lent his music its brilliant and colorful character; it is above all due to the nature of his ideas—the relief of his designs, his ingenuity, his harmonics and his rhythms, that this result is obtained.

He was one of the first serious musicians who divined the advantages music might derive from popular and national

melodies. His most important work, *le Roi d'Ys*, is the musical commentary of a Breton legend. In a scene of popular *mores*, "The Morning Serenade to the Betrothed," the melodic line of a wedding-song once sung by every peasant girl in France has been introduced: *Nous sommes venus vous voir—Madame la mariée* ("We have come to see you—Madame Married-Woman"), and the effect is delightful. Far from producing an incongruous impression in the scholarly ensemble of the dramatic work, this fresh and fragrant melody adapts itself to the general style in the most natural and happy manner.

Does this mean to imply that Lalo, in *le Roi d'Ys*, has realized the Breton epic, conceived in the spirit of modernity? He himself did not claim to have done so, and his music, hardly impregnated by the melancholy of its ambience, remains first of all a work of art, infinitely delicate, yet scholarly rather than spontaneous. Its classic affiliations are evident. One may confirm this merely by examining the overture. In its *Allegro* one hears a melodic motive, borrowed from an air sung by the leading character, and whose earliest origin might be sought in some sonata or concerto, since it is altogether in that style. In it the violinist is far more in evidence than the Breton bard.

Then, too, did Lalo, when writing *le Roi d'Ys*, have no more in view than composing an opera in the usual sense of the word? At times he explained himself to his friends in this connection, and on this head we find some very definite assertions in a letter which, after the first performance, he wrote a newspaper man, Mr. Adolphe Jullien, to thank him for having so well understood what he had in mind. This was in 1888, a time when the Wagnerian influence made itself felt most powerfully—and most intolerantly—in France. Had Lalo, too, wanted to write in the Wagnerian style? He rejects the assumption, almost vehemently:

'For a moment,' he wrote, 'I thought of turning the *Roi d'Ys* into a lyric drama in the modern sense; but after some months of serious reflection I retreated, terrified by this task so far beyond my strength.

'Thus far, only the colossus Wagner, the inventor of the real lyric drama, is great enough to bear such a burden; all those ambitious of marching in his footsteps, in Germany or elsewhere, have failed—some pitifully, others with honor, yet all as copyists. I know them all. One would have to outdo Wagner in order to struggle advantageously in his chosen field, and such a champion thus far has not revealed himself.

'As for me, I have convinced myself in time of my impotence, and, as the title of my score declares, I wrote an opera pure and simple; this elastic form makes it possible to write *music*, without imitating one's predecessors.'

It is certain that it called for some courage on the part of a musician classified as "advanced" to dare thus to breast the current and resist the imperative tendencies of his environment.

In another letter he submitted to the same correspondent some analogous reflections, sensible enough, anent his manner of interpreting the rôle of instrumental music. With regard to his Symphony, he again wrote Mr. Adolphe Jullien, on March 7, 1887:

It appears that you personally wish to have some information regarding the thought which predominates in my symphony. Alas, I am going to scandalize you! I had no *literary* thought in the sense that you mean. When I write a composition to words, I become a slave to what convention terms the verities of musical expression, according to a given text. But when I write music without a *literary text*, I have before and about me only the domain of *sounds*, melodic and harmonic. For a musician, this immense field possesses in itself, *aside from all literature*, its poems and its dramas. As to my Symphony, I have presented the master phrase in a brief introduction, as you have been kind enough to remark; it predominates in the first movement, and I recall it in the others whenever my poetic or dramatic *musical* intentions (do not laugh!) make its intervention seem necessary to me.

This might almost be called a confession of faith, the more so because Lalo had little liking for phrases of the sort.

Without explaining it with great art, these declarations make clear to us his own idea of pure music, the superiority he accorded it compared with music either descriptive, representational, or expressive, with explicatory titles or programmes, types which, at the time of his most intense productivity, seemed to have the sole right to exist. And if, in this instance too, this very modern musician seems to link himself with the tradition of the past, he serves at the same time as an example to those who, coming after him, have affirmed the need of restoring to music her ancient rights, rights neither of yesterday nor of the morrow, but of all time.

Applying to himself a quotation from a well-known poem, he one day wrote (again to a journalist): *Mon verre est petit, mais je bois dans mon verre* ("My glass is small, but I drink from my glass"). This modesty befits a man whose views, notwithstanding, were lofty. In the domain of the elect, in fact, Lalo leaps himself on a superior plane; and at the same time his art is truly his own and owes naught to any one. The care which he, the refined musician, has at times taken to quench his thirst at the wellspring of popular song, and the advantages he derived from so doing, is one of the most significant traits of his tendencies. In writing the *Symphonie espagnole*, the *Concerto russe*, and the *Rapsodie*

norvégienne, he was one of the first to show what good use modern art could make of a treasure common to the lyric genius of all humanity. Others, after him, have found aliment in popular melody in order to nourish their inspiration on its "substantial marrow." In reality, such was not Lalo's aim. He only wished to clothe the exteriority of these themes, so animate of visage, with the ornamentation whose secret he possessed. Yet that in itself was legitimate and, besides, reveals to us a final characteristic trait of his. In his aristocratic preoccupation, Lalo, though well aware of what he might gain through contact with the people, found it too repugnant to mingle with them; hence he endeavored to draw them to him. He did not create a popular soul for himself, but he refined the people's own creations, picking them up where he found them.

In this way, while extending the domain of art, he acquired new riches on his own account, always preserving intact, even in this familiarity, his noble carriage, his air of high breeding and his irreproachable manner.

ÉDOUARD LALO'S LETTERS

Some of the letters written by Édouard Lalo or addressed to him seem in place here, in order to complete this study of the man and his work. Incidentally, letters by Lalo are rare. They seldom appear in the catalogues of the autograph venders. This is an additional reason why the contents of some of those that have come to our notice should be here reproduced. None of them are commonplace, and all of them contain one or another biographical detail which one might vainly seek for elsewhere.

This is the case as regards the first, the only document which gives us an idea of Lalo's life toward his thirtieth year. It was addressed to the violinist Armingaud, an admirable artist with whom, the year following, Lalo was to coöperate in the foundation of a chamber music society, and who, as the letter reveals, was the composer's intimate friend.

TO JULES ARMINGAUD

Lille, October, 1854.

My good friend:

Must I seek to excuse my silence? It seems a difficult thing to do; your friendship will not content itself with a few flimsy reasons more or less credibly garnished, and, taking all into consideration, cynicism is the only thing left for me. Therefore I declare myself the possessor of a gigantic amount of laziness; and that is the sole cause of my silence.

In spite of excellent resolutions, a hundred times renewed, and, unfortunately, a hundred times forgotten, I retain this laziness, this apathy, this torpor, in all the circumstances of my snail-like existence; if I am to show my horns, my shell must be shaken by some powerful interest. Yet what use is there in giving these explanations? It is only one more unnecessary fatigue, for you know it all; you know me at least as well as I know myself. Since I have been here I have written twice to Paris, because I had heard that Mme. Moine and her family¹ had been stricken by successive illnesses. Had it not been for these circumstances I should not yet have taken pen in hand.

This morning, when I awoke, my thought made a single leap from my bed to the rue de Trévise No. 39,² and returned to tell me that my silence had hurt you. This, my dear Jules, is a matter of too great importance to me to allow me longer to neglect it; hence I at once put Dame Laziness out of the door and, in spite of murmurs of this accursed sorceress, she shall not reënter until I have finished my letter.

What are you doing down where you are? Is the Rondo finished? And Edmond's second act, what has become of it?

(We abridge what follows: Edmond Membrée, already mentioned in this article, is the person in question. As unfortunate as Lalo and less talented, this opera-composer produced two works, of which one, *l'Esclave*, presented at the *Opéra* in 1874, had awaited its turn for more than twenty years. It is he about whom Lalo inquires in his letter of 1854. Membrée, incidentally, was a good comrade, and Lalo, in the same letter, congratulates himself upon having found in him "a true friend for both of them," for he had intervened to smooth over some passing misunderstandings. He continues and terminates his letter as follows)

You will cry "Miracle!", my good friend, for I have been working. . . . I have finished the first movement of my Sonata! ! ! ! ! You have reproached me with having introduced nothing new into the second movement, so I have revised it completely, and finished it yesterday. Probably many changes will have to be made when my habitual adviser has poked his nose into it, yet I think that at bottom it is good.³

Working during my vacation! In Lille! In the midst of pipes and mugs of beer, is it not marvellous! ! You see that, although pretty well infected, your friend still has a few little corners left in good condition; let us hope that these symptoms of improvement will bring about further results during the winter.

¹A MS. note adjoined to the autograph signature, and which seems to proceed from Armingaud's heir, who offered the letter for sale, specifies that Mme. Moine was Lalo's first wife, and was twenty-five years older than her husband—a detail hitherto unknown to any of his biographers.

²The house in which Armingaud lived.

³This *Allegro de sonata*, again recast later, became, so it would seem, the *Allegro* for piano and 'cello, Op. 18, and, still later, having been orchestrated, the *Allegro symphonique*, played for the first time at the Padeloup Concerts, in 1876.

My father is in good health; my father and sister¹ regret that they will not see you this year, and beg that I transmit to you their sincerest friendly wishes.

Now, Old Bear, you have sulked long enough; write me soon and give me some news of your wife! Recall me to her remembrance and kiss your little Marcel for me.

My friendly greetings to all the oldsters of the old days, and of the 32d half-brigade. Tell Doesch(aux) that I will bring him back some new combinations in *bézig*.²

Your friend,

É. LALO.

Sunday.

The two following notes show us in how detached a manner Lalo spoke to his friends of the great event of his life—his marriage. Both are addressed to Léon Jacquard, the 'cellist of the Quartet in which Armingaud and Lalo were the violinists.

TO LÉON JACQUARD

(1865)

My dear Léon:

I am marrying on July 6th, in the morning; I hope that you may be free and will be able to devote a portion of your day to me. I shall have no friend present, you only will be there with my witnesses, and I wish that you would not speak of it in order to spare my feelings.

I shall come to see you some morning soon.

Yours,

É. LALO.

Monday.

(*A few days later, to the same.*)

Dear friend:

Married since Saturday, I am no longer numbered among men and have been taken over by the cucumber family. My charming little peasant hut consoles me a little for this fall, and I hope that you will come to see me there as soon as possible; tell Membreé that I expect the same of him. My address is as follows: Puteaux, *opposite the station, Seine*.

I am not as yet properly established, and should not ask you to visit me now, but I put the presence of my friends far above my own vanity as a householder.

Yours with all my heart,

É. LALO.

Wednesday.

The trains leaving for Puteaux all go on the half-hour; the last train returning to Paris leaves at eleven.

Remember me to your mother and your sister.

¹This letter supplies the only evidence that Édouard Lalo had a sister.

²A card game, commonly played by the frequenters of the cafés and coffee-houses. The word is usually written *bésigue*.

We now come to a letter which, though not written by Lalo, none the less deserves a place in this series of epistolary documents. It was written by Gounod to Madame Lalo's mother, in order to acquaint her with the steps he had taken in Brussels, unfortunately in vain, to secure the performance of *Fiesque* there.

CHARLES GOUNOD TO MME. DE MALIGNY

Brussels, Hotel de la Poste,

October 7, 1872.

My dear friend:

In spite of all the business I have on my hands at this moment, and in spite of the bustle of débuts and repertoire in which Avrillon¹ finds himself at this time, I managed to speak to him regarding the matter in which you are interested, and which, in consequence, interests my friendship for you and for your children.

Avrillon at once and very decidedly declared that it would be impossible for him to think of it this year. In vain I flourished my revolver of good and solid arguments (Gevaert's very favorable opinion, my own, my affection for the composer, my conviction of his real and serious talents, etc.); he was inflexible.

Alas, my dear friend, when a man is an opera director, he is condemned by fate to allow his resolutions to be guided by the evidence of his interests! An opera director is, in some sort, constrained to wager on "sure things." Instead of filling the public with faith, it is from the public that he expects and receives it, that is to say, it no longer is the pilot who conducts the crew, but the crew which conducts the pilot. The world continues to go round in a series of vicious circles of this kind. Happily, there remain, here and there, some loopholes through which the truth, from time to time, sends its thunderbolts, which are named Galilee or Fulton or Beethoven, and one of which, some day, may be known as Edouard Lalo.

Avrillon tells me that he is buried beneath a deluge of obligations, promises, demands, insistences, pressures.² . . . O, these pressures brought to bear! Only a syllable is lacking in order to give them their true name.

Believe me, dear friend (and I think you feel assured of the fact), it is not the fault of my pleas that the cause dear to you has not as yet won success. Perhaps one of to-morrow's advantages is hidden in the ordeal of to-day. Who knows what will happen with regard to the interpreters? Will there be any?

I clasp your hand and send all three of you my best remembrances.

Entirely yours,

CH. GOUNOD.

The important letter by Lalo which follows has all the value of an autobiographical document. He wrote it to Arthur Pougin in

¹Director of the *Théâtre de la Monnaie*.

²*Trans. Note.* The French word-play: *pression—op—pression* (pressure—oppression) cannot be carried out in English.

reply to a demand for information which the latter had preferred, in order to write the notice regarding Lalo in his *Biographie universelle des musiciens* (Supplement to Fétis). We will delete only a few developments referring to details already given in our article, as well as the enumeration of works, more appropriate in a catalogue than in a letter.

ÉDOUARD LALO TO ARTHUR POUGIN

December 10, 1873.

Dear Sir:

I thank you most sincerely for addressing yourself to me.

I have sent you an invitation for the *Société Nationale* because you are one of the very limited number of persons who believe in the musical future of our land, and your place is among us who, in our little corner, exert themselves to aid in the development of French art. I enclose with this letter the programme of the Society's meetings, sent to all artists; I am compelled to add that only a few have replied to our appeal.

You ask me what my musical trends are; I must confess that it is a question I never have asked myself, and what is more, I do not understand it. At all events such an examination into my conscience would lead me to write you a volume you would not read, and, as you say, half an hour of conversation would, perhaps, help me to become acquainted with myself. Hence I hasten to embrace the opportunity of the little talk you suggest.

Though I may not know what I am, I am very well aware of what I am not: I belong to no school, nor do I wish to bear the imprint of any system; I am of Alfred de Musset's opinion—"My glass is small, but I drink from my glass."

A pupil of the Lille Conservatoire, my teacher was an old German, Mr. Baumann—the ancient type of conductor, austere and well informed, who ceaselessly told me: "Study hard; loathe the commonplace and conventional, yet without falling into the error of seeking what is strange; avoid facile successes; write only that which you find in yourself, never borrow anything from your neighbor, a single individual note is worth more than volumes of imitations." Prud'homme himself could not have spoken better, and nevertheless, every *honest* artist should always have before him my old teacher's primitive gospel. As to myself, I never forgot it; it remains for you to say whether it has proven useful to me.

I have never competed for the Roman Prize; at the time when I might have done so, the comic opera trends of this competition were distasteful to me.

This letter already is too long, and I will defer until the visit which I hope soon to have the honor of paying you, the information you desire. If, after our conversation, you think you should devote some attention to me, I shall be much indebted to you if you will make use of what I already have written by way of information, without quoting me. I do not like public appearances.

Accept, my dear sir, the assurance of my most sympathetic artistic sentiment.

É. LALO.

Oct. 10, 1873.

(To this letter is adjoined a long autographed note of five octavo pages. We will draw a few passages from it.)

I began my career at a time when my tendencies and my musical studies could not find a place in *France*: if the struggle is difficult to-day, it was impossible then. At all the concerts one heard only Fantasies on opera themes; the large orchestras had much difficulty in winning acceptance for Beethoven's great works; the Ninth Symphony was accounted the work of a madman, and Mendelssohn's scintillant genius only found favor with the public. The three chamber music societies—Alard, Maurin, Armingaud—gathered about them only a very limited number of disciples, and yet it is to this small, very ardent nucleus that I attribute the beginning of that movement whose development we may observe to-day.

It was amid this environment, hostile or indifferent, that I took my first steps some twelve or fourteen years ago, for the exact dates escape me. There appeared successively—

(There follows a list of works, instrumental and vocal, published by Richault, Lemoine, Ledentu, Maho, Girard; and others still unpublished: two symphonies and two quintets.)

These first attempts, which aroused interest in Germany, had no success in Paris. It was one of two things: either these attempts were valueless, or I was in advance of the French musical opinion of the age. Doubt and discouragement took possession of me, I thought myself devoid of all talent and did not write a note for several years. I shall regret this giving up all my life long.

The announcement of various operatic competitions roused me from my torpor; I was once more seized with the urge to write and did *Fiesque* for the *Théâtre Lyrique* competition. I failed.

(Here Lalo details all the disappointments this last-named work caused him: we already have duly noticed them in the course of our article. Finally he goes on:)

Throughout this struggle, the musical world was making progress in Paris: Guiraud, Massenet, etc., were winning acceptance, the horizon was broadening, and I once more went to work with enthusiasm.

Hartman then published in succession:

(Here follow the titles of the works written from 1871–1873)

Finally, that year, I began a grand opera, *Savonarole*, of which I completed one act; but I stopped to write a Concerto for violin in three movements, which the great virtuoso Sarasate requested of me. This

work, published by Durand and Schoenewerk, I have just completed. Sarasate will play it as soon as it has been copied; I have just corrected the first proofs of the reduction for violin and piano.

Autograph sales catalogues now and then give extracts, some of which contain interesting observations. We will give, for example, what Lalo wrote Reyer after the first performance of the latter's overture to *Sigurd*, at the Concerts Padeloup, March 14, 1875. He congratulates him on his overture, which he had just heard at these popular concerts:

There is no rice powder nor chin bristles. I applauded you till my hands were ready to split. (Then he details the merits he discovered in Reyer's work and adds:) In all, it is virile in conception, something I value far more highly than the perfumed music which gangrenes our French School.

Lalo was very careful to show his gratitude to those who mentioned him in the papers or in books. The leading letter he has written in this connection is one already cited, in which he confides in Arthur Pougin. We shall make the acquaintance of others, no less interesting, which he wrote later to Adolphe Jullien. The two notes which follow have no other merit than that of once more showing him in this guise and, besides (the originals being in the possession of the writer of this article), of allowing us to reproduce a facsimile of Lalo's handwriting. They were addressed, in 1880, to the editor of a musical paper, who, still quite young and a student of music, had only expressed his sincere convictions in giving an account of the eulogies called forth by the first hearing of the *Concerto russe*:

Paris, Oct. 8, '80.

Dear Sir:

I do not know your name, since your musical chronicle *Progrès artistique* bears only the initials J. T. I regret this, yet nevertheless should like to thank you sincerely for your appreciation of my *Concerto russe*; if I am not indiscreet, it would give me much pleasure to have you send me your card, so that I might learn the name of my well-disposed critic.

Accept, my dear sir, the assurance of my most distinguished sentiments.

É. LALO,

52 Boulevard Malesherbes.

(The writer of the article having complied with Lalo's request, the latter replied in the following letter:)

Paris 30 8^{me} 80.

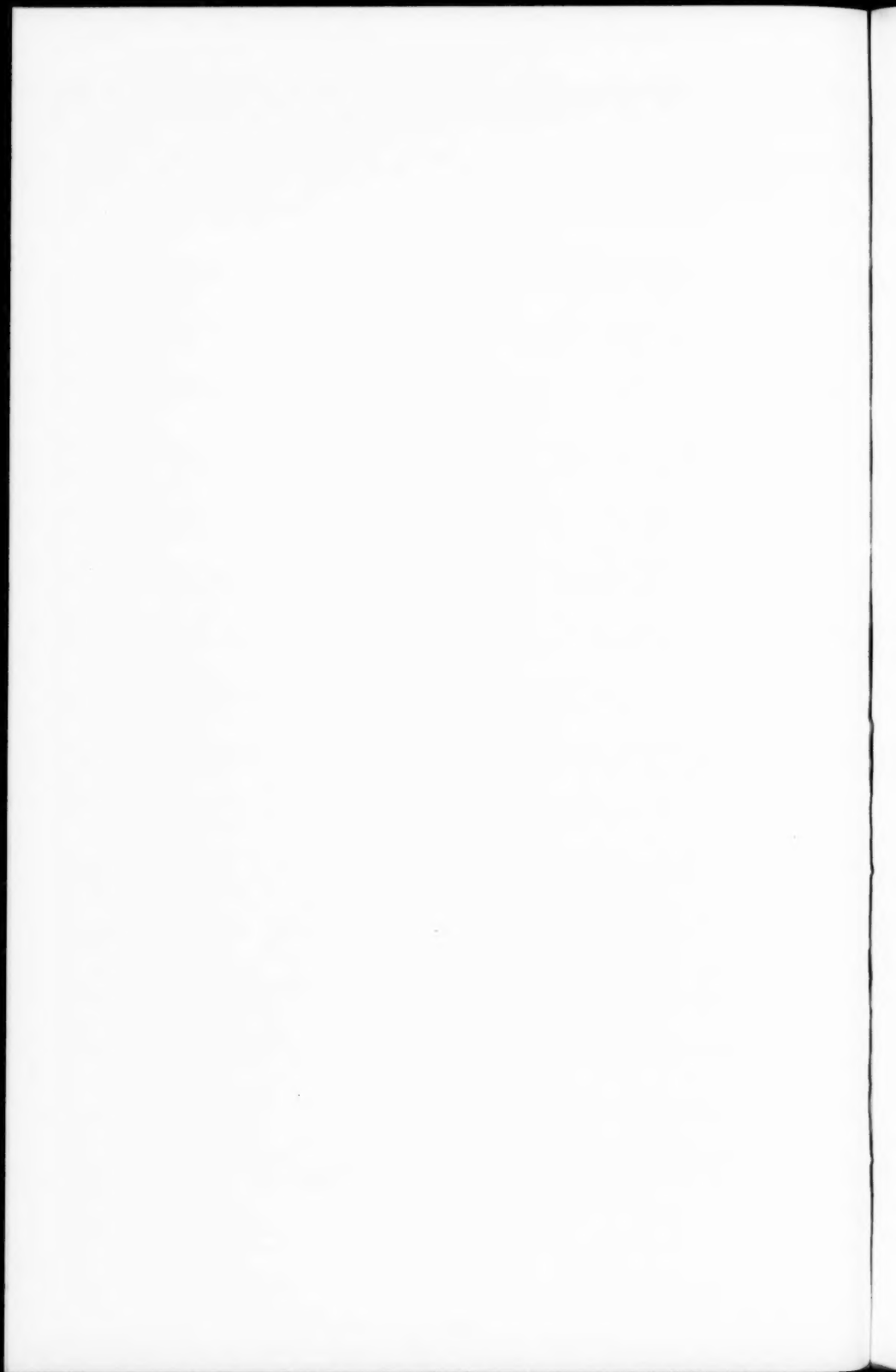
Monsieur,

J'ignore votre nom puisque
la chronique musicale ne porte que
les initiales J. C. dans le Progrès
artistique. Je le regrette, mais je
tiens cependant à vous remercier
sincèrement pour votre appréciation de
mon Concerto Russe; et ce n'est pas
indiscrètement, vous me ferez grand plaisir
en m'envoyant votre carte qui m'apprendrait
le nom de mon bienveillant critique.

Recevez, Monsieur, l'assurance de
mes sentiments bien distingués

E. Lalo

52 b. Malherbes.



Paris, Oct. 18, '80.

Dear Sir:

I thank you for your amiable letter, which informs me that it was an artist who signed the article in the *Progrès*. It is probable that I shall recognize you when I have the pleasure of shaking hands with you, and if, should you have the time and be passing before my door, you will come up and see me, I shall be very happy to become better acquainted with you.

Accept, my dear sir, the expression of my most distinguished sentiments.

É. LALO.

We have cited important fragments of letters addressed by Lalo to Adolphe Jullien, one of them regarding a Symphony in G minor, the other the *Roi d'Ys*. The latter is the last known to us in point of date. But there are others, of the time of *Namouna*, for example, which cast a valuable light, not only on important events in Lalo's career, but on his character as well. It is with their partial presentation that we close our study of this great French musician, who was at the same time an eminent artist, an honest man and a faithful heart.

ÉDOUARD LALO TO ADOLPHE JULLIEN

June 17, '82.

Dear Sir:

Thanks for your article and what it reveals to me. I knew nothing of this matter;¹ I have never thought of the Monbinne Prize, knowing that it is awarded for a comic opera; yet if you are well informed, I am grateful to learn of this manifestation of sympathy on the part of Reyer and Saint-Saëns. The approbation of Massenet surprises me; the abstention from voting of Gounod astonishes me, and the hostility of that solemn nullity² is no more than a continuation of the infamous machinations of the *Françoise* clique with respect to *Namouna*. I wish, for you alone, to give you an account of both sides of the affair. It was on July 25, '81, that the *Opéra* turned the libretto of *Namouna* over to me. In accordance with its book of commissions the management informed me that I should have to return my score, completely finished, by the end of November at the latest. Hence I had but four months in which to accomplish this tremendous task; those who claim that I wrote *Namouna* slowly have lied; Saint-Saëns, who among us all is the quickest, told me after my illness that he would never have accepted such a galley-slave job. In brief, my state of health, perfectly well balanced before, had led me to hope that I might finish the tour de force without

¹Some members of the Institute had thought of protesting against the non-success of *Namouna* by granting Lalo an academic award, the Monbinne Prize; but their kindly initiative was not supported by the majority of their fellows.

²Ambroise Thomas is designated by these words. It is necessary, to grasp what follows, to remember that his last opera, *Françoise de Rimini*, was about to appear at the same time as *Namouna* and that it was a question as to which would be given first.

accident. On December 10 I had almost completed my work, since all that was left was to orchestrate the last two scenes, which Gounod finished in six days; this made a delay of sixteen days beyond the term of delivery fixed for me.

All this is explained somewhat at length, yet without this explanation you would never grasp the infamy which follows:

It was on the night of December 10, that I was stricken with a congestion. The following day the triumvirate E. . . , B. . . , H. . . , hovering like three vultures above a species of corpse, tried to rid themselves of *Namouna* by at once substituting *Françoise* for it. The *Opéra* yielding to the triumvirate's wish, consented; that is to say, after having burdened me with a maddening labor, which nearly killed me, it wanted to delay *Namouna* until the end of May, in order to give its place to the ancient *Françoise*. But I was not yet dead, and I made them realize the fact. I at once sent an energetic complaint to the Minister of Fine Arts, Mr. Antonin Proust, who at once dispatched an order to the *Opéra* to grant me a delay of twenty days so that I might keep the place due me, and to which *Françoise* had no claim. You can imagine the rage of the clique; I, a poor, weak creature, daring to close the road to the Director of the Conservatoire, instead of saying to him, humbly: "After you, my lord!" I was aware of the fact that I was exposing *Namouna* to all the hatreds which blossomed forth after the first performance; but I regret nothing, and I would begin again to-morrow to fling myself at the head of those who are powerful only owing to the ineptitude and cowardice of artists.

After the adverse comes the grotesque: scarcely on my feet again, and speaking with such difficulty that everybody could realize the danger I had managed to escape, I was compelled, before and after *Namouna*, to take up my work in the copying-room of the *Opéra*, to make all changes and all the cuts demanded of me; each day I found myself seated at the same copy-table, facing the solemn Ambroise, who was correcting his copy of *Françoise*. You see how humorous the situation was; ill will was plainly visible in the wrinkles of the great man's brow, and so great was this ill will that he never showed himself polite enough to ask after my health! I can understand that the Mikado of the Conservatoire would detest my music, and there he is within his rights; just as I have a right to detest his secondary music. But that a well-bred man could pretend never even to see that his humble colleague had been dangerously ill, is too grotesque. The scene of the Monbinne Prize is no more than the natural consequence of this meanness. You already know in part this sad tale of a ballet, and if I have here outlined it more completely, it is due to the fact that the revelation made by your article recalled to me the war waged against me by these wretches at the moment when I lay at the point of death.

We will close with a note to the same correspondent regarding the first purely symphonic performances of *Namouna*, and which confirm the fact that Lalo, so amiable, at times so inert a man, found ample resources of energy when confronted with enemies of his art and his works.

January 9, '83.

Dear Sir:

You have defended *Namouna* and I should be very happy if you would come and hear the three fragments which will be played on Sunday by Lamoureux.

It was with intention that I placed the two numbers which were most severely attacked at the *Opéra*, the *Prélude* and the *Fête foraine*, in this first *Rapsodie*. I have reestablished in these two pieces all that the *Opéra* had diminished and even cut, before the first performance.

I wished, as we say, to take the bull by the horns; I should say, take the ass by the ears, for it is an insult to the bull to compare him to the donkeys at the back of the Opera House and their standard-bearer in the press.

Accept, my dear sir, the assurance of my sincere sympathy.

ÉD. LALO.

(Translated by Frederick H. Martens.)

THE BIOLOGY OF MUSIC

By WALTER DAHMS

I

FOR a considerable time the theory of music has confronted a crisis. Musical analysis and esthetics, and the theory of composition, all suffer more and more from the contradictions between their own desiderata and the living evolution, the new phenomena, of music. Since the creative achievements of Richard Wagner the chasm betwixt theory and practice, the philosophy and the life of music, has continually grown wider. The terminology, the ideas and standards, of musical theory, fail in presence of the creative, progressive tendency of art. Hence the danger of a complete estrangement between the amateurs of music (the public) and the creative artists. Genius leads a life identical with the life of Art. But all the rest of mankind, who would either practise or enjoy art, need the mediation of theory (analytical or esthetical) when they seek to enter into relations with Art. At the present time theory is inadequate to cope with artistic progress, and falls out of one contradiction into another. Not, however, because it is old (as many assert), but because it is false and inadequate.

The fundamental requirement for any musical activity is a correct conception of the nature of music and a correct understanding of the conditions under which it exists. Such conception is the birthright of genius; all others must acquire it. Genius attains the goal in despite of false and inadequate theories; but for other minds these theories bar the approaches to Art. So novel manifestations of genius are no longer appreciated and understood, because they are contemplated through ill-made theoretical spectacles. The contradiction between theory and reality becomes peculiarly painful during a period of transition, of revolutionary changes and revaluations in art, in a time like the present. The olden theory (and esthetics), with the load of rules, laws, formulas and forms that it drags after it, is incapable of accommodating itself to the life of art. And we must finally ask ourselves, Is it the fault of life, that it inconsiderately presses forward in the teeth of "sacred rules and regulations," that it keeps on creating new "exceptional cases" for which theory has found no

name, and which are declared by theorists to be hostile assaults upon the Spirit of Things-as-they-are, and condemned accordingly? Or, is the fault not to be found on the side of those who think they can measure life and creative development with their yardstick?

This crisis in musical theory has impended long enough. We must make an attempt to rebuild the foundations and conceptions of theory so as to end the crisis and at last to reconcile the theory with the life of Art, and to bring them once more into accord. Consider for a moment that body of theoretical doctrine called the Science of Harmony, and supposed to be the key to the gate that leads into the Realm of Music. As the science of harmony—with numerous alterations, expansions, and transformations—has generally been taught since Beethoven's time, it is a blend of ancient thorough-bass and rules for the leading of the parts, a compromise that never, whether at Beethoven's time or at present, has thoroughly satisfied one single student and imparted to him a true knowledge of harmony. He is given exercises like this:



Now, what is this? Is it thorough-bass, because it treats the harmonization of a figured bass? Or an exercise in part-leading, because three parts, in relation to a given fourth part, are to take their appointed ways in accordance with certain rules? Or the science of composition?—Let us speak frankly:—these chords mean nothing at all! Their meaning is as blank as their notes. A product of some theorist's cerebration, apart from any genuine manifestation of art, such theory has been handed down from generation to generation for the training of new musicians, belike of new creative musicians! Any critical intelligence perceives the grotesqueness of such an exercise, a caricature of itself. Methods of harmony claiming to be "modern" have altered and disguised the external presentment of the notes, but even then it is still the familiar chord-skeleton. And to-day, as fifty or a hundred years ago, the student vainly seeks after the sense of such "exercises."

This way of learning harmony has been, and still is, proudly termed "the practical method of harmony." But the student, after wasting his time on its study, perceived in the sequel that

in the realm of tones, in the practical life of music, matters take a course very different from that which he learned out of books. He discovered that if he wished to create works of art, to present or produce them, he must first forget all "gray theory," and begin over again with a study of the living tones and forms of music.

The further music developed toward the side of harmony during the nineteenth century, the greater became the embarrassment of the theorists. The "rules and laws" no longer sufficed to explain the novel phenomena. So new rules and laws were devised, and new exceptions noted, in numbers ever-increasing. But music mocked at all rules and exceptions. What good did it do to devise "Wagner Harmony-Methods," and the like? Next day they were outstripped and old-fashioned. Virtually, they still occupied the old line of chord-husks, even where their empty triads had become chords of four, five or six tones. They were founded on an illogical compromise, that sometime or other was bound to collapse. And it has collapsed. The crisis in theory has ended with the bankruptcy of ancient theory.

The new theory (and with it, of course, the new esthetics) must travel another path. Theory has hitherto tried to follow the evolution of music step by step, and straightway devoted a paragraph to any special case and erected it into a Rule or an Exception. Theory has constantly grown more complicated. It ought to become a gathering-place for all possible special cases and special phenomena—not in the sense of the old theory, but by placing us, on general principles, in the position of an observer outside the course of events. Whoever would know what music is, should first of all learn to read the masterworks (of early and modern masters); that is, he must learn to understand how and wherefore the tones, as living entities, comport themselves in their sphere. And no one can gain such understanding from an empty, abstract series of chords, but only from the living work of art, which shows the tones as they move in melodies and chords.

For us men of the twentieth century, the conception of the universe, as regards all the sciences, has undergone a change. The conviction grows ever stronger, that "absolute" values and things are not helpful to the advance of knowledge. Modern man, guided by the enlightened minds of science, begins to study and to comprehend the functions of the forces, the dynamics, of events. For only thus can he master the plenitude of material that, in his striving after further development, he would fain seize and comprehend. In the theory of music, too, we must accommodate our methods of observation to this modern mentality. In order

to impart fresh impulse to our theory and esthetics, we must seek to discover the original moving causes of music and their functions in the musical work of art. That is the Biology of Music, the science of the Life of Music. With it, both the theory and esthetics of music enter into a new stadium. The two are henceforward inseparable. For, to begin with, whoever proposes to occupy himself with music must face his objective from a correct standpoint, whence he may survey the conditions and activities of life in the realm of tones. That is a matter of discernment. But, through observation and a knowledge of what music really signifies and what forces are effective in it, any one can learn to read and hear correctly, any one can feel his affinity and kinship with the spiritual world of the musical geniuses of all the ages. Every musical individual, every musician, is assuredly endowed with a strong instinct for music. For all who are not geniuses, however, there must be added to this instinct an intellectual perception, if they would take active part in the life and development of music. We are far too heavily burdened, historically, to create or experience artlessly and spontaneously from primitive impulse. If we would not be drowned in effete imitation, we have no choice but to make ourselves masters of the situation by dint of intellectual penetration. To show the road to this goal, in music—that is the sole concern of musical theory and musical esthetics; and to travel this road is a necessity for all who desire to produce, interpret or enjoy music in an efficacious and serviceable manner.

II

Music is alive; it owes its birth to generation, and is incessantly regenerated. The tones are individuals; birth, being, death and revival are their lot, ever describing the same cycle with an infinitude of variations. Their interconnections reflect the complex relations of individuals to one another; psychic impulses run their course in them, the laws of attraction and repulsion, magnetic, cosmic forces. Their course is metaphysically determined and guided, and manifests itself in the material universe through physical perception, like all that has life.

Inexhaustible are the riches of Nature, of life. Equally inexhaustible are the riches of music. A bit of Nature, an animal, a plant, is unwearied in ever-repeated efforts for self-renewal, to bring forth that which is always the same, yet in each case individually qualified. Similarly, the tones never weary of self-renewal, that is, of sounding. They too are always the same,

yet always new. We enjoy them as we for countless times enjoy the sunset, the ocean-waves, the rose, with ever-renewed, never-sated delight. For the repetitions of Nature are never slavish; they are always creatively inspired and filled with fresh, individual expression.

The life-forces which Nature and her several phenomena bring forth, and which operate within these until their destruction, are the primitive forces of the Universe controlled by Omniscience. Music, with the rest, is a product of such universal forces, which are dominated and moulded into art by the mysterious might of synthesis, the portion and birthright of genius alone. Synthesis, in a cosmical, spiritual sense, is a logical eventuation, the fusion of elements into one, which, as a perfect form of life—and therefore a form of art-life—stands forth as an immortal Whole. Synthesis is creative power itself.

All true art is a process of growth. Born of primitive forces, it prefigures a Something in the future, awakens hopes, and leaves clear the path behind itself and above itself. It lives in continual change, for no living thing will remain at rest; it presses on to new expression and new perfection. From hidden springs underground flow fresh streams of vital force into the cycle of growth; reaching the surface and striving after actual achievement, they increase the joy and the fullness of life by conforming to the limits set for them by the creative and directive mind. Thus life, as such, is a sum of innumerable conditions and presumptions, and any individual life (an art-work, as well) is merely a formula into which the superabundance of Nature has been moulded. Each individual life, each embodiment of life, is a simplification of Nature's opulence, the shaping of a form out of chaos. When Art seeks to reflect Nature, it must bend to the universal law of individuation, and must abbreviate, simplify, form. The greater the art, the more certain it is to present only the essential aspects in the life and growth of its primitive elements and powers, to the end that it may operate as "organically" as it possibly can. It aims at a simplification of our moods, passions and feelings. The urge to life is not actual life, neither is the urge to (craving for) art actual art. Life and art must first be synthetically created; or, in other words, they must be an organic outgrowth of Nature. Behind it all, however, stands the might of the creator. The act of genius is, in art, what the circulation of the blood is in life. Genius, as the heart of mankind, pumps through its body the circulation of art. Thereby the life of mankind first becomes more than a vegetable existence; thereby it

first becomes truly alive, productive, spiritual, procreative. Life as a revelation of Omniscience, is Art—that is to say, controlled, spiritualized life, which conducts its powers into those channels wherein it can manifest itself most vividly and powerfully.

The life-forces of Art resemble those of Nature. They are the forces of generation and development. Out of them arise the forms. The tiniest embryo, the origin, the mid-point of the forces radiates toward all sides; it evolves into unnumbered, many-sided embodiments through the artist's creative act. As the dynamic expression of love, the artist artificially introduces the active tension into the play of natural forces, and again and again evokes the generation of the Eternally Youthful in the womb of primitive Nature herself. In life, in Nature, a species presents itself in millions of living beings and phenomena, all differing one from the other, yet all produced from the selfsame material and all alike in one point. Similarly, in art, the primitive material takes on thousands of forms, that are none the less alike in their essential aspect. On this is based the exhaustlessness of all things that have an equivalent in Nature, that originate in Nature and are of natural growth. For the life-forces of an art are massed energies lying latent in Nature—energies that each and every time must be aroused by genius to effective operation. Knowing this, we arrive at the conclusion that the greatness of an art depends upon its truth to Nature. But with this phrase we neither mean nor recommend a servile imitation of Nature—a dull "naturalism." An art will be all the more art, all the greater, stronger and more convincing, the closer it is to "Nature," i.e., the more confidently and clearly it pursues the path of Nature, follows a natural development. An artist is great when he can discern, in Nature, the conditions of life, the will to life, and the life-forces, of his art, and is able to realize their spiritual expression.

The close connection of Art with Life makes it appear, in its ideal works, almost like a direct manifestation of Nature. In them the creative artist withdraws into the shadow of his work; Nature used the artist only as a medium in her striving after beauty and perfection. Now the radiance of Life is thrown back upon Art, and glorifies it. Its urge to life, which at first is simply and solely a craving for individual embodiment, finally seeks to overflow into life itself, to return to its very fountainhead. All that has life becomes, for art, an image of its own nature; it recognizes, in generation and reproduction, its own craving for individuation, for form and content; it sees, in the ebb and flow of

evolution, its own struggle for elevation and spiritualization; and at the end, in death, it foreknows itself destined to annihilation to make room for new life and new art.

Art is deeply indebted to life. Such is the daily renewed experience of the artist devoted to art. In music this experience asserts itself most directly, and yet most reconditely. Every other art depicts Nature and Life in their own semblance. Music, however, as a non-objective art, and the only one that can be so with impunity, reaches backward (embracing all Nature with her phenomena) far beyond life and penetrates to the psychic basis of life, on which to lay the foundations of her work of representation and glorification. There is no "music by and for itself." Music in any shape is also a bit of life, a reflex from life, which is its origin and its end. Nature endowed music with powers whose development and spiritualization have been the peculiar and self-dependent mission of music and its creators, that needed only to obey their natural instincts to be genuine and great. But the higher the complicated, marvellous structure of music arose, the more difficult has it grown to find our way back through the labyrinthine paths of evolution to the origin of things. It would almost seem as if we had forgotten that music has its sources in Nature, and must wither away if these life-springs are blocked up and run dry.

III

The biology of music is the science of its life-forces. Through it we learn how art-music is nourished from the economy of Nature, and how her powers, like the circulation of the blood, stream through music to its continual renewal. These powers are both material and psychical. The simple sounding of the tones would be of no effect, were they not reinforced by spiritual impulses which empower them to produce reactions in the emotional life of mankind.

What we call the elementary forces of music—the Tones—are in themselves an artificial abbreviation of Nature, a contrivance evolved by the artist for the realization of our music. Of the tone he has made a "klang," has given it a "soul," by discovering step by step the metaphysical connection between the emotional life of man and the tones with their charming sound, and constructing therefrom his own and peculiar world of harmony.

To-day, when we imagine music, we hear only this predominantly European-occidental music. It owes all its marvellous opulence to the indestructible and inexhaustible vitality of

the twelve tones which form the chromatic scale. The creative artist does not trouble himself about acoustic phenomena as such. He simply accepts the fact that twelve tones furnish the material out of which his work is to be constructed, the vital powers which will bear his music, too, throughout the ages, if only he succeeds in so employing them that they can reach their full measure of development. These vital powers are a selection from the superabundance of the proffered natural forces, a selection directed by the instinct of the artist. And, be it repeated, the music thus formed remains within its own sphere, as delimited by the artist himself.

Now, when a barren period of experimentation is groping after the New, it often forgets that the material of art with which it must work, and the life-forces that take their rise therein, have their limits. Such a period, in desperation, casts its eyes over the other arts, if haply by dint of comparison some traces of new paths may be discovered. And what does it find? The painter has his color-chart; he can extend it by mixing and blending. The musician has the chromatic scale of twelve tones; he too can only mingle and blend. But Nature presents the painter with his "subject" (in landscape and figure) plainly and unequivocally; what he sees, he reproduces in colors and forms. However individually he may view and depict, he can make himself immediately intelligible. And others can see with him, can understand his conceptions without difficulty, because these ideas, being universal and "natural," are their own as well. The musician, on the contrary, sees nothing. He hears tones, or the wraiths of tones, and himself constructs his associations of ideas, his "conceptions," for whose comprehension, however, he can supply his hearers with no infallible guide. Through this semblance of ideas he cannot impress and convince unequivocally and directly. But, after all, is that his mission and the intent of music? Music speaks a superterrestrial, metaphysical language and lives a life above all other arts and beyond the realm of "conceptions," when its life-forces are rooted in Nature. These forces, these tones, are the universal element in music, that element which is the common property of all that have ears to hear. Does not this prove plainly enough that the art must not forsake a soil wherein it appeals directly, as a sense-element, to man's comprehension? The phrase "we do not comprehend it" really means "we do not apprehend it." Fantastic are all speculations on creating smaller entities, and thereby greater opulence, by subdividing the tones. For these smaller entities will not represent the basic powers and

ideas that we, in accord with our entire spiritual and physical constitution, feel to be the motive principles of Nature. After the exhaustive exploitation of every shade and blend of color, the painter falls back upon the primary colors as a starting-point for a new cycle of combinations governed, perhaps, by other principles and later experiences. To-day the musician has apparently run the full gamut of possible combinations of the twelve tones, and looks abroad after novel sensations. But he, too, must evermore return to their live-giving powers, to discover, in fine, ever-new aspects of their nature and new channels for their inexhaustible vital impulses. For that which once has proved its vital power in such tremendously realistic and symbolic cumulative effects, can again rise to equal heights whensoever the spiritual trend, the artistic combinational concept, shall be new. Anything that Nature herself has given out of her store, can not grow old.

Poetry promotes its own development and renewal by employing the given vocabulary in ever ampler application. By the power of synthetic artistry more and more words are raised into the poetic sphere, even those hitherto thought unpoetic. I remind the reader of Walt Whitman, who finds a counterpart in modern German literature in Arno Holz (with his great poem "Phantasmus"). Neither poet recognizes any words as unpoetic. With sovereign might they make everything poetic, and thus enrich and enlarge the scope of poetry. It is otherwise in music. The poet works with ideas, the musician with symbols. Twelve several tones comprise his entire material, all that he has at his disposal for melodic and harmonic combinations. Poetry has thousands of words, and every single word calls up, with instant immediacy, some image which awakens in the mind a particular conception or mood. Moreover, in each word there reside varied degrees of pleasurable tension which, striving after exposition and elucidation, create and hold our interest. Poetry is the art to enhance such pleasurable tension on the spiritual side, and thus of good right to infuse it with symbolism. It is the tragic bent of all living things to seek change and contrast. Music strives to overpass the symbolism given her in the twelve tones, repeated in the various octaves. It seeks after poetic "conceptions," and this not alone in so-called program-music.

Strong as is the trend of music toward romanticism, toward a dispersion into poetry, illusion, and lyricism—(even poetry knows moods when it would fain become music, sound, free from "conceptions")—there always remain, as the vital forces at the core of music, the twelve potent tones, which, without being actual

conceptions, unfailingly bring back musical art to its firm foundation, and control its utterance.

IV

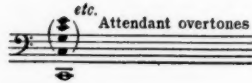
Our music-theory has been a calculation with definite quantities, fixed values. When we once perceive that all is in a state of growth and flux, we shall be obliged to regulate our theoretical ideas from a different point of view, biologically, which means that we must consider Theory merely as an attempt at formulating that which is ever assuming new forms. This is the great advance made by music-theory with the teachings of Heinrich Schenker, one which it must now purposefully elaborate.

Any simplification and condensation of the fundamental ideas permits of a correspondingly broader upward development. The greatest freedom is always found where only a few, but well-founded, laws afford a sure basis for growth. Then the life-processes always follow the path of necessity, without losing themselves in the uncertain and indefinite. Nature, like everything truly great, wears a simplicity to be seen of all men.

The life-giving power of Nature, that which called music also into being, endowed the tones with timbre—innumerable tones of infinitesimal differentiation. And out of this chaos of tones there were attuned to the ear of man a chosen few that seemed to have a distinct, definite sense-appeal, creating pleasurable emotions by virtue of mysterious laws of combination. These were the twelve tones with their repetitions in the different octaves. The process of selection was slow; for the genius of the artist was not only obliged to win through to this final perception, but, above all, had to solve the problem of selection in such a way that his universal law should demonstrate itself, as a vital impulse, to be the *fons et origo* of his music. But Nature, even in this process of selection, was his model; she is constantly compressing the superabundance of her production into typical phenomena, into species, having in themselves the capacity to create and procreate a world and a Nature of their own. The feeling for the intervals between the several tones (among which the human ear must have made its selection very early) was at the beginning an unconscious one. Primitive races using the so-called sound-(bow-wow?) language, or pitch-language, possess in their instinct an infallible standard for measuring the intervals of pitch. It was only later, together with the idea of artistic elaboration, that the intellect sought after justification and a working apparatus,

from which arose the systems. So it came about that the diatonic and chromatic systems only very gradually assumed a fixed form as materials of art and vehicles for artistic expression, thereafter to evolve out of themselves the marvellous phenomena of music, melody and harmony.

Each single tone reveals itself as a creative power that little by little won recognition and full effect. For, O wonder! each tone bears within itself its series of overtones that sound at the same time:



It is not simply an entity, a Whole, but this Whole carries along a miniature world of other tones which occupy a definite, dependent relation to it. It divides itself, yet loses nothing. Out of its body arise new tones—first itself repeated in the higher octave, then its fifth and its third. Whatever gleams beyond in the indefinite heights, is but a reflection of its effulgence, paired with refractory elements that it holds in thrall. Bound as by the magnetic attraction of a sun, a planetary world of tones revolves around each single tone, whose proper radiance they enhance. This very series of overtones plainly shows to which other tones the fundamental feels itself attracted for its fuller completion and perfection. Consonance is the natural element of music. It slumbers in the tone itself; it is neither accidental nor arbitrary. Its foil, its complement, is dissonance, artificially created by man by way of a transition from one consonance to another. As man considers himself a reflection or image of the cosmos—as made in the image of God, according to Scripture—each tone similarly represents the cosmos of music in miniature—the principle of perpetual generation, the division into smaller and smaller entities, the attraction and repulsion and final synthesis of heterogeneous elements to form a Whole. The life-forces of the tone are inexhaustible. Seemingly nothing more than a plaything of artistic caprice, it none the less consistently asserts its right to an individual existence, it lives its life with the full exertion of its inner and outer powers. And so strong is its individuality that the vast laws of art must coincide with the laws which Nature reveals in the tone itself. Its vital urge is identical with that of the musical forms in which the tone, submerged as an individuality, multiplies its powers as a part of the whole. With these wonderful qualities is bound up

the charm, the psychic influence, that affects the feelings of mankind. The tone awakens vibrations in the soul of man—the same vibrations that assimilate him to the cosmos. For it is always an entire world that sounds in each single tone; a world that projects its rays into other worlds.

The creative power of the tone generates, as its strongest overtone, the Fifth. The tone sounds, the Fifth answers. The latter is, in a measure, the tone's second self, its continually accompanying shadow. Thus Nature herself fixed, in the single sounding tone, the relation of the Fifth as the closest degree of affinity between two tones. The human ear very early distinguished this expressed will of Nature as a fundamental principle in music. The earliest of all known music-theories, that of the Chinese, recognized more than twenty centuries before Christ that the Fifth is the limiting interval, and that every sort of music, in so far as it consists of tones, must be guided in its construction by the Fifth.

The Fifth enters into the free, untrammelled, artless, self-sufficing play of the tones with such compelling vital force and such conscious will-power, that it operates like the impulse to crystallization; the chaos of tones finds a point of support around which their play can revolve; the fundamental principle of Form, from the most primitive to the most complicated, is given in the Fifth. The tone, with the world of its overtones, seeks, as if in competition with other sounding tones, to uphold its right to fundamentality. The Fifth is the principle with which it is ever contending for the mastery in matters of major or minor import. Both above and below, its world is bounded by Fifths; there new tonal empires begin, which no longer recognize its overlordship.

In Nature, therefore, the primordial relation of "tonic and dominant" has its root. It is the will of Nature, the compelling vital force of music, neither overborne nor surpassed by any other. What the life-forces of music itself are and what intimate natural principles they obey, man might hear, indeed, and gradually determine, because he is similarly attuned both in hearing and in musical feeling. But never will he be able to change these principles and dictate other laws to Nature. The realm of tones is itself inexhaustible, inexhaustible is the production of overtones by the several tones, and ever-renewed is the play and contention between the Fifths.

The ever-recurring individualism of the Fifth became a criterion for the human ear, according to which man heard, comprehended and memorized music and learned to fashion it in forms

of growing magnitude. The Fifth made it possible for music to become an art, high art. Part-leading and scale-degree betook themselves under its protectorate, and upon its broad foundation musicians could rear combinations of ever-increasing boldness.

V

Those genial minds who intuitively perceived the urge and intent of the tones, and who were the first to begin the artistic building-up of music, took thought to guide the life-forces of the tones into the proper channels, so as to adapt them for service in a larger Whole. They exploited the charms of tension, the propensity for continuation, the impulse to explore the cycle of fifths, and the longing for a final return. Thus they discovered the possibilities in arranging series of tones into phrases that rose and fell and finally returned to the point of departure. The course of these tone-series was determined by a recondite law which the early masters doubtless obeyed instinctively—for the tones expressed it over and over in their very being—but which they had not clearly recognized and therefore could not make fully effective. But the long pent-up forces at last broke through; the single tone-line was cleft, and a second line cautiously progressed in company with the first, at the outset parallel with it on the safe and well-trodden path of the Fifth; later with increasing freedom, controlled and protected by Tonic and Fifth, it passed through between Fifth and Tonic or the latter's double, the Octave. The feeling for the division and consolidation of the forces was one of altogether horizontal adjustment. Consciousness of a "lowest" part was not yet awakened. Depth was arrived at only by a downward extension of the tone-line. The spatial, perspective effect of the several coincident tone-lines was relished, not exactly as an accident (for the work was controlled by the keenest possible appreciation of effect), but still not as an independent, living force. The vital power of the Degree, its mighty influence, was a discovery left for further development; what until then had been heard only horizontally, the Harmony, was also to be appreciated in its "vertical" effect as a totality, a reality, an efficient factor. But the selfsame primitive laws were in control throughout. The tone, with its mysterious series of overtones, was interwoven in all phenomena; the Fifth set a bound to arbitrary excursions, thereby allowing each individual tone the widest freedom; the tone-lines took their course like natural respiration, and the harmonic degrees revolved around the Tonic

with majestic sweep, as the planets wheel around the sun. Tension continually increased, and with it the life-forces of music, the capacity for expression and the fullness of sonority. But still another new power was needed—a power, indeed, already astir everywhere, but not yet in sovereign control over its realm. This power was the Motive, a musical energy that united all the vertical and horizontal individual forces and combined their effects in one total effect.

The Motive is no elementary life-force, no primitive potentiality of Nature, but an artificial creation. With it music first won full freedom of movement and absolute independence, for with the Motive was discovered that intellectual nucleus which serves as a medium between the fancy of the creative artist and the soul of him who hears the music. By means of the Motive, the artist could make himself instantly and clearly understood. As a melodic, harmonic, or rhythmic embryo the Motive was the key to understanding and enjoyment, because, being repeated, it becomes a species of "conception."

With the Motive the artist completed the synthesis of melody and harmony, of part-leading and degree. The melody arose into the grand synthetic arch that encompassed the entire art-work; the harmonies, as perspectives of the melody, as the frame and lowest limit of the lines, became the supporting piers of the arch. The Motive is the symbol of the unity wherein all the elements are conjoined. It appears to rise from the teeming soil of music like a primitive force. From its energy the art-work is nourished; its blood pulses in every vein of the musical body and fills with life the form which it wrests from the artist's genius.

Not every succession of tones, whether repeated or not, is a Motive. Examine a thousand motives in our works of art; not one resembles another, each presents a world of its own. But they all utter, one may say, the fundamental idea of music, and announce its primal laws in ever-changing forms. For the Motive must be elementary matter, basic law, capable of infinite irradiations and manifestations.

In music the life of the tones ultimately becomes identical with the life of the motives. For our musical conceptive power is fed by motives alone, by their combinations and destinies. Musical motives arouse our sympathy like living things that deploy their joys and sorrows before our eyes. We see them emerge from the ocean of tones; we see them striving after generation and reproduction, ending in transfiguration. It is the task of the creative artist to set forth the essential permutations in the lives of

the motives in graphic style. The Motive should reveal its character in full; it should appear in all situations that are demanded for its complete development. We know how to take the measure of an artist's greatness and his breadth of vision.

The life-forces of music, carried to a certain height of realism by the Motive, gain the more power in an art-work the more the single tones lose their individuality and are absorbed in the greater individuality of the several distinct motives. Now, the multitudinous overtone systems, meeting and crossing one another, send out a radiance, a halo, that floats over all the rest; the might of the encompassing boundary intervals expands further and further; all energies seem to increase immeasurably, the more they fail of individual effect. What has become of our principle, the relationship of the Fifth, and of the other fundamental laws? They are operating as hidden forces within the whole, which rests on them as its foundation. And the motives, as the personified vital forces of music, weave their subtle web to display an image of consummation.

In this panorama of the life of the tones and motives artistic synthesis celebrates its fairest triumph. Veracity and victory ever accompany Nature and her evolution. Wherever the natural forces, directed by the human intellect, may unfold their full opulence, wherever they may represent the drama of impersonation, dissolution and reëmbodiment in ever-varied forms, there reigns the same freedom as in Nature itself, there the tendencies of Art and Nature are one. There, too, Man rediscovers himself in the symbols of Art with all his longings and impulses, for which this very Art is the dearest expression and the readiest refuge. In the single tone with its hovering cloud of overtones Man recognizes an analogue of his own being. But in the motives his soul vibrates, his emotions, his joys and sorrows, find expression in song. For in the Motive so many psychic chords vibrate, because the Motive is a creation of human genius.

VI

Our music craves forms and limits. Every living thing exists only through its adaptation to other living things. Hence, the musical motives likewise require their higher adjustments and coördinations. The forms of music were the result of natural impulse. These forms, too, are alive. They are not rigid schemes and patterns, but forces which possess a life of their own, endowed with all the instincts and characteristics of living things. Their perfection is the perfection of the artist's synthesis. The Motive,

as the synthetic nucleus of the art-work, is the embryo and impelling force of Form, and the full tide of the musical life-forces pours into the channels which each and every form devises anew for itself. The individual phenomena of a species show, in their myriads, that there is never an exact repetition, and that the species retains its novelty and loveliness and can never grow "old," however frequently and numerous its original type may be reëmbodied. It is the same with the artistic forms; their vital flame is never extinguished, because their powers are imperishable.

It is the biological impulse of the forms that makes for their variety, and not the fiat of the human inventive spirit. It was no accident that the relationship of the Fifth established itself as the cornerstone of the forms. Nature herself sought her own reflection in the designs of musical art. The Motive appears—a gift of the gods; its vital impulse leads to Repetition, to re-creation and generation. Out of life is born new life as of natural necessity. Tonality, which is the logical power in music, protects the tones from losing themselves in infinity, and finally allows the current of events to flow back into itself. It is thus in small things as in large. Motives, as the champions of hostile principles, engage in a struggle for the mastery. A third motive decides the combat and remains victor; hence, Form, the triumph of artistic synthesis. Where Form is, there is always Life, intensified Life. In fact, Life is manifest to us only in the creation of forms. Thus new life is ever enkindled by the vital flame of Form in art.

Musical form was not put together piecemeal, but is an organic growth. Behind it was the might of a dæmonic will and striving that guided the hands of the earliest artists. Intuition is no other than the capacity for recognizing and estimating the forces of Nature, and the ability to discern in what form they crave expression. In this so-called artistic intuition there is made known to man, with compelling insistence, that impulsion toward spiritualization which pervades the creation. Following it, he "creates" the forms as Nature would have them. The principle of musical form, however, remains the same, from the simplest song-form up to the most complicated amplification. Nature surrenders none of the rights she possesses in the tones and motives. The demand for the Fifth abides unshaken even in the forms of widest amplitude; for without logic no development is possible. So the degrees sweep through their curves, ever new and different, yet evermore grappled to the primal tones and with the goal ever in view; the motives (themes) live their lives lustily, parting, meeting, battling, generating, all as the spirit moves; and all this

begets meaning and produces form. The forms are the unification of all the individual forces, and always shape themselves so that these forces can attain to the strongest effect. But creative genius alone holds the key. Behold his works—not one form resembles another, each is a world by itself, because other motives, other individual energies, live and move in them. True, attempts are made to emulate genius; but imitation results in copies, the form becomes a pattern. Only the creative artist penetrates to the core of the mystery, which is the basis of creation; he needs nothing more. For now the nucleus makes its irresistible appeal, directing the construction of the new art-work, that lives and grows as only Nature's progeny can live and grow. A "strong individuality" is one who hears and understands the voice of Nature and gives this voice consummate artistic expression. It is always thus; the forms live only in freedom and with the few men who are free—the geniuses. Their "laws" are true liberty as the artist understands it.

VII

Nature makes a strict selection between that which she impels to further development and that which she consigns to dissolution. Her sole measure of the value of a force is, whether it does or does not promote life. Only the degree of fruitfulness is decisive; the unfruitful is an impediment and, as such, must be destroyed. Nature feels the one impulse, the continual upward-striving to produce peculiarly perfect specimens of any species, and uses everything else only as a means to that end. It is the will for beauty, perfection, transcendence, that urges her to an intensifying exposition of her resources and capabilities. She finds it preferable to concentrate all her life-forces now and then to one tremendous intensification, a monument to eternity that shall cast its radiance far and wide, than to fritter existence away in a thousand minute beauties, never striving to excel them. Man alone seeks to level and smooth Nature, because, in showing herself truly great and superhuman, she crushes him.

In music, too, the perfect type corresponds to the will of Nature. The biology of music teaches nothing else. Only this type is promotive of art and development. All great classic music belongs to it. Healthy and natural to its inmost core, it generates Life.

The biology of music shows us that everything in music must subordinate itself to an all-embracing law, if it would prosper. This law declares that the fundamental, natural life-forces must

determine the course of events. Thus biology serves as a stepping-stone to the esthetics and metaphysics of music. The prime condition for exciting pleasurable esthetic sensations is, that the music should be well made and well grown. Our well-attuned senses then vibrate with it like accordant strings. They recognize their counterpart. The biological values are the foundation of the esthetic. Hence, it is essential to recognize the properties and the *modus operandi* of the life-forces in music; such recognition is the basis for any valuation whatsoever. Only genius may lean on "intuitive comprehension"; all others are referred to the path of education, would they seek admittance to the innermost precincts of the arcanum. Ideality of intellect can flourish only upon the reality of life.

Biological values, conditions and perceptions are also the foundation of metaphysics. All other metaphysics are mere fantastic speculation, romance. That series of overtones that crowns the single tone and lends it all its creative power, making it the centre of development, bears within itself every embryo of musical evolution. This we realize in the indescribable charm wherewith it invests and radiates from the tone. But our sense is reassured and reinforced by knowledge. And from this basis we follow the marvel of the creation of Form, the crystallization of the welter of tones into the soulfully appealing organisms of Art. And again and again we note how simple biological processes are the groundwork of the psychic irradiations; we see how Nature selects, out of her superabundance, precisely that which is essential and characteristic to present to Genius, in order that Genius may create something perfect.

For us the forms of music are as parables through which the metaphysical Will speaks to mankind, to be understood of those who are capable of interpreting this script; an enigma for the rest, who can only dimly divine what the life-forces are ever seeking to reveal to them. Such is the meaning and the practical application of the biological mode of approach. Through this alone does the life of music disclose its true inwardness; here are no patterns, no empty formalism; all powers are united under a few all-embracing laws—and thereby one acquires the widest freedom, a living, creative freedom. The powers feel safeguarded at their fountainhead, and are freed from whatever might thwart or restrict them. Only in Genius, in Nature herself, do they find life and prototypes.

What, then, is the mission, the task, of the modern theorist, esthetician and philosopher, as regards music? They have simply

and solely to expound the biological basic conceptions of music, to show their workings and effects. For only he who understands life can create new life. We must arrive at a general recognition of the fact that the tones, the motives, the harmonic degrees, the forms, are living things, leading an existence that runs parallel with our human existence. For only such a settlement founded on fact can save our modern conception of music from the pessimism which fears that music is a lost art. Progress and development are always on the side of the living alone. And the living are in the right.

An ancient theory is sinking into its grave. A new theory is awaking; it resorts to the fundamental laws of music, because these laws are all-embracing. And, first of all, it teaches us to penetrate into the life of the tones, to observe how the tones, in all masterworks of music down to our own days, have lived their own vibrant life. The science of harmony is the biological theory of apperception, the analysis of the masterworks in order to read them aright and thereby to obtain an understanding of them. This opens the vision to the infinite variety of possibilities in music. Whoever has learned to think biologically, in a true sense, can distinguish the true from the false, can never be narrow-souled. He will recognize the living force, the motive power, even in works of a novel and unconventional cast. For the good of our musical evolution, the rigid rules and formulas of ancient theory should be replaced by a broader conception of music. No one is capable of a full appreciation and comprehension of his creative contemporaries (if they are men of genius), or of a presentment of their esthetic aims. But we spare ourselves much needless effort if we take the trouble to discover the right attitude to assume with regard to life (including the life of the arts). We are ourselves subject to change, and the arts likewise. Nevertheless, all that lives can exist only on certain foundations. When once we shall have mastered these foundations and made them our own, we shall also be the masters of the future, and hold Destiny in our hands.

(Translated by Theodore Baker.)

JEWISH FOLK-SONGS

By JACOB KWALWASSER

IT is unnecessary to argue that different races have strongly marked differences in their musical tastes and talents. Many writers have pointed out significant differences, showing the effect of race and nationality upon music. Albert Gehring in his study in race psychology, "Racial Contrasts," points to the distinguishing traits of Latins and Teutons as manifested in their literature, painting, architecture and music. The purpose of this paper is to study the characteristic traits expressive of the make-up of the Jews as revealed in their folk-music.

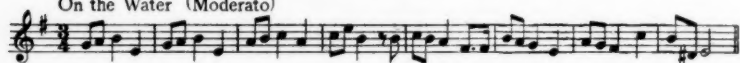
The folk-songs presented here are authentic. They originated among the common (uneducated) people and are based upon actual or legendary events of interest to them. They are communal in authorship and are never completed, existing in more than one form at any given time. They have reached us after countless alterations both in words and music and "reflect the popular taste, express the popular ideal, and are stamped with popular approval." Folk-melodies may not always appeal to us or even strike us as being beautiful, but they are always sincere, "and free from pretense and affectation." So I have chosen folk-songs rather than the more artificial art-works, with a conviction that their content is more significant for the purpose of this study.

Practically all folk-music of the Jew is modal or in the minor mode. This peculiarity cannot be attributed entirely to the antiquity of the modes, but rather to the psychology of the people. Centuries of political dependence upon other nations, with almost ceaseless persecutions, have turned the attention of the Jews from external things to a study of the inner man. This change of attention has resulted in a soberness, seriousness and sadness, that is characteristic of the race.

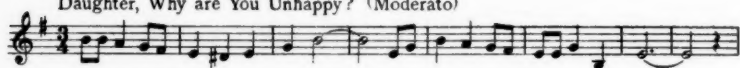
Even a superficial examination of the following melodies will reveal a number of things. They are not vivacious or animated, neither are they sprightly or pert. On the contrary, they impress one with the sense of mass, dignity and solemnity. Even the song "The Miller's Tears," which is preponderately in the major mode, sounds minor. We always associate the minor mode with grief and the major mode with joy, but much also is contributed to the

mood by the tempo. These songs move along rather slowly and cautiously. They lack the animated movement of the Latin folk-songs, which are made up of quicker tempos.

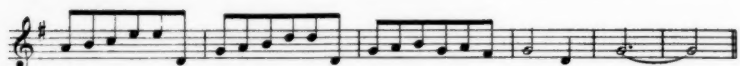
On the Water (Moderato)



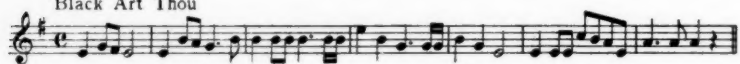
Daughter, Why are You Unhappy? (Moderato)



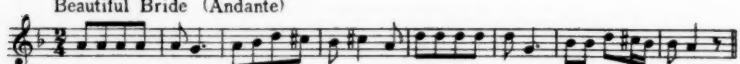
The Miller's Tears



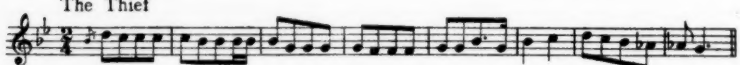
Black Art Thou



Beautiful Bride (Andante)



The Thief



* * *

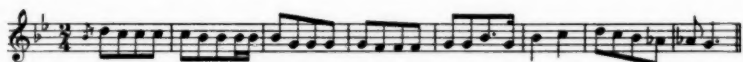
Probably the most common scale met with in Jewish folk-music is the *Æolian*, which corresponds to the scale from A to A, playing only the white keys on the piano.



This melody is characteristic of the content and atmosphere of many of the folk-songs of this mode. The instant the flattened

seventh is heard, a strained and weird tonality is set up, which weakens the finality of the tonic and undermines the security of the key.

Another scale met with frequently is the Phrygian. This scale greatly resembles the Æolian, differing from it by having a flatted second step. The following melody is in the Phrygian mode:



Examples of practically all the modes can be found in the folk-songs of the Jews. Their quaintness, and unusual charm, are too patent to be overlooked.

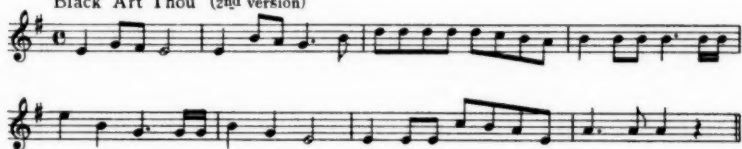
Turning from the modes to some of the peculiar rhythmic, harmonic and melodic characteristics, we observe the following: (1) endings on tones other than the tonic, usually the fourth or fifth of the scale; (2) the lack of rhythmic stamina and vigor; (3) the conflicting key relationships; (4) the use of modulations; and (5) the melodic movement.

(1) An ending on the fourth or fifth step of the scale makes the key and melody lack finality and poise, but it is nevertheless convenient as a device for endless repetition.



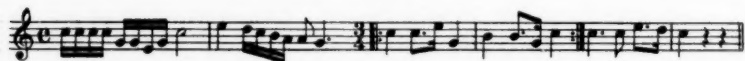
This song gives a lengthy description of a sad experience and the melody is consequently repeated many times. If the melody stopped on the tonic constantly, the continuity of the thought would be seriously interrupted. An ending on the fourth would have been even better than the ending on the fifth for the purpose of starting over again.

Black Art Thou (2nd version)

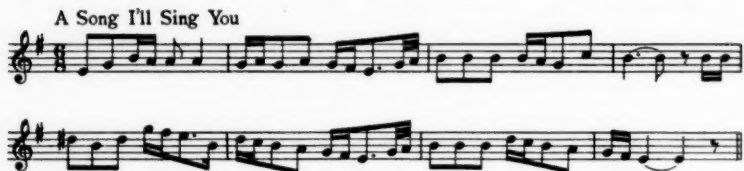


In this melody, "Black Art Thou," the fourth is less conclusive than the fifth of the preceding melody. The lover is extolling the beauty of his beloved one. Because of the inexhaustible praise and commendation which the lover wishes to express, the appropriateness of this cadence is perfectly justified.

(2) The lack of rhythmic stamina in Jewish folk-songs is very significant. Very seldom do we find one with a rigid rhythmic pattern carried consistently throughout the melody. In addition to the absence of a set rhythm, there is a disposition to change from binary to ternary and to use the weaker ternary rhythm excessively. The misplaced accent, which weakens the rhythmic regularity, is found also very frequently. The 4-4 rhythm is not very definitely established before it is abandoned for another rhythm.

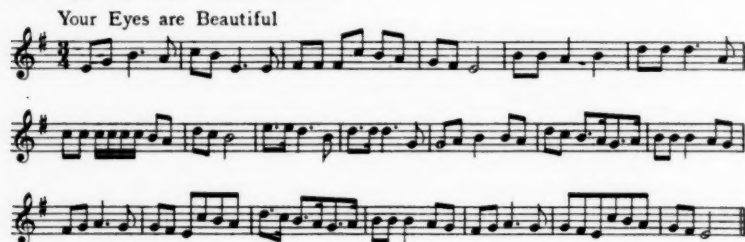


"A Song I'll Sing You" reveals an indeterminate rhythm. It is possible that the recorder is in error in using 6-8 time; yet there is no advantage in changing it. It might start with the up-beat,



making B the first beat of the measure.

Another example of the misplaced accent is contained in "Your Eyes Are Beautiful." The accent falls on the second beat consistently throughout the tune.



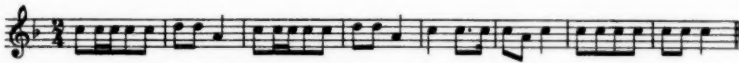
There is no denying the fact that Jewish folk-music as a whole lacks rhythmic ruggedness. There are, however, good

reasons (which will be discussed later) for this lack of rhythmic virility.

(3) Conflicting key relationships are occasionally found in Jewish folk-melodies. The following tune illustrates the indeterminateness of key structure. It is utterly impossible to

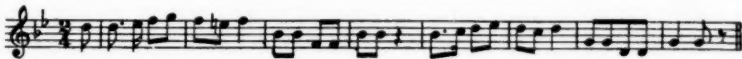


define this melody from the standpoint of key structure; for it is possible to hear the first phrase in three different keys, while the concluding phrase might have at least two different key affiliations. The middle section is even more difficult to classify as to key. The thought of the words requires no such ambiguity. The following song, though not quite so involved, is also very indefinite. It may easily be harmonized in two keys; both are



quite satisfactory. This trait, coupled with frequent endings on the dominant, characterizes a great number of Jewish folk-songs.

(4) Modulations are found occasionally in these songs, but not frequently; for most of the songs are rather short, and, as indicated before, have some difficulty, at times, in establishing one key securely. Whenever modulations occur, the second key is introduced usually to harmonize a sequence in melody. The following melody illustrates this point. It consists of two phrases,



the second of which is a repetition of the first in a lower key.

(5) In melodic movement, Jewish folk-songs obey the accepted melodic law with this exception, that there is an excessive use of the augmented second. This interval, which generally is avoided because of its unsingableness, is conspicuously present in these songs. The abundant use of disjunct movement is also characteristic.

Many songs are recitative in style, giving the quality of a chant rather than that of a definitely organized succession of tones in melodic formation. This melody shows the melodic outline of



a chant with its weak rhythmic pulses. The interest is naturally not in the melodic but in the verbal content. In this respect it is interesting to note that all of the services of the Orthodox Synagogue are sung or chanted. The prayers are thus given an emotional coloring which they would otherwise lack.

* *
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With this brief review of the melodic, rhythmic and harmonic tendencies of Jewish Folk-Music, I shall pass on to a consideration of the underlying reasons for the presence of these tendencies. I intimated briefly at the beginning of this paper the reasons for excessive use of the minor mode. Music has been defined from time to time as a language of the emotions. Psychological experiments have shown that emotion and song or speech are closely related. E. W. Scripture, after years of experimental study, concludes that melody is the expression of emotion; that gladness expresses itself in speech, by lively melody and greater dynamic force, while sadness shows itself in slowness and faintness. This conclusion is very significant as an aid in interpreting the content of Jewish folk-songs. Most of the songs are slow in tempo, lack vigorous rhythms and dynamic force; are limited in tonal range, and are more or less dissonant. The grave and dignified character of the melodies expresses something of the demeanor of the race.

Races that hesitate or deliberate before acting, show this excellent quality in their works of art, while races that are quick to act and are easily swayed, likewise cannot conceal it in their art. If the Jews were an effervescent and erratic people, quick tempered, volatile, and easily swayed, their music would reveal it instantly; but as they are not, their music tells a totally

different tale. Their melodies are quite flexible but not vivacious, melancholy but not depressing, different but never indifferent. The race has never been nonchalant or complacent. Their melodies are more concerned with matter than manner, with content rather than contour. Melody is a vehicle to the Jew for expressing feeling and thought with greater genuineness and fervor. To convey the impression that the Jews are devoid of the lighter side in their musical literature would be a great misrepresentation, but the greater part of their pleasure in song is derived from the more serious type.

In answer to the questions, "How can this seriousness and soberness be accounted for?" and, "Why the excessive use of the minor mode?" I need refer only to the history of the race for the past 2,000 years. Centuries of struggle and persecution have left their indelible imprint. These melodies tell, more eloquently than words, how oppression and repression have effected the race.

Two influences account for the absence of rhythmic ruggedness; (1) the influence of occupations, and (2) the influence of residence.

(1) Psychologists tell us that muscular behavior is rhythmic. It is made up of a countless number of tensions followed by an equal number of relaxations. Men rowing, for example, are obliged to follow a definite rhythm. The most efficient work of a blacksmith is facilitated by regularity in rhythmic action; seed sowing is generally carried out rhythmically; cotton picking, too, is facilitated when accompanied by song so as to insure regular rhythmic movement.

During the Middle Ages the Trade Guilds excluded the Jews from nearly all industrial occupations by securing legal decrees barring their admittance and participation. In addition to this restriction, they were not permitted to own land and were, therefore, discouraged from agricultural pursuits. The only occupations left open to them were domestic trading in merchandise, banking and the learned professions.

Sedentary occupations are not conducive to rhythmic action, neither are the larger muscles called into play. Because of sedentary work, the Jews are necessarily weak rhythmically. It has been said that the Jews are a people who owe their existence more to their heads than to their hands. This fact is revealed very clearly in their folk-songs.

While the race has lacked rugged physical experience, they have exercised their minds and feelings abundantly. This may be

attributed in part to the fact that the Jew is a city dweller. Lombroso, analyzing the vital statistics of the Italian Jews, found that deaths due to apoplexy were twice as common as among the general population and assigns as reasons the emotional temperament of the Jew, his constant struggle against adverse conditions of life, and the suffering caused by ceaseless persecutions to which he has been subjected. Leroy Beaulieu, writing of the nervousness of the Jew, concludes that nervous disorders are the distinctive mark of the Jews and of our civilization and attributes them to the feverish intensity of modern life, which, by multiplying our sensations and efforts, overstrains the nerves and rends the delicate network of cerebral fibres. The Jew is the most nervous, and, in so far, the most modern of men. "He is, by the very nature of his diseases, the forerunner of his contemporaries, preceding them on that perilous path upon which society is urged by the excesses of its intellectual and emotional life." E. A. Ross attributes this increased mental activity to the city and city-life. The Jew has been a city dweller for over twenty centuries, avoiding the rural districts almost completely.

There is no doubt that these folk-songs reveal the Jewish racial experience. They show the same vividness and intensity which characterize the Jew's religion. They move along with anxious tread, manifesting the supersensitiveness of the Jew neurologically. The firm, steady, and unswerving tread of the Anglo-Saxon folk-song is absent in the Jewish folk-song. We can feel the more sensitive and nervous make-up of the Jew from the tonal movement of his songs. We can understand the extent of his suffering from these unconscious revelations. No, the Jew is not stodgy or stolid, and his attempts at self-expression through music reveal him as he is.

BEETHOVEN AND THERESE VON MALFATTI

By MAX UNGER

THE statements contained in Thayer's five-volume Beethoven biography had to be modified in two important details in Vols. II and III (1910-11) of the new edition edited by Hugo Riemann and published by Breitkopf & Härtel, Leipzig:—(1) as regards the letter to the so-called "unsterbliche Geliebte" (the immortal beloved), the date of which was set, in the earlier Thayer, at 1806; and (2) in the question of Beethoven's marriage-plans in the Spring of 1810. The writer of these lines has taken an active part in the inquiry into both these matters. In his essay "Auf Spuren von Beethovens ,Unsterblicher Geliebten'" (Langensalza, 1911), the proof-sheets of which Riemann was still able to inspect during his revision of the two Thayer volumes, he brought forward several additional and decisive proofs in support of the theory advanced by Wolfgang Thomas-San Galli in his pamphlet "Die Unsterbliche Geliebte Beethovens—Amalie Sebald" (Halle, 1909), giving 1812 as the year in which the highly contentious letter was written. At the same time he felt obliged to reject unconditionally the idea that the letter was addressed to the lady above named; furthermore, he was the first to demonstrate incontestably that the object of Beethoven's affection and marriage-project in the year 1810 could have been no other than Therese von Malfatti, that same young lady whom Thayer himself (under entirely different assumptions, to be sure), in the face of Ludwig Nohl's unsupported conjecture, had excluded from consideration. (In point of fact, Therese von Malfatti had nothing to do with the *unsterbliche Geliebte*.) I submitted my proofs in the form of a paper read in the Musikwissenschaftliches Seminar of Leipzig University, whose director was then (1910) Hugo Riemann. The latter had unconditionally accepted the arguments set forth in Thayer's third volume, strangely enough, without paying the slightest attention to mine; however, in the eighth edition of his *Musiklexikon*, in the article treating of the present writer, he cursorily alluded to them. These remarks are offered only because it is desired to avoid all suspicion that, after his death, any of Riemann's discoveries are claimed by me.

In what follows, and in connection with the finding and first publication of a unique portrait of Therese von Malfatti, it shall be shown as briefly as may be how singularly tortuous were the ways pursued by the writer in his researches concerning this affair of Beethoven's marriage-plan, and whither they have recently led.

These researches were initiated by Muzio Clementi, the great pianist and piano-composer who, following the example of various other composers, became a publisher as well. During a sojourn in Vienna in April, 1807, he entered into a contract with Beethoven for obtaining a series of his works for publication in the British dominions. Payment for these works was to be effected through the firm of Vienna bankers, Henikstein & Co., immediately on arrival in Vienna of the news that the manuscripts had been received in London. On examining a number of letters¹ from Clementi to his London partner, F. W. Collard, there came to light a fact which had a most significant bearing on the writer's subsequent researches concerning Beethoven. This fact was, that these payments had evidently been delayed for over two years, possibly nearly three, by Napoleon's "Continental System" then in force. This had hitherto escaped the attention of the delvers into Beethoven's record, together with the fact that Clementi, who for the same reason was unable to make his way back to England and could himself obtain no funds from that quarter, visited Vienna not only in 1807, but repeatedly thereafter until 1810. One single note from Beethoven to his friend Baron Ignaz von Gleichenstein has sufficed to cause the utmost confusion in the history of the master's life, because it was undated. Of this note the most important passages follow: "To-day Joseph Henikstein has exchanged the pound sterling for me at the rate of 27 and one-half florins. He invites you and me, with Clementi, to dine with him to-morrow. Be sure not to decline; you know how glad I am to be with you; but let me know if I may inform Henikstein that he may count on you positively—surely, you won't refuse!—Kind regards to all whom you and I hold dear; how happy I should be if I might add, 'and who hold us dear'???? the question-points apply to me, at least. I have so much to do to-day and to-morrow that I cannot come to M² [?] as I should like to.—Farewell; be happy; I am not."

Till now it has been thought that these lines apprizing us of the payment from the English publishing firm could have been

¹These letters were in the possession of a grandchild of Clementi's.

²Evidently an M [Malfatti's]; the right-hand half of the letter was torn off in breaking the seal, as my examination of the autograph made clear.

written only in the year 1807. Taken by itself, this would not have mattered much; but this note stands in most intimate connection with a great many other undated missives to friend Gleichenstein and, besides, with the sole extant letter to Therese von Malfatti; hence the natural conclusion that Beethoven's relations with the house of Malfatti must also be referred to the year 1807. But, in view of our new knowledge, these relations are likewise advanced some few years, namely, into the Winter of 1809 and the Spring of 1810; and that they really belong to said Spring is shown by that single letter to Therese, which bears internal evidence of having been written in early Spring. In its essential points it reads:

You receive herewith, respected Therese, what I promised, and but for unavoidable hindrances would have received more in order to show you that I always do better by my friends than I promise. I hope, and do not doubt, that you find both pleasant occupation and delightful diversion—yet not so much of the latter as to leave no place for us in your thoughts.—I could hardly dare expect or feel myself worthy of a response, were I to write you: "Persons are together not only when in each other's company, but the absent and the departed live for us." Who would think of writing such things to the flighty Therese, who treats everything in life so airily? But pray do not neglect, among your myriad occupations, your piano and music in general, for which you have so great a gift. Why not take it up in earnest, you who possess such a sense for all that is beautiful and good? Why not use that sense to savor, in so lovely an art, that perfection whose radiance is ever reflected upon ourselves?—

My life is very lonely and quiet; although now and again a light seeks to awaken me, there is an unfillable void since you all went away, and not even my art, otherwise so faithful to me, has succeeded in making me forget it. . . . What a difference you will have noticed in the treatment of a theme conceived on a certain evening and the way in which I recently wrote it out for you. Pray find an explanation for that, but do not invoke the aid of punch.—How lucky you are, that you can go so early to the country; not before the 8th shall I be able to enjoy that ecstasy, which I look forward to with childish delight. . . . Please have the kindness to give your dear sister Nanette the song, arranged for guitar; had time permitted, the voice-part would have been added. You will soon receive some more compositions of mine, and you must not complain too bitterly of the difficulties in them.—Have you read Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister"? or the Schlegel translation of Shakespeare? In the country one has so much leisure—it may be agreeable to you if I send you these works.—It so happens that I have an acquaintance in your neighborhood. Perhaps you will see me early some morning at your house for half an hour, and then off again. You see that I wish to bore you as little as possible.—Commend me to the good will of your father and mother, although I have as yet no rightful claim to it—likewise of your sister Nanette.—

Now fare you well, respected Therese. I wish you all the good and beautiful things of this life. Bear me in memory—no one can wish you a brighter, happier life than I—even should it be that you care not at all for

Your devoted servant and friend
Beethoven.

N. B. You would confer a real kindness by informing me in a few lines how I can be of service to you here.

The date of this letter was assumed by the writer to be the end of April or beginning of May, 1810. The year is deduced from our preceding discussion of Beethoven's relations with the Malfatti family; the approximate date in Springtime from Beethoven's allusion to the Malfattis' early departure for the country, and that he himself would not be able to enjoy that ecstasy "before the 8th." Independently of the above, Dr. Albert Leitzmann, in an article published in the same year (1911) as my own disclosures, arrived at the same date, though by a different way. The passage in the letter, "Persons are together not only when in each other's company, but the absent and departed live for us," he recognized as a quotation from Goethe's "Egmont," and withal not one of those on every tongue, but one which the composer must have copied from the book lying open before him, showing that he was specially occupied with that very book. Now, most of the work on the *Egmont* music was done in the first part of 1810 up to May; the first performance (from the manuscript) took place on May 24th of that year.

The letter given above is assuredly no love-letter properly so called, and it is by no means quite certain (although Riemann himself accepts it as a fact) that Beethoven ever made the young lady a formal proposal of marriage. Disregarding the oral legends touching his designs for marrying Therese, various notes written by the composer to Gleichenstein (who at that time was engaged to Therese's sister Anna—the Nanette of the letter—and married her in 1811) contain, however, sundry more or less veiled allusions to an inclination of the master toward some lady in the Malfatti circle, together with allusions to his doubts concerning a reciprocal inclination. For example: "You abide on a smooth, calm sea, or already safe in port—you do not feel the distress of your friend amidst the storm—or you are not allowed to feel it.—What will they think of me on the star Venus Urania, what will be their opinion of me, without seeing me—my pride is brought so low that I would journey thither with you, even uninvited. . . . If you would only be quite frank with me, you are surely concealing something

from me, you wish to spare me, and are giving me more pain by this uncertainty than by the bitterest certainty."—And elsewhere: "Your communication cast me down into the depths again from regions of perfect bliss. . . . Am I then nothing more than your musicus, or theirs? . . . So it is only in my own breast that I can find a point of support, beside that there is none whatever for me.—No, friendship and all kindred emotions have nothing for me but wounds.—Be it so; for you, wretched B., there is no happiness from outside, you must create within yourself whatever you would have, only in the world of ideals shall you find friends."—And from other of these notes we gather how animated were Beethoven's and Gleichenstein's relations with the "dear Malfattis." We may also assume that Beethoven, with the above-cited remark "you abide on a smooth, calm sea," etc., refers to Gleichenstein's betrothal to Anna. All this, added to the statement made in later years by this sister of Therese to the Beethoven inquirer, Nohl, that it had been Beethoven's desire to marry Therese, would appear to justify the conclusion that the marriage-project attested by another source as entertained by the composer in May, 1810—i.e., at this same time—had the selfsame lady as its object.

We refer to a letter written by Beethoven on May 2, 1810, to his friend Wegeler in Coblentz, in which occur the following lines:

You will not refuse the request of a friend when I beg you to procure me my certificate of baptism, whatever expenses may be incurred. As Steffen Breuning has an account with you, you can reimburse yourself directly from that, and I will square the account here with Steffen. In case you think it worth while to make a personal investigation and take the trouble to make the journey from Coblentz to Bonn, charge all expenses to me.—One matter, however, must be kept in mind, namely, that another brother was born before me who was also named Ludwig, only with the added name "Maria," but died. So in order to determine my precise age, this brother should first be looked up, for I know, besides, that others have already made the mistake of declaring me for older than I am—unfortunately, I lived for some time without knowing myself how old I was.—I had a family book, but it had been lost, heaven knows how.—So do not take it amiss if I ask you, as a very special favor, to trace both Ludwig Maria and the present Ludwig who came after him.—The sooner you send me the certificate of baptism, the greater my gratitude. . . .

"The answer to the riddle," wrote Wegeler concerning the above in the Supplement to his *Biographische Notizen über Beethoven*, "I found in a letter written me three months later by my brother-in-law, St. von Breuning, in which he says: 'Beethoven

tells me at least once every week that he is going to write you; but I believe his marriage-project has gone wrong, and therefore he is no longer in such a hurry to thank you for procuring his certificate of baptism.' "

With regard to the reason for the miscarriage of the project, nothing positive is known. The conclusion might possibly be drawn from two of the above-mentioned notes to Gleichenstein, that Therese, then only seventeen or eighteen, did not feel herself sufficiently drawn to the composer, who was already thirty-nine.

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The writer's researches regarding the situation between Beethoven and Therese von Malfatti have recently brought to light some further matters. One of these, to be sure, is still somewhat problematical, but (it will be admitted) is discussable and sufficiently interesting to be briefly considered in this connection.

Till now no one has been able to answer the question satisfactorily, Who was the Elise to whom Beethoven dedicated the well-known easy piano-piece in A minor, usually and wrongly named "Albumblatt"? There are two bearers of this name of whom we know that they were well acquainted with the composer—Elise Müller, a capable pianist of Bremen, and Elise von der Recke, the friend of the poet Tiedge. But both are to be rejected from the start as dedicatees: they both crossed Beethoven's path long after the name had been inscribed on the autograph.

To begin with, all doubt as to the authenticity of the piece should be removed (even Henry Edward Krehbiel, shortly before his death, declared it to be spurious). That the little work not merely "presumably"—a qualification with which it is still sometimes published—but actually was written by Beethoven can, unhappily, not be proved by comparison with the original, which is lost. But a sheet with sketches for it, now in the possession of the Beethoven-Haus in Bonn, dispels our every doubt. The affinity of its mood with that of the last movement of the D minor Sonata Op. 31, No. 2, written as early as 1802, has probably been noted by many.

The date of its composition was already determined by Gustav Nottebohm. The writer of this article, unaware of that fact, arrived at the same conclusion by much the same method. The autograph, from which it was first published long after Beethoven's death, bore (according to its editor, Nohl) the inscription: "Für Elise am 27. April zur Erinnerung von L. v. Bthvn." The sheet

of sketches in the Beethoven-Haus—a double sheet, oblong—bears on the first page, in ink, the greater part of the piece in a quite well-developed sketch, evidently not the first sketch. On the top lines of the fourth page (which, when the sheet is opened, lies beside and to the left of the first) are found triplets in sixteenth-notes forming the transition to the final repetition of the brisk principal theme, and likewise written in ink. The remaining space on this page, or at least the greater portion of it, is occupied by

pencil sketches for a march in F major and  time; similarly a part

of the second page and more especially most of the third; and next to other sketches in 2-4 time, and difficult to decipher, stands the peculiarly significant memorandum: "Der Tod könnte ausgedrückt werden durch eine Pause" (death might be intimated by a pause [hold]). Who is not reminded by this of *Egmont*? It does not clearly apply to the music accompanying the death of Clärchen or Egmont; in the first place, there are several pauses in that music, and, besides, they are not of decisive importance. If Beethoven, who expressed himself only conditionally, had really adhered to his written words, we should have to consider but one particular pause, and that is to be found in the overture a few

measures before the F-major coda (after the notes



indicating the sword-stroke, which is followed by death) in the shape of an eighth-rest with hold. As Beethoven was working on *Egmont* in the Spring of 1810, the date of composition of the piano-piece would seem fairly well established. In view of all this, we are justified in assuming April 27, 1810, as the day on which the lost original manuscript was penned or delivered to her to whom it was dedicated. Our assumption becomes a certainty when fortified by Nottebohm's remark ("Zweite Beethoveniana," p. 527) that said—unpublished—march bears, in a copy among the literary remains of Archduke Rudolf, Beethoven's patron and pupil, the inscription: "Marsch für S. K. Hoheit den Erzherzog Anton von Ludwig van Beethoven, 1810, Baden am 3. Sommermonat [June]." Here we may as well add what species of composition this piece was assigned to by Beethoven. According to Nottebohm, the sheet containing the sketch was deposited by Beethoven together with other sheets likewise containing sketches for lesser works, the first among these having been inscribed with the title "Bagatellen." Some of these pieces were printed as

Bagatelles (in Op. 119 and 126). Therefore (as Nottebohm observes), the use of the title Bagatelle for this piece is defensible. However, the sketch-sheet came into the possession of the Beethoven-Haus (evidently from some French auction of the 'nineties) as a separate piece.

This piano-piece "for Elise" therefore, according to our proofs, belongs to a period when Beethoven's relations with the Malfatti family were most intimate. And finally, best of all—it was found, with other music-autographs of Beethoven's, among the papers of *Therese von Malfatti herself*.

Now, what are we to think of that?—What the writer thinks about it may be stated briefly:—Nohl, who discovered it while still in the possession of Therese's sister, and published it for the first time in his "Neue Beethovenbriefe," probably deciphered the inscription incorrectly, notwithstanding his explicit statement that it was *not* written for Therese. Nohl, be it said, was by no means one of the most dependable expositors of the composer's handwriting. And supposing that Beethoven, after his well-known fashion, had dashed off the inscription carelessly, one may readily imagine that the name "Therese," written in German characters, might bear a striking resemblance to the word "Elise." The question can, of course, be fully cleared up only when the autograph is recovered; and it is a chief object of these lines to aid in its recovery. The writer would be overjoyed if this object were attained, and any information with regard to it would be gratefully received by him.¹

It is to be deplored that almost all the Beethoven papers left by the Gleichenstein family have been scattered to the four winds; the present writer, while engaged in preparing a new Complete Edition of Beethoven's letters, has happened upon various such *dissecta membra* in several cities—Leipzig, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Berlin, Munich, Vienna, and elsewhere. A great-grandson of Ignaz von Gleichenstein informed him, that the original manuscripts had all remained in Nohl's hands. Nohl himself averred that they were in the possession of a Fräulein Bredl of Munich.

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However, one pleasant surprise awaited the writer in his long pursuit of that friend of Beethoven; Freiherr von Gleichenstein of Oberrotweil in Baden still owns two pictures of his family dating

¹The writer's address is Leipzig, Dresdenerstr. 28.

from Beethoven's time. One of these is a sketchy drawing by the painter Ludwig Schnorr von Carolsfeld, depicting the members and intimates of the Malfatti family, among them Beethoven himself. Unhappily, just the pictures of Beethoven and Therese have been cut out, presumably for the purpose of publication. In fact, a woodcut after this portrait of the master appeared in 1865 in the German family periodical "*Westermanns Monatshefte*," in connection with the first publication of Beethoven's letters to Gleichenstein. The original sketch, as well as that of Therese von Malfatti (which never was published), has disappeared. On the other hand, there is still in the possession of the above-named gentleman an oil painting, reproduced for the first time in this number of the *QUARTERLY*, in which the entire Malfatti family is portrayed. The artist is unknown; it would require an examination of the original painting by an expert to decide positively what now seems to be a probability, namely, whether Ludwig Schnorr von Carolsfeld might be considered as the painter of this picture as well. Baron von Gleichenstein states that the persons represented are, in the middle, the two sisters Therese (at the piano) and Anna (with the guitar); seated to the left of Therese her father, the landed proprietor Jakob von Malfatti auf Rohrenbach; seated to the right of Anna a certain Herr Leopold von Malfatti, the grandfather of the sisters; standing in the background, from left to right, Frau von Malfatti, *née* von Velsern, the mother of the two sisters; Dr. Johann von Malfatti, for years Beethoven's physician, and their uncle; Franz von Malfatti, their great-uncle; Baptist, the brother of Jakob; Leopold von Malfatti, evidently another uncle of the two sisters. In this picture, besides, may be seen two animals; to the left, a parrot; to the right, a large dog. With regard to the latter be it noted, that Beethoven, in his letters to Gleichenstein, repeatedly mentions a dog called Gigons (or Gigaud), the same that Thayer speaks of as Frau von Malfatti's *lapdog*. This picture affords an admirable illustration to Beethoven's letter to Therese, which contains references to her piano-playing and Anna's guitar-playing. Here we may add that the sisters, though not twins, were born in the same year (1793 or 1792), Therese, the elder, at the very beginning of the year, Anna near its close. It is obvious that, when the picture was painted, neither of the sisters was married; we may assume the date to be about 1809 or 1810, the very period when Beethoven moved in the Malfatti circle. Thereafter Dr. Johann von Malfatti (standing behind the piano with the music-sheets in his hand) played an important rôle in the master's life; from 1808 to 1817 he was

(with interruptions) his physician, then came an estrangement, and they were reconciled only when Beethoven lay on his death-bed. In January, 1827, the composer urgently requested Dr. Malfatti's assistance; after some hesitation the latter acceded, and prescribed frozen Roman punch for the stimulation of the patient's system. It gave the debilitated body a sense of relief for a short time, so that Beethoven fancied himself saved by the doctor's skill, but—as the latter no doubt was well aware—the remedy could afford only transient relief.¹

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In 1817 Therese von Malfatti married an Hungarian Baron von Drosdick, who died in a few years; she, however, attained the age of sixty. This being assumed as correct, she was born no later than 1791, for she died on April the 27th, 1851. Dr. Sonnleithner describes her as a beautiful, very animated, keen-witted lady and a very good pianist. Thus it would appear that the composer's wish, that she should perfect her admirable talent, was realized after all, though his other and continuing wish, that he might witness that perfection, remained unconsummated.

(Translated by Theodore Baker)

¹Unfortunately the Malfatti picture sent me could not be used for reproduction.—Ed.

POETRY FOR THE COMPOSER

WHAT HE LIKES, AND WHY HE LIKES IT

By E. H. C. OLIPHANT

IN an article which appeared in the *MUSICAL QUARTERLY* of April, 1922, under the title of "Poetry and the Composer," I gave consideration to the relation of the composer to the poems he endeavors to illustrate musically, contrasting the actual with the ideal, and seeking to set down a number of rules that the composer ought to follow. In this article, with a title but slightly different, it is my intention to consider what poets composers favor, and why they favor them.

The first question to decide is what field is to be covered. To deal with the entire output of published song is out of the question, and would entail consideration of a great deal of absolute rubbish, by which the work of serious composers would be effectually snowed under. Even to shut out the great army of the concocters of the trivial would leave the task still impossibly onerous, while to restrict the survey to the work of only the very greatest would make the scope scarcely wide enough to enable satisfactory conclusions to be reached. I have therefore resolved to confine my attention to those who have achieved distinction in song, but to take a reasonably liberal view of what constitutes distinction. I choose therefore those who have won most praise from the best critics of comparatively recent years, even though I believe that many of these reputations must dwindle, and though many of them have already fallen away. I am, in short, taking not the noteworthy, but the noted, not taking into any account whatever my own views. Were I to do so, there are many composers to be named here whom I would ignore, many not named whom I would assuredly include—some, such as certain Americans who are well enough known, but not well enough esteemed; some, such as, to name only one, the Frenchman Berthet, not well enough known. If I have put aside my own predilections, it is not altogether from modesty, but rather because my choice of composers would be more open to objection, and my conclusions more questionable. I shall at least not feel that I have allowed my personal likings to affect the results arrived at.

It is then my intention here to take into consideration every composer who, in the opinion of the critics, has won a position of real eminence in song—the song, that is to say, for a single voice, with accompaniment of a single instrument (restricting that single instrument, in fact, to the piano)—and to name his favorite poet, where he has shown any marked preference, and, when I have gone over the entire field, to cull out those poets most favored, and endeavor to ascertain the causes of their favor.

I make, however, one restriction: I shall take no composer as his own poet. Cornelius, Musorgsky, Dupin, Lenormand, MacDowell, and Adolf Lindblad, will not be regarded as their own favorite poets: their favorites will be assumed to be those whom they next most largely set. That is only right; for where a composer is his own poet there is always a suspicion that the verse may have been manipulated to suit the music. Moreover, the composer can hardly be expected to regard his own work without prejudice, and we want to ascertain, as accurately as possible, to what poetry he is drawn when his choice is free and unrestricted.

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Treating song as not dating beyond the introduction of the piano (which may be held to have been responsible for the invention of what is called the art-song), we must begin with the earliest group of German composers. The poets who enjoyed most favor with them were Gellert, C. C. Sturm, Claudius, Miller, Bürger, Weisse, Voss, Matthiesson, Klopstock, Overbeck, Jacobi, Hölty, Gleim, Friedrich Stolberg, Goethe, and Schiller. Carl Phillip Emanuel Bach set Gellert very largely, and Sturm not much less. Haydn and Mozart had no clear preferences; but the former's chief choice was Gellert; the latter's, Weisse. André and Schulz, on the contrary, favored many, the former giving his chief attention to Weisse and Miller, and the latter affecting Voss and Uz. Reichardt set the example of regarding Goethe as the chief poet to set. He found followers in Zelter and Beethoven; and Zumsteeg treated the mighty Weimarian with almost as much favor as Schiller; but none of these compares with Reichardt as a voluminous setter of Goethe's songs. Indeed, I think I am right in saying that no other composer of rank has set so many songs by one man as he did of this poet; yet his attention was not confined to Goethe alone, for he also set very largely Voss, Schiller, Caroline Rudolphi, Overbeck, Hölty, Claudius, Stolberg, Jacobi, Matthiesson and Herder.

The composers of the next period—the great period of Weber, Silcher, Loewe, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Franz, Liszt, and Wagner—showed most liking for Goethe, Schiller, Heine, Uhland, Eichendorff, Rückert, Hölty, Matthisson, Chamisso, and a batch of English poets—Byron, Moore, Burns. It will thus be seen that a fair proportion of the older poets filled places in the esteem of a younger generation of composers. Some of these, however, attached themselves to very inconsiderable poets—Weber, to Gubitz; Wagner, to Mathilde Wesendonk; Mendelssohn, to Klingemann, and only secondarily to Eichendorff and Heine. Schubert followed in the tracks of Reichardt in displaying a preference for Goethe; while Loewe divided his favors between Goethe and Byron, and, in a less degree, Rückert. Schumann and Franz were of another school, turning mainly to Heine, though Schumann also bestowed much attention on the older poet, and on Eichendorff and Rückert, too. Franz set a tremendous number of Osterwald's poems. Liszt wavered between Heine and Goethe. Of all these men, Schubert was by far the most prolific, his settings of Goethe's poems being supplemented by renderings of many of the songs and poems and ballads of Mayrhofer, Miller, Schiller, Matthisson, Hölty, and Kosegarten.

With the next group of German composers—Reinecke, Cornelius, Lassen, Brahms, Ritter, Jensen, Brückler, Bungert, Henschel, Plüddemann—a great change is manifest, the older poets giving way to Scheffel, Lenau, Geibel, Bodenstedt, and Hoffmann, even Goethe and Heine ceasing to be of paramount importance, though foreign composers were taking them up seriously as German composers began to treat them with comparative neglect. Cornelius set some of the songs of that great dramatist, Hebbel; Brahms exhibited a slight preference for Daumer and Tieck; Ritter showed his good taste by turning to Lenau; Bungert devoted himself largely to 'Carmen Sylva'; and Plüddemann delved among the poems of Schiller and unknown men of the North; while Jensen, Brückler and Henschel all showed a main liking for the work of Scheffel. The period's preference for this romantic is not without its significance. Henschel, however, showed even more fondness for Tennyson, and Jensen was commendably catholic in his taste, giving attention to such diverse poets as Heyse, Geibel, Chamisso, Moore, Burns, and Hafiz. Lassen was another Eclectic. He had as much fancy for Geibel as anyone. Reinecke had a liking for English poets.

With the younger Germans there has been a return to Goethe and a turning-away from all the favorites of the previous

generation; but Heine has been permitted to remain merely a favorite of foreigners. Apart from Goethe the men who have attracted most attention have been Mörike, Eichendorff, Heyse, Keller, and the Persian writer of ghazals, Hafiz, besides a group of younger poets—Dehmel, Bierbaum, Falke, and Morgenstern. Wolf, the dominating personality of this period, turned in the main to men the fancy for whom seemed to have passed away, and the prime object of his attention, Mörike, was one who, though set by Schumann, Franz, and others of his predecessors, had never been extensively taken up. It may or may not have been an outcome of the evidence of Wolf's predilection for Mörike that that writer became one of Weingartner's chief poets (the others being Keller and Morgenstern) and attracted the attention also of Van Eijken. Wolf also set very largely from Heyse's "Italienisches Liederbuch" (the chief source of the inspiration of Joseph Marx), gave a renewed vogue to Eichendorff (who has been further honored by receiving the principal attention of Hans Pfitzner), and set Goethe scarcely less than Mörike. With Arnold Mendelssohn and the Russo-German composer Metner the author of "Faust" holds first place; though the latter has also set very largely the great Russian poet Pushkin. Erich Wolff followed the lead of Weingartner in attaching himself mainly to Keller. A growing taste for folk-song sent Mahler and Streicher to the nameless poets of "Des Knaben Wunderhorn"; but the former's individual favorite was Rückert (another poet the taste for whom seemed to have passed), while Streicher's has been the still older Hafiz. Reger has shown a very catholic taste, turning especially to Anna Ritter, but also to Falke and Morgenstern. Strauss, like Wolf and Mahler, has turned to a man of an earlier era; but Schack had never had paid to him even the small amount of attention that had been the lot of Mörike, and Strauss's example has not been followed as was that of Wolf. Schillings, Kaun, Schönberg, have favored the moderns. Kaun's most marked predilection is for Falke; while Schönberg has stood alone in his coöperation with Stefan George. D'Albert has sometimes allied himself with Halm. Of Rudi Stephan's preferences I do not know enough to justify a statement. As for the Flemish composer Mortelmans, who may most conveniently be considered here, his favorite poet is his compatriot Guido Gezelle.

As it is natural for composers to choose for setting mainly poems written in their own tongue, it is not surprising to find, when we turn from German to French composers, an altogether different set of poets favored. With the earliest group of Frenchmen—Berlioz, Gounod, Franck, Lalo, Saint-Saëns, Delibes, Bizet,

Chabrier, Massenet—there can be no question of the supremacy of Hugo, Silvestre, Gautier, and Musset. Berlioz favored Gautier; Lalo and Saint-Saëns attached themselves to Hugo; Gounod was a devotee of Barbier, and, to almost an equal extent, of Tennyson; Delibes and Massenet were chiefly attracted by Silvestre; and the rest browsed anywhere, with a slight fancy for Rostand on the part of Chabrier.

Among the composers of the next period Hugo and Silvestre were still of importance; but they first had to divide their supremacy with Verlaine, Mendès, Baudelaire, Leconte, Richepin, and Samain, and finally were almost entirely supplanted. (It may be worth while to mention here that another poet, Sully-Prudhomme, almost filled the place occupied earlier by Storm and later by Liliencron and Dahn in Germany, by Klingsor, Lahor, and Coppée in his own country, by Fet, Mey, and Toutchev in Russia, by Yeats in England, and, more internationally, by Sir Walter Scott, in being set by many, but by none largely. Such are not to be reckoned as holding a high place in musicians' favor.) Castillon, during his short life, continued the Silvestre tradition; while Godard and the Englishman Goring Thomas adhered to Hugo, though the latter clung still more closely to his compatriot Harold Boulton. D'Indy has favored no one; Lenormand, Beaufils; Duparc, Leconte; Bréville, Régnier; Loeffler, Kahn; Bruneau, Mendès; Kœchlin, Banville and Samain. Chausson set principally Bouchor. Charpentier is mainly a Baudelairian; and the rest—Fauré, Bordes, Debussy—have been strong Verlainists, helping to bring the poet of "Sagesse" into that position which he undoubtedly occupies with Goethe and Heine at the head of all composers' poets. The favoritism of Fauré has, however, been shared by Van Lerberghe.

To the newer generation of French musicians the chief appeal has been made by Verlaine and Régnier. 'Poldowski' has been the principal exponent of the Verlaine tradition; while Hahn has divided his favors between Verlaine and Moréas. Roussel has shown a marked preference for Régnier; and Lili Boulanger's favorite was unquestionably Francis Jammes. Grovlez has set some of the poems of Henri Bataille and the child lyrics of Sabine Mancel; and Sévérac was inspired by the Languedocian poems of Estien. The others—Dupin, Schmitt, Ravel, Bloch—have come under no single poet's particular spell, though Ravel has given some attention to Jules Renard, and Bloch devoted himself to Béatrix Rodès before he turned to the old Hebrew poets.

Of the earlier English-speaking composers the favorite poets were Shakspeare, Burns, Shelley, Longfellow, Browning, Tennyson, and Heine. Cowen has given most attention to Clifton Bingham, a fact which sufficiently indicates the quality of his literary taste. Maude Valerie White has turned chiefly to Heine; while Stanford has allied himself with Graves. Parry's poet has been Shakspeare; Somervell's, Tennyson; Bantock's, his wife, though he has also dealt largely in translations from the Chinese, and shown a fancy for Browning. The preferences of Sterndale Bennett, Elgar, and Delius are not marked; but Elgar may be credited to Kipling; and Delius, to the Swede Jacobsen. Of the older school of Americans, MacDowell had no strong attachments, unlike Chadwick, who had a marked preference for the work of Arlo Bates. Nevin had apparently some fancy for the lyrics of Charles Kingsley.

As this article is written for an American magazine, it is well, perhaps, that I am not naming any of the more modern school of American composers; but, as, when I come to discuss the characteristics of the most favored poets, it will be advisable to deal at most length with English writers, it is also well that I am not looking at repute in song-composition among the composers of the Motherland in a narrow spirit. Among the younger men, Shakspeare, Tennyson, Christina Rossetti, Stevenson, and Housman, are the prime favorites. Walford Davies, Berners, Quilter, Treharne, and Frank Bridge have no distinct preferences, though Quilter may be credited to Herrick; Treharne, like Ernest Walker, to Shakspeare; and Davies, to Burns. Harty has turned to Moira O'Neill and other Irish versifiers; Holbrooke, to Hoare; and Bax, to 'Fiona MacLeod,' though he has also shown a liking for the German poet Dehmel. Cyril Scott has divided his favors almost equally between Rosamund Marriott Watson and Ernest Dowson. Goosens has attached himself to a certain extent to the musical critic Edwin Evans. Tennyson has appealed most to Frederic Nicholls, and greatly to Walthew. Vaughan Williams, though attracted by Housman (the overwhelmingly favorite poet of Butterworth), has given most attention to Stevenson and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Another Housman man is Ireland, whose allegiance is divided between that poet and Christina Rossetti, who also appeals preponderantly to Mallinson and to Martin Shaw.

The poets chiefly affected by the Scandinavians have been Drachmann, Ibsen, Björnson, Vilhelm Krag, Andersen, Jacobsen, and Runeberg. Kjerulf paid most attention to Bjørnstjerne Björnson. The other Dano-Norwegian composers are noteworthy

for the extent of their appreciations. Agathe Backer-Grøndahl apparently loved Drachmann scarcely less than Krag and Jynge, and if Sinding has set more of the Landsmaal poet Aasen than of any one else, he has also given much attention to Mortenson and Drachmann and in less degree to the German Bierbaum; while Grieg, with Paulsen as his chief poet, has also a fair number of songs by Vinje, Drachmann, and Andersen. Of Gade I regret that I am not in a position to speak. The Swedish composers have shown no such tendency to have a great number of favorites. Södermann set a number of songs by that erratic improvising genius, Bellman; Lindblad gave some attention to Heine, and some to Atterbom; and Sjögren had a measure of partiality for the German poet Wolff. Runeberg is the prime favorite of Sibelius. Järnefelt has particularly favored no one.

Among the Slavic musicians, the favorite poets have been the Russians Pushkin, Alexis Tolstoy, Pleshchéév, Nekrasov, Lermontov, Koltsov, and Maikov, and the great Polish poet Mickiewicz. Of the Czech composers, Novák and Janaček I do not know; but Dvořák, like a good national, turned largely (I am not in a position to say if mainly) to Pflieger-Morawsky. Of the Russian group, I am unable to state the facts regarding Glinka and Gnessin. Rubinstein most affected Goethe and Bodensiedt, and also had a partiality for Heine; while Dargömijsky shared, in some measure at least, his appreciation of Bodensiedt. Borodin in his few songs showed a leaning towards Heine—a leaning shared, I think, by Rakhmaninov. Musorgsky, when not setting his own verse, particularly affected the deeply pessimistic studies of his friend Kutosov. Chaikovsky's favorite was Tolstoy, whose verse was also set largely by Rimsky-Korsakov, who, however, paid almost as much attention to Maikov, and more to Pushkin than to either, his preference for the last-named being shared by Cui, Glazunov, Grechaninov, and Stravinsky, though Grechaninov has an equal fancy for Baudelaire. Cui had more favorites than any other Russian composer of note, the number including Pleshchéév, Nekrasov, Tolstoy, and the Frenchman Jean Richepin. Balakirev allied his music to the verse of Koltsov; and Taneiev, to that of Polonsky. The other Russians—Vassilenko, Wihtol, and Arensky—have displayed catholic tastes, though Vassilenko has shown some special liking for Balmont. Of the Poles who have to be considered, I am not in a position to speak of Moniuszko; Chopin was principally concerned with the poems of Witwicki; and Szymanowski has paid but little attention to the works of his compatriots, his favorite poet being the

Oriental Hafiz, while he has also been greatly attracted by the German Dehmel.

The undeniable favorite of the Italian school, especially of Respighi, is D'Annunzio; but composers have, as a rule, shown a tendency to turn either to foreign poets (as Gui has turned to Mallarmé) or to nameless popular poets, as Pizzetti has done, though he has also set a few verses by Cocconi. Zandonai has found much of his inspiration in Pascoli; but the Italians as a whole cannot be said to afford us much enlightenment in regard to the subject under discussion.

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The poets named in the preceding paragraphs (especially those named as general favorites in the various sections) are the ones calling for consideration for the purpose of this paper. They are mostly the poets who have been particularly favorably regarded by individual composers. This test, though it serves a very useful purpose in assuring the overlooking of no one with any strong claim to inclusion, is not a true one. The real tests, which have now to be faced, are—firstly, the number of composers by whom each poet has been set; secondly, and almost equally important, the number of each poet's songs set; thirdly, the number of settings. It can hardly be claimed that a poet who has appealed overwhelmingly to one composer and not at all to any other is to be regarded as as much a composer's poet as one who has been set by many, though not so largely as to be styled a favorite of any. Similarly, there is more importance to be attached to the number of a poet's songs set than to the number of settings. A poet sometimes comes into prominence by reason of the appeal made by a single song to a number of composers; but his position in such a case may be a somewhat false one.

If, to determine the composers' favorite poets, it were a mere matter of counting the number of the songs of each taken for musical illustration, the number of times they had been taken, and the number of composers by whom they had been taken, the task, if not easy, would be at least simple and straightforward; but the result would not be satisfactory. The older poets would be given an enormous advantage over the younger ones. Shakspere, for example, would be available for every composer worthy of consideration; while D'Annunzio could hardly be expected to have been set by composers dead before he was born, or largely by composers nearing the end of their careers before he came into prominence.

Chronological considerations must thus be taken into account; but care must be taken that they are not allowed to weigh too heavy in the scale. Let us compare in this connection Verlaine and Voss. If we pay no regard to dates, we shall unduly enhance the importance of Voss when we discover that more of his songs than of Verlaine's have been set to music. If, however, in order to make allowance for the fact that Verlaine was born almost a century later than the German poet, we rule out of consideration all those composers whose life-work was finished before Verlaine came into prominence, so as to take only those to whom the work of both men was available, we shall do a very great injustice to Voss, for he will be found to have but a single setting to his credit. Consideration has to be given to the high favor in which he was regarded in his own day, in order that a mean may be struck which will do justice to both the older poet and the younger one.

There is yet another allowance which has to be made, for anything approaching a fair judgment to be attained. The language in which a poet writes has to be taken into consideration. It has to be remembered that English and French and German are in greater or less degree international languages, while, for example, Flemish and Swedish and Russian are not. Therefore, while the Russian poet can (except to a limited extent in translations) hope for no settings of his poems by composers other than Russians, the French poet has a reasonable hope of being set by Pole and Russian and Italian and others, as well as by the composers of his own nation. And there are degrees among the different nations of each class. Thus there are not only more great German than great English composers, but also some of the latter studied in Germany, so that German poets have a great advantage over English; while Russian poets have an enormous advantage over Polish poets by reason of the much greater numerical strength of the Russian composers when compared with the Polish. It has also to be borne in mind that the educated men of certain races have much more capacity as linguists than have those of others. A Polish poet may be badly handicapped by the fact that the Polish composer may be trusted not to be limited to his own language; whereas the English poet is favored by the fact that many of his compatriot composers know no language but their own. Further, certain poets are disadvantaged in the struggle by the inadequacy of the translations their work has undergone into other tongues, or perhaps even in some cases by not having been translated at all; but that is a matter for which I have made no allowances, because of the difficulties in the way of doing so.

To arrive then at a fair conclusion, we have to modify the totals presented to us by allowances on the score of both language and date. This I have endeavored to do as justly as possible; but I propose merely to give the results arrived at without going into particulars.

Surveying the entire field, and making reasonable allowances for the linguistic disadvantages of some poets and the time handicap of others, I find the chief objects of the composer's attention to be the poems of two Germans, Goethe and Heine, two Frenchmen, Hugo and Verlaine, one Russian, Pushkin, and one Englishman, Tennyson. Regarding these and the few who stand next to them, in advance of all other poets, I may give the following figures, which I do not pretend to be complete or accurate, but which are to be treated as minimums and are valuable from that point of view. Of the composers whose work I have taken into consideration, I have counted 53 as having set songs by Heine, 45 as having dealt with Goethe, 14 with Heyse, 16 with Schiller, 13 with Mörike, 31 with Hugo, 23 with Verlaine, 10 with Tolstoy, 11 with Pushkin, 9 with Hafiz, 24 with Tennyson, and 20 with Byron. In the number of songs set Goethe is preëminent, with not far short of 300, Heine, among those I have just named, Schiller, Mörike, Verlaine, Pushkin, Heyse, Hafiz, Tolstoy, Byron, Hugo, following in that order, and Tennyson bringing up the rear with about 44 (Heyse's position would, I may remark, be very much lower if I took into account only original work, and very much higher if I reckoned translations as on an equality with original poems. What I have done is to consider a mere translation as but half a poem). In the number of settings, again, Goethe is an undeniable first, with between four and five hundred, Heine an easy second, the others in order being Verlaine, Schiller, Tennyson, Hugo, Mörike, Pushkin, Heyse, Byron, Hafiz, and Tolstoy, even the last-named being set over sixty times. It must be clearly understood that these are not the dozen set by the greatest number of composers, or the ones who have had most poems set, or the ones who can boast the greatest number of settings. In selecting them I have made the allowances to which I have referred; and of these men, so selected, I have given the actual positions, unmodified, because I thought some of my readers might be interested to see them. As I have said, however, I do not consider the positions thus indicated as possessing significance.¹

¹Making none of the necessary allowances, those who most nearly approach Goethe and Heine are Verlaine, Schiller, Hugo, and Voss, the last-named, Eichendorff and Hölty displacing Byron, Tolstoy and Hafiz among those whom I have taken as the dozen most esteemed poets, when all have been, as far as possible, reduced to an equality

For reasons to be mentioned in a moment or two, only about half the poets here named are to be taken as giving any clear indication of composers' literary tastes, so, as the balance makes altogether too small a number on which to base any conclusions, I shall enlarge the scope by adding to the number the poets next in favor, in accordance with the principles by which I am being guided, and jot down the names of the following, placing them, according to their various languages, in chronological order:

PERSIAN—Hafiz

ENGLISH—Shakspeare, Burns, Byron, Tennyson, Christina Rossetti, Stevenson, Housman

GERMAN—Gellert, Hölty, Goethe, Voss, Schiller, Matthiisson, Uhland, Eichendorff, Rückert, Heine, Lenau, Mörike, Geibel, Bodenstedt, Keller, Scheffel, Heyse, Dehmel

RUSSIAN—Pushkin, Tolstoy, Pleshchéév

FRENCH—Hugo, Silvestre, Mendès, Verlaine

DANISH—Björnson, Drachmann, Krag

Whether all these are favored because of the composers' natural love of their work may be doubted. With men, like Stevenson, Housman, Silvestre, Pleshchéév, whose poetry has hardly seemed to literary critics to reach the highest rank, there can be no question of there being something in their verse that appeals to musicians; but in the case of men whose reputation has filled the world one cannot be sure that the attraction is natural. Shakspeare is a classic whom every self-respecting English composer feels it a duty to set. For Germans, Goethe is in much the same position; and, moreover, living and writing as he did when the first masters of the Lied were making their experiments in the creation of a new art-form, and being the undisputed master of German literature, he became the vogue, the chief German poet to whose work the great German songs then in the making had to be set; and that way of looking at him has in a measure influenced the composers of other parts of the world besides Germany. Hugo, Tennyson, Pushkin, are others who so dominated the literature of their respective periods in their own countries as to render it necessary to regard with caution the favor shown them; Schiller is

of opportunity. Mörike, Schiller, Heyse, Tolstoy, Pushkin, and Hafiz, in the list of those set by the greatest number of composers, have to give place to Shakspeare (27), Burns (17), Shelley (17), Geibel (20), Uhland (18), and Musset (17). The order of the dozen who have had most poems set is—Goethe, Heine, Voss, Schiller, Mörike, Verlaine, Pushkin, Gellert, Hölty, Storm, Heyse, and Eichendorff, the number of the last-named standing at 55. The dozen who have had most settings are, on a similar reckoning, to be placed in the following order: Goethe, Heine, Verlaine, Voss, Schiller, Tennyson, Hugo, Mörike, Pushkin, Hölty, Eichendorff, Rückert, the last-named having between seventy and eighty to his credit.

on almost the same footing; and Byron, if scarcely in such a position in his native land, was assuredly of greater contemporary standing internationally than any of them. It is easy to attach too much importance to the attention paid to these men. To base our inquiry mainly on the work of Goethe, for the reason that he has been more set than any other poet, would be apt to lead to totally wrong conclusions.

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To start with the earliest German poet on our list, one cannot fancy Christian Fürchtegott Gellert appealing to the composers of to-day, as he appealed, in his own time, to Emanuel Bach and to Beethoven: in fact I am not aware that a single modern composer of note, or even one of the immediately preceding period, has set a single one of his songs or odes. The latest great composer to do so was Loewe. If Gellert made a strong appeal to his own time—and it is easy to exaggerate even that, since his position is due in no small degree to his extensive setting by a single man—it was doubtless because he was so intensely moral; for the German people was always, until recently at least, in love with morality. Gellert was, in his time, the most popular of German authors, the true representative of his age and race, destitute alike of art, of vigor, of intensity, and of inspiration. He was set perhaps only by reason of his popularity; but the adoption of his work as suitable for setting seems to imply an endorsement of that popularity. The fact is sufficient criticism of the age.

Johann Heinrich Voss is another whose popularity died out entirely before the third period of German song-composition was entered on. His was not a narrow appeal, like Gellert's; of the early composers, a very fair proportion turned to him. It is not easy to say why, unless his sheer homeliness proved an attraction. He was a very commonplace poet, who managed to make even the most imaginative flights sound prosaic. Not much better is Friedrich von Matthisson, whose merits do not save him from becoming boresome.

If these three men may be brushed aside lightly, inasmuch as their work has not lived for composers for a couple of generations past, rather more is to be said—and rightly—for Ludwig Hölty, who numbers among his setters such comparative moderns as Cornelius, Brahms, and Chaikovsky. If he has been set less often than Voss, he numbers more composers among his patrons. He is

the first of whom I have to speak the choice of whose work can in any way be understood. It is inspirational, as that of Voss, of Matthiisson, or of Gellert can scarcely be credited with being. Doomed to an early death (he died at twenty-eight), his poetry is often of a sombre character, but there is at least no affectation in it. The melancholy is natural, and therefore not to be resented; and, if the verse often lacks something of art, is there not in that fact also an indication of sincerity—not in artistry, but in feeling? His most favored lyric has perhaps been the "Minnelied," set by Schubert, by Mendelssohn, and, above all, by Brahms. It affords a fair example of his lyrical fervor. If his popularity with composers has waned, it is probably because he is somewhat direct, somewhat obvious; but his joy in nature is wholly admirable.

When I come to speak of Johann Friedrich Schiller, I may speak also of Ludwig Uhland, because the place of each is determined largely by the extent to which his ballads have been set, though the most favored song of each—Schiller's "Thekla's Gesang" and Uhland's "Frühlingsglaube" or "Der Schmied"—can not rightly be placed in the category of "ballad." Uhland has a few lyrics that rank among the finest in German literature; but, though these have met with a fair measure of attention, they might well have received more. Of Schiller's work, the finest lies outside the realm of the ballad; but his best has been comparatively little set. That the ballads of these two and Goethe have made more appeal to German composers than those of any other poets is not surprising, since in this branch of Teutonic poetry they admittedly are the three leading figures. There is a general similarity in the work of the three in this field. Goethe's may be the most vivid, the strongest, the most sensuous, the most lyrical; Schiller's, the most dramatic, the most showy, the most imaginative; Uhland's, the pithiest, the most completely satisfactory in the perfection of its art; but all are worth setting, and all are set. Uhland has been the least favored of these three poets; and yet I cannot help feeling that his ballads have more claim on the consideration of composers than have those of either of the others, for the reason that he is more suggestive, less explicit. A romantic of the deepest dye, fond of the paraphernalia of his kind, he is yet so definite, and his treatment of the worn material is so fresh and so artistic, that it seems strange that he should have been the prime favorite of no single composer of note. The eyes with which he looked upon nature were deeply reverential, and it is perhaps his nature poems, especially the Frühlingslieder, which have appealed most to musicians.

Johann Wolfgang Goethe also had a passionate love of nature, and he looked deeper into it than did Uhland. The variety of his lyrical achievement is remarkable, and in almost every form of it he has been largely set. Of all his songs the one most favored by the great composers has been Mignon's song, "Kennst du das Land?" It is often said, and no doubt correctly, that the most frequently set of all songs has been Heine's "Du bist wie eine Blume"; but among the composers I have taken into consideration here it does not occupy first place. Indeed, it plays second fiddle even among Heine's songs to "Ein Fichtenbaum," which has been set fourteen times by thirteen composers, whereas the settings of "Du bist" amount to but eleven. Neither of these, however, and no other song by any author of any country, can, as regards the measure of favor shown to it, compare with "Kennst du das Land?" which has been set by fourteen of these composers at least sixteen (I think, in point of fact, as many as twenty) times. The great liking exhibited for it is not easily accounted for, except in that it ministered to that deep love and longing for Italy that has always been characteristic of the German people. The "Wilhelm Meister" songs have been so extravagantly praised that it may seem almost blasphemous to assert that there are other of Goethe's songs that are more deeply felt, more individual, more picturesque, and greater in content. More might be said of Goethe; but it must suffice to point out that there is no other poet—not even Heine—who has had so many songs largely set by notable composers. Let me instance the seven "Wilhelm Meister" songs, "Der du von dem Himmel bist," "Rastlose Liebe," "Der König in Thule," "Ich denke dein," "Erkönig," and "Der Sänger."

Joseph von Eichendorff was not a many-sided poet, like Goethe; but he was one of the greatest of German lyrists. Both an ardent lover of nature and a born romantic, who felt through life the call to which he has given utterance in his "Waldesgespräch," he lacks humanity and lacks depth. Eduard Mörike, on the contrary, has humanity and sees deeply into the souls of the people of whom he sings. How truthfully and delicately he does it is seen to advantage in his "Verlassenes Mägdlein," so magnificently set by Hugo Wolf. Here there is suggestion rather than expression, this poem thus possessing the very characteristic that ought to make most appeal to composers. Like most of these poets, he is a romantic and a nature-lover; and, if he is lacking in passion, he has a wonderful descriptive faculty and a remarkable simplicity of diction. His "Er ist's" has been fairly largely set. Gottfried Keller bears some resemblance to him, for he, too, is a

nature-lover and a student of humanity; but his lyrics have more virility than charm. A much greater singer was Nikolaus von Strehlenau ('Lenau'), whose poems bring before us vividly the scenes he depicts. He is a poet of pessimism, it is true, a poet of melancholy, a poet of tragedy; but his sincerity is undeniable, and the beauty and originality of his work ought to have been sufficient to put him in the very first rank of poets for setting. Yet some of his loveliest verses have scarcely been touched—as, for instance, the delicately plaintive "Welke Rose," to which Alexander Ritter alone among song-composers of note has given musical raiment.

Emanuel Geibel was the representative German poet of the middle of the nineteenth century. Destitute of originality or individuality, he showed great facility in the turning out of verses calculated to tickle the fancy of the public. Though he has been set largely, it is not to his best poems that the composers have turned. No inconsiderable proportion of his work set consists of translations; and still more is this the case with Paul Heyse, who was indeed far greater as a translator than as an original poet. His original work is graceful, but not otherwise distinguished. Another popular hero of his time was Joseph Viktor von Scheffel, a great favorite of the composers of his own day, as we have already seen. His slushy sentimentality, his feeble humor, and the commonplaceness of his ideas do not reflect much credit on the composers who set his work.

Richard Dehmel is one of the greatest of the German poets of these latter days; and it is to be noted that it is not alone Germans who have put his poems to music. He is a love-poet of power and passion, with not much conventional morality. He studies love as faithfully as he studies the phenomena of inanimate nature, and is equally capable of regarding it from the basest and from the highest standpoint. A wonderful master of melody, he may be described as a lover of beauty who loves to depict the ugly. It is against him as a poet for the composer that there are no reticences about his work; but on the whole the attention paid to him is not difficult of comprehension.

Friedrich Rückert is one of the greatest masters of German versification, but he is in most of his poems rather the skilful artisan than the true artist. He lacks both concentration and originality. He was at his best as a translator of Oriental verse and an interpreter of the East; but his Eastern poems, whether original or translated, have not been greatly set. Friedrich Bodenstedt, on the other hand, owes his inclusion almost entirely to the popularity of his imitations of Eastern poetry. His pretence

that these were but translations (from a mythical "Mirza Schaffy") served to blind the public (if, in any case, it would have been capable of a discriminating judgment) to the commonplaceness of the ideas and to the lack of real inspiration, and made him, in popular estimation, the poet of the hour. His pseudo-Orientalism gave him a little-deserved vogue.

If I have left to the last Harry (or, as he is usually called, Heinrich) Heine, it is because he is neither purely a German poet nor merely a poet for German composers. Cosmopolitan in his outlook, it is fitting that he has won an international place as a poet for setting. As a lyrist there is more appreciation of him beyond than within the limits of Germany; and so too among modern composers of class more taste for his work has been shown by non-Germans than by Germans. To Germans his international reputation is always something of a mystery, yet it is hardly too much to say that but for him the German lyric would not occupy any notable place in European literature. He gave it boldness; he gave it irony; he gave it a new and glowing imagery; and he substituted suggestion for assertion. He could be Teutonically sentimental at times, but more frequently he was a wit, a scoffer, a satirist. In his later poems this attitude, whether sincere or insincere (and that is a matter on which there is much diversity of opinion), gave way to one of the sincerity of which there can be no doubt; but, strangely enough, these poems of the most passionate intensity are much less set than are the earlier ones which made his reputation. Personally I do not see the reason for doubting the sincerity of the early poems because of the ironical turn he often gives them at the finish. It was part of his character, part of his way of looking at things. What is really questionable is the artistry of it. He was sufficiently filled with the romantic spirit to sing the things the old romantic poets had sung; but his scepticism prevented him from believing, and he could not refrain from voicing his disbelief. As a balladist he ranks almost with Goethe and Schiller and Uhland.

Surveying the field of German poetry as it has appealed to German composers, we find a great fancy for poems descriptive of natural phenomena, for songs of the seasons, for *Wanderlieder*, for ballads of the romantic, the weird, and the supernatural, for sobbings of *Wehmuth* and *Sehnsucht* and *Unglückliche Liebe*, for lyrics of the sickliest sentimentality, for voicings of temptings of sea and wood, for student songs and drinking ditties. The most greatly favored German poets, with the exception of Heine and, to some extent, Mörike, are direct in their utterance; and this

seems entirely to the taste of the German composers, who do not, as a rule, ask for subtlety or mere suggestiveness, but prefer the concrete and obvious. In this connection it is significant to note to what an extent they have turned from Heine, who has appealed to foreign composers by reason of his freedom from this Teutonic quality of dotting the i's and crossing the t's. One may see the same characteristic in the humorous poetry chosen for musical illustration: it is nearly all of the childish, obvious, heavy type, lacking in subtlety, and treated with an altogether suitable heavy-handedness.

German composers have shown little taste for other than German verse. The works of English, Spanish, Italian, and Persian poets have all had some measure of attention, but almost entirely through the medium of translations. The composers' tribute is not to the original poets, but to the Geibels and Heyses who have to some extent made the foreign poets' work their own.

The taste for the setting of Oriental poetry is not confined to German composers: it is shared by English, French, Italian, Polish, Russian. It is usually an excuse for the adoption of musical Orientalisms; and the opportunity it affords in this direction accounts, no doubt, for a good deal of the favor shown it, especially by French and Russian composers. To the latter the symbolism is also an attraction; while the Italians have been attracted by the brevity of Chinese and Japanese poems. Here we have little masterpieces of impression, sketches of the most delicate character, landscapes indicated rather than drawn, a flower to do duty for a garden, a leaf for a wood, a drop of water for a river. Weingartner is the one noteworthy German who has been drawn to these little gems. But, though the attention given to Eastern poets amounts to something in the mass, the only individual poet who is deserving of mention for the favor accorded him is the Persian Hafiz, who is the only one of the poets selected for consideration here who has not, so far as I am aware, had one single line of his verse set otherwise than through translations. It is not then the purity of his style, his lyrical rapture, his mastery of his medium that has attracted: it must necessarily be the content of the verse. Usually this consists of praises of love and wine, not infrequently of roses, and occasionally of birds and music and the dawn, treated generally with a joyous hilarity. He is usually credited with a good deal of symbolism, and his most voluptuous verses are declared to have a moral and mystical significance. He himself gives the lie to that view; but, however much of a "good fellow" he may be, he is never a base debauchee. He is a lover of every

sort of beauty, and, above all, of pleasure, and he hates sanctimonious prudery and narrowness. Amongst those who have set songs of his are Weber, Jensen, Franz, Brahms, Henschel, Plüddemann, Streicher, Bantock, and Szymanowski. He has proved to be a poet for composers, as he is a poet for poets.

Of the four Frenchmen who claim attention, the vogue of two has passed. These are Victor Hugo and Armand Silvestre. The latter was a facile—indeed far too facile—poet; but his erotic verse, with its occasionally mystical sensuality, had excellences which may perhaps account for the favor with which it was once regarded by musicians, and a character that may account for its neglect to-day. Hugo's vogue was, no doubt, owing in no small degree to the immense place which he occupied in his time in French literature. He was unquestionably a master of his language and of versification, with a grandiloquent pose that does not impress this generation as it did his own. To-day his sublimity has become bombast. He was a glorious colorist, with a wonderful power of visualising scenes with which he had no personal acquaintance; a lyrist with remarkable verve and vigor; a decorative artist of the very first rank, capable of concealing the essential poverty of his thought under a magnificent sonority. He might perhaps have retained the favor he enjoyed among composers had he been less eloquent and less obviously self-conscious. Of all his songs the one most favored by notable composers has been "Guitare," which has been set not only by Massenet, Saint-Saëns, Lalo, Godard, and Bizet, but also by Liszt and Rakhmaninov.

Catulle Mendès might well have made more appeal than he has, for, besides his perfection of form, he has a rare gift for transforming almost anything into an object of beauty. His variety is astounding, and he rarely fails to interest and delight. His best poems have not been much set. But head and shoulders above all other French poets in point of popularity with musicians comes Paul Verlaine. To such an extent is this the case that it may be sufficient to look to him as affording a complete indication of what French composers require in a poet. Nor is it only to French composers that he has appealed, for he has been set also by Vaughan Williams, Ireland, Nevin, Delius, Erich Wolff, Marx, Reger, Stravinsky, and Zandonai. What then is the source of the attraction of Verlaine?

In the first place he is among all poets one of the greatest masters of the unspoken or half-spoken word, of the mere suggestion of an idea, a scene, or an event, instead of its expression. In this respect he differed from all the French poets who had preceded

him and has profoundly influenced his successors. Nor can there be a doubt that his influence has been felt by composers as much as, perhaps even more than, by poets. Those who admired his verse almost necessarily admired the principles upon which it was constructed, and to put it to music satisfactorily meant almost inevitably the application of its principles to the sister art. A vague suggestion could hardly be represented musically by full-blooded expression. Wonder is often voiced at the complete success with which the verse of Verlaine has been rendered by Debussy and Fauré; but, keen admirer as I am of both these composers, it seems to me that the extent to which the poet dictated the form the music was to take must not be overlooked. Many of the Verlainean lyrics almost sing themselves and seem specially made for music, so that composers of much less ability and insight than the two I have named have given us notably fine renderings of some of his most famous songs. Consider, for example, "Chanson d'automne":

Les sanglots longs
Des violons
De l'automne
Blessent mon cœur
D'une langueur
Monotone.

Who with any vestige of sensibility can ignore the musical intention inherent in the words? Is there not then some justification for saying in regard to this and many another of Verlaine's poems that, whatever the composer may have done, the original musical conception is the poet's? A proof of it is the strong family likeness of the various settings of some of his most famous songs—not a likeness extending to detail, but one covering the fundamentals.

It may be doubted if France can boast any other such pure lyricist, and his subjectivity also helps to make him popular with composers. He strikes, too, notes of sadness and longing that should have made him a favorite of German composers, generally so partial to such influences. That they have not done so, but have appealed to his own compatriots, who are not as a rule susceptible to the attractions of verse of this character, may be due to the fact that the sentiment is more vague and indirect than that to which German composers are accustomed and which they evidently prefer. Besides the musical quality of his verse, its personal note, and its artistic reticences, it has another characteristic that has helped to make it popular with composers: I refer to the pictorial quality. In the "Fêtes galantes" we have pictures that

are the literary analogues of the canvases of Boucher and Watteau and Fragonard. In some of these, and in others too, we have the characters of the old Italian comedy brought to life again—always in a picturesque setting. More modern—essentially modern—is “Chevaux de bois.” “La lune blanche” is a picture of quite another sort, but no less a picture. To all these it is no wonder that composers have turned; for they are pictures in words that have much of the appeal of paintings and a color of their own. Next to “Il pleure dans mon cœur,” his most favored song among the composers considered here has been “La lune blanche.”

It would be absurd to give much attention to the Russian poets in face of the fact that their songs set by famous composers are known to me only in translations of varying degrees of badness—verses that at their best lack clarity and distinction and fervor. All one can do in such a case is to judge by the subject-matter. The poetry of Pleshchéév, so judged, would seem to be steeped in melancholy. Alexis Tolstoy exhibits much variety in his choice of matter, his most individual vein being an exploitation of the fabulous. Often sentimental and often brooding over the past, he appeals in both these respects to Chaikovsky. He has, however, a fine imaginative gift, and his popularity with Russian composers is easily understandable. The greater favor bestowed upon Pushkin may be due to that poet's great fame. All I feel free to say about him is that he seems to be a lyrist of both delicacy and strength and of very varied accomplishment.

The three Dano-Norwegian poets may also be passed over with but a few words, though their medium of expression is not hopelessly foreign, like Russian. The favor shown to all three is comprehensible, for all three are great lyric poets. Drachmann has a splendid pictorial gift that could hardly fail to make him popular with composers. Especially does he devote himself to lowly life and to the varied aspects of the sea. Vilhelm Krag has a noteworthy power of brief utterance; and, like Drachmann, he is pictorial, though, if I may judge by the specimens of his work that I am acquainted with, he uses fewer strokes of his brush. Björnson is a poet of greater range and vigor and striking force, though not perhaps quite so natural a singer as either of the other two. On the whole it may be said that Scandinavian composers have shown themselves alive to the possibilities offered them in the work of these three men, though I am not prepared to say that there may not be others equally deserving of their attention.

As I have said, the extent to which Shakspeare has been set may be accounted for in no small measure by the supremacy and

the universality of his fame. The Elizabethan age—the age, that is to say, of Elizabeth, James I, and Charles I—was an era of singing birds; but his songs have been extensively utilized by both English and Continental composers, while the lyrics of the others have not. So far as foreigners are concerned, the reasons are plain: Shakspeare is looked upon on the Continent as the one great English poet of his time, the others being practically unknown even by name; and Shakspeare alone of them has had his work made really familiar by translations, and nearly all the foreign settings, it is to be noted, have been done to translations. That English composers have concentrated on Shakspeare, to the exclusion of contemporaries of no less marked a lyrical gift, is not creditable to their perspicacity, unless it be their knowledge that is at fault. Thus the magnificent dirge in John Webster's "White Devil" has not, so far as I am aware, been set by a single composer, nor am I acquainted with any setting of that lovely song in Lyly's "Campaspe," "Cupid and my Campaspe played." It is safe to say that, had either of these appeared in any play figuring in the Shakspeare canon, they would have been among the most favored of his lyrics. It is not surprising to find that, of the Shakspeare songs, the one most set by famous composers is "Come away, Death"; but it is perhaps somewhat surprising to discover that the second place is filled with "O, mistress mine." I hold, however, that it is no use considering Shakspeare's qualifications in this connection, because no safe deductions can be drawn from the attention given to his work.

Burns' appeal to musicians was almost inevitable. His is a bird note, instinct with music. What he wrote was written to fit old tunes, and, when to his lyrical quality are added his humor, his pathos, and his imaginative gift, it is small wonder that he is a musicians' favorite. Byron occupies a singular position: he has been set by comparatively few English musicians, and by none of them largely; but among the foreigners who have set his poems (all, save two, I think I am right in saying, in translations) have been Gounod, Schumann, Franz, Loewe, Mendelssohn, Brückler, Henschel, Lassen, Wolf, Rubinstein, Chaikovsky, Musorgsky, Balakirev, and Rimsky-Korsakov. No other British poet of his time, in fact, acquired so continental a reputation and, on the whole, it may be said that no other British poet of his century stands so high even to-day. The foreigner is apt to overestimate his work by reason of the fact that the lyrical deficiencies of the verse are not obvious to him; and the Englishman is apt to underestimate it because he allows these deficiencies to blind him to the

magnificent energy and power and glow of the poet's best verse. Byron's shorter poems do not show him to the best advantage, and he does not seem eminently calculated to inspire musicians.

Tennyson's appeal, on the contrary, is thoroughly understandable. He paints pictures that are the result of close and patient observation enriched by the ardent imagination of the poet and given to the world in the formal perfection that is the mark of the artist. His nature-pictures are no less true than vivid, his expression is always musical, and, if he is decorative, he is never obtrusively so. His gifts are far from being restricted to landscape-painting; for he is also a poet who touches every shade of emotion, even the most fleeting. His most set lyric, so far as concerns the men who count, is that charming lullaby, "Sweet and Low." The taste for him seems to be dying out; but it will probably come again.

One can easily understand, too, the attraction of Christina Rossetti for composers. The rapture of her song, its flavor of elemental things, the depth of her emotion, the perfection of her artistry, her dainty reticences, her feminine shyness: all these things have helped to make her one of the poets most beloved by English composers. The favor shown to Robert Louis Stenevson is perhaps less accountable. His work in "A Child's Garden of Verses" is almost unique of its kind as being written for children by one who had remained, in many ways, a child in thought; but this extraordinary quality does not necessarily make it peculiarly suitable for musical setting. Some of the songs in "Underwoods," however, with their joy of life, their love of vagabondry, their glorious lilt, and their graceful graciousness, can hardly fail to make a very insistent appeal.

There remains the poet of "A Shropshire Lad." That slim volume of verse obtained some favorable notice from the literary critics when it appeared in 1896; but the author never until quite recently followed it with another volume, and it is hardly too much to say that it would have been almost forgotten by now had not the composers helped it to a new lease of life by the taste they showed for it. And let it be said at once that their taste was good. These poems are not only suitable for setting, but are good in themselves. So great is the appreciation of his work that he seems not unlikely to become, in relation to music, the English Verlaine. He has very far to go before he can truly be so described, but, as he becomes better known, the circle of his musician admirers may be trusted to grow. At present he may be said to be in the position of being better known by the attention given to his verse by

Butterworth, Vaughan Williams, and Ireland, among others, than by the poems themselves. He has many points of appeal to the composer—the subtle simplicity of his work, its sinuous directness (these contradictions in terms are not accidental), its note of cheery pessimism, its bitter irony, its music, the degree in which it is steeped in the very spirit—often sombre enough—of the countryside. When one looks into this verse, one can understand why it has attracted more attention from the best English composers than that of any other contemporary. It presents real life and real feelings as the poet sees them, and the language in which they are clothed is both strong and homely, and all is informed with imagination.



In summing up, it may be noted that there is a great difference between the requirements of the composers of recent years and those of the earlier stages in the history of the art-song. In England and in France the earlier composers chose, as a rule, love-songs, though the Frenchmen also dealt largely in elegant trifles. The Germans turned to ballads of the supernatural, to voicings of sorrow, and to wailings of regret. Little fancy was displayed for the poem that left much to the imagination; the composer merely set himself the task of expressing in music lyrics whose meaning was in no manner of doubt. The later composers, especially those of France, have reversed all this: the erotic is tabu, longings and sentimentalities are little treated, the weird is out of fashion, and the trifle is not considered suitable matter unless it has a tang to it. The personal cry retains, as it must always retain, its appeal to musicians; but in other directions it is to the pictorial that the composer has mainly turned. Where the older composer loved to be dramatic, the younger loves to be descriptive. Landscapes, seascapes, visions of old Versailles, the falling of rain, light and shade effects, the mystery of moonlight in woods or on the waters: these are the things he seeks to paint. And, as he has developed a taste for the whispered rather than for the spoken word in poetry, for the hinted rather than for the uttered thought, so he has sought rather to create an impression than to depict realistically. His choice of poems is an indication of his outlook, and it is also an indication of his musical principles. That he does not, any more than did his predecessor, want the supremely decorative poet is shown by the small amount of attention paid to that superb artist John Keats or that musical creator Sidney Lanier. He

asks, above all things, for a reasonable length in the poetry he thinks to set and for an absence of verbal harshness that would make the verse hard for the singer. If a poem do not meet his desires in these two respects, no amount of poetical beauty will suffice to make atonement. This may perhaps account for the failure of the great Coleridge and the still too little known T. E. Brown to secure musical recognition. It is noticeable, too, that the composer does not care much for the song that sings itself, for the reason doubtless that it leaves him little to do and too markedly dictates the form of the verse. Yet Verlaine and Burns are examples to the contrary. The composer does not trouble about the introspective or deep-thoughted poet, but desires life rather than conceptions of it, though reconstructions of the past have attractions for him. The imaginative gives him opportunities that verbal felicities do not, however sonorous or lyrical they may be. It is moreover of the utmost consequence to him that the poet's cards should not all be laid on the table: something must be withheld, so that his intelligence may be appealed to. In this respect, the younger English composers approximate more closely to the French than to the German. The secret of the attraction of Christina Rossetti is not merely that her songs are heart-cries, but that there is almost invariably more implied than stated; Housman is gathering admirers because of his reticence and his dramatic contrasts; and the appeal made by Stevenson's grace and vigor is supplemented and strengthened by the occasional discrepancy between the superficial meaning of the songs he sings and the real meaning underlying them. But, though excellent reasons can be found for the attention paid by composers to every poet who has at the present time and has had in the very near past a marked vogue, there are some who have been overlooked who seem to possess capital claims to consideration. Perhaps they are the more fortunate. When one sees how often messages are misinterpreted, metre disarranged, stresses ignored or misplaced, and rhymes put out of sight, one is tempted to say that they are.

WEBER AS A WRITER

By ANDRÉ CŒUROY

THE intimate alliance of the musical spirit with the literary spirit is a singular aspect of Germanic mentality. It has always flourished, but never with so generous a growth as during the romantic era. The lessening of the *Sturm und Drang* period urged man to develop his personality in every field, to be "total," as the saying went at that time. The great originality of German romantic art consisted in pursuing this search after "totality" in somewhat disorderly wise, no doubt, but almost always with success. The romanticists are hostile to the specialization of the artist; in their view, all the arts are one. Hoffmann, Wackenroeder, Tieck, Novalis, Schleiermacher and the Schlegels examine into the relations of music to poetry, to religion, to philosophy. The writers discover that it is music which forms the most powerful (and most mysterious) bond between all the spiritual manifestations of Nature.

Conversely, the musicians do not fail to interest themselves in other arts; they feel the charm of "integral art." Beethoven combines poetry with the Ninth Symphony. Schumann, Mendelssohn, Cornelius, all possess literary refinement. Brahms will remember Hoffmann's *Kreiskler*, and integral art will find its fulfillment in Wagner. In this long list Weber occupies a place of honor. To his receptive soul his parents imparted a taste for all the arts. In his Autobiography he notes that he mastered painting in oils, miniature painting, pastel work, and engraving. He lacked perseverance to continue in the way opened to him by the lithographic processes of Senefelder. The call of literature was far more imperious, and quite different in the durability of its effect.

* * *

In 1816, at Dresden, Weber became the chief figure in a curious literary society. It was an association of intellectuals who met to discourse on the nobility of poetry, the divine mission of the artist, and to titillate each other's nostrils reciprocally with the incense of praise. From 1800 to 1815 this group had assumed consistency, at first in the guise of a weekly gathering in which

Tieck took an interest, later under the ridiculous title of *Dichtertee* (Poets' Tea), further transformed into *Liederkreis*.

The protagonists were Kind (a lawyer-poet, the future librettist of *Der Freischütz*); Hall (future librettist of *Die drei Pintos* and the editor of Weber's writings); Böttiger (who introduced Weber to the group); Nostitz (Saxon minister); Kuhn, Gehe, Hoben, Malsburg, Kalkreuth, Felster (minor poets), and some few blue-stockings like Helmine von Chezy, the future librettist of *Euryanthe* (also of *Rosamunde* for Schubert), and Therese aus dem Winkel, who never forgave Weber for an epigram ridiculing the incontinence of her pen.

Kind was typical of these litterati of the third rank. Between 1811 and 1819 he enjoyed a certain local celebrity and directed several reviews and journals which Weber, always alert and practical, afterwards made good use of—W. G. Becker's "Taschenbuch zum geselligen Vergnügen," "Die Harfe," "Die Muse," and above all "Die Abendzeitung," a daily paper which became a very important organ for northern Germany.

His intimacy with this circle caused Weber to develop a by no means negligible literary activity. It was here that the very vivid tale of "Der Schlammbeisser" originated. One evening they hit upon the idea that each should write one chapter of a novel, each chapter to be developed from a word selected by one of the ladies of the circle, the words to be drawn by lot. Weber drew the word *Schlammbeisser* (a species of fish); hence this chapter, which recounts after the manner of Jean Paul the comical adventures of a naïve virtuoso and a dead fish. That same year he wrote a short humoristic poem, "Recept zu einem Drama," and the following year a fantastic poem, "Samson to Delilah," Samson being supposed to have met Delilah at a *bal masqué*. The members of the *Dichterkreis* had devised, for the celebration of New Year's Eve, 1819, the representation of historical couples, and it fell to Weber to incarnate Samson; and it was again for the *Dichterkreis* (and for New Year's Eve, 1821) that he wrote a little tale entitled "Ein bürgerliches Familienmärchen," in which a musician and a woman play their parts. For quite a long time he had been writing verses; the first were penned in 1810. These were almost invariably comic poetry (epigrams, versified letters), others being lyrics (half a dozen translations from the Italian) or love-poems; there are also some occasional poems, such as a rimed cantata for Vogler's sixty-first birthday (1810). The Abbé's pupils had drawn lots to decide who should write the poem, and Meyerbeer and Gänsbacher set Weber's verses to music. But Weber's

greatest literary effort was the writing of an autobiographical romance, "Tonkünstlers Leben," which he revised several times and on which he worked all his life. It would appear that his biographers have hardly paid sufficient attention to this fragmentary work, whose perusal is indispensable to one who would penetrate the soul and intellect of Weber. The romance seeks to portray the sufferings of a veritable artist-soul, divided between a profane love unworthy of itself, and the love of art. The latter should prove victorious.

As a musician, Weber at first (1809) conceived the story as an imaginary musical excursion that he would narrate in leisure moments. In this vein are Chapters I and IV (the latter directed against Beethoven). From 1810 to 1813 he wrote Chapters III, VI and VII, which are autobiographic and parodistic at the same time. During his sojourn in Gotha (1812) he read them to the Duke, who, a *bel esprit* and esthete, was full of enthusiasm and desired to insert poems of his own here and there. Weber had difficulty in inducing him to desist. Then he ceased work upon it until 1816. But the reading of "Hoffmanns Erzählungen" incited him in 1817 to add marginal notes which he never incorporated in the text; to complete, in 1818, the parodies of Chapter VI; and to gather still more notes, which also remained in a fragmentary condition. In 1819 he completed Chapter V by observations on Opera and a parody in verse on the sermon of the Capuchin in "Wallenstein"; in 1820 he finished Chapter III. He never carried out his original plan for a book in twenty-five chapters; the work was left as noted.

Chapter IV was published in 1809 in the "Morgenblatt für gebildete Stände" (Dec. 27) with the heading *Fragment einer musikalischen Reise, die vielleicht erscheinen wird*, and signed "Carl Maria." He then had strong hopes of expanding it into a long narrative to be published by Cotta, with illustrations. The publisher's advertisement was ready, but nothing more appeared until 1821, when "Die Muse" (edited by Kind) brought out several chapters united under the title "Bruchstücke aus Tonkünstlers Leben. Eine Arabeske von Carl Maria von Weber."

Then, in 1827 (after Weber's decease), Chapter VI appeared almost entire in W. G. Becker's "Taschenbuch" (also edited by Kind).

This essay clearly shows how closely akin was the frame of Weber's mind to that of the Romantic literary school. The larger portion of contemporaneous themes is treated by Weber with marvellous spontaneity. The most striking of these themes is that

of "musical Nature," Nature being conceived as the creatrix of a music that expresses the essence of the world. This theme, discussed under a hundred aspects by Tieck, Hoffmann, and Novalis, was adjusted by Weber to his personality as a composer, and this was the effect produced on him by "das heilige Crescendo der Natur im lichtbringenden Äther" (the hallowed crescendo of Nature in the light-bearing ether) (Chap. I): all the colors and all the plastic forms range themselves into musical forms. "The viewing of a landscape is simply the performing of a piece of music. I feel its totality, without pausing to note the details of its production; in a word, the landscape passes before me, strange as it may seem, as time passes. For me it is a successive delight." It follows—and here the irony of the romanticists intervenes—that when he is in a carriage the musical forms of the landscape dance the sarabande. "How the funeral marches, rondos, furiosos and pastorales whirl by me in riotous intermingling, when Nature is thus unrolled before my eyes!" Many other romantic themes came forward to attest Weber's spiritual kinship with Hoffmann, Novalis and Tieck:—the theme of a most vivid dream opposed to reality (Chap. III); the theme of the similarity of music, the queen of the arts, to love; the theme of the voice considered as the most perfect of the instruments "with which the Creator has endowed us" (Chap. II); the theme of the symbolism of tones. One of the chapters bears as epigraph a low C; Weber had intended to designate each chapter by a note, these notes taken together to form a *canon cancrizans*—"an image of human existence."

In its form the work is extremely romantic, rambling after the fashion of "Kater Murr" (by Hoffmann), mingling prose and verse and juxtaposing the parodistic and the serious. And, withal, a capricious style replete with musical comparisons and displaying a very genuine talent for dialogue.

This gift had theretofore been quite rare among German musicians. Only Schubert, in the eighteenth century, had possessed equal verve. But him Weber surpasses by the vivacity of his critical sense and by his natural facility in regularly subordinating the literary faculty to the musical. Even when he is writing or passing judgment on a work of literature, the musician takes the lead of the man of letters. And this explains the supposed lapses in taste of which he so often has been accused. The four main accusations that his biographers have piously handed down are (1) the mediocrity of the words of his songs; (2) the praises he bestows on Kind's *Van Dyck*; (3) his selection and revision of

Euryanthe; (4) his sympathy with such small fry as those of the *Liederkreis*. All this is cleared up as soon as one is convinced that, in Weber, it is the musical sense which insures the spiritual unity. True enough, the poetry he set to music is often far below mediocrity. But all musicians will approve him when he asserts that a poem may very easily please without inspiring a desire to set it to music (letter to Brühl, Feb. 20, 1820); and there are plenty of instances where a mediocre poem has inspired better music than a fine one. The *Van Dyck* of Kind is feeble, yet it possesses one peculiarity not fully taken into account; this piece is an attempt at a union of the arts (Kind fancied that he could make it represent actual paintings by Van Dyck), an attempt so closely correspondent to the tendencies of the romantic mind that Weber could not fail to be impressed by it. Assuredly, the literary weaknesses of the *Euryanthe* book did not escape his notice, the proof being that he had very sharply parodied the romantic drama and its exaggerations in one chapter of his romance, with an astonishing keenness of critical acumen. Why, when Helmine von Chezy submitted her poem to him, did he find it "extremely remarkable"? (letter to Lichtenstein, Jan. 31, 1822). Because, as a musician, he saw that it offered possibilities for the writing of music for an heroic opera of which he had dreamed.—And why, in modifying the libretto of the poetess, did he aggravate matters by bringing in an improbable ghost-story? Because his inner ear already heard the strains of that ghostly music that was to play so prominent a rôle in the opera. If Weber, after having written the keenest of satires on the stupidities of the romantic opera, imagined an opera that far outdoes the parody as regards improbability and absurdity, it was because the appeal of the music which held him spellbound stifled the critical spirit of the dramaturge within him. As for his friendship for the poets of the *Dichterkreis* (who, as we are too apt to forget, professed the same ideas as the true romanticists, lacking in naught save talent), it is sufficiently explained by the advantages accruing to him in their society, by his situation as a musician. The journals edited by Kind were open to him, and the opportunity of writing for such an important paper as the "Abendzeitung" was no slight attraction for Weber.

For his activity as a critic was extraordinary.¹ It manifested itself very early, in 1801—this first time, to be sure, almost against

¹Cf. the list of journals and reviews in which Weber collaborated from 1809 to 1826, in "Sämtliche Schriften von Carl Maria von Weber," a critical edition by Georg Kaiser; Leipzig, 1908, Breitkopf & Härtel.

his will; his father guided the pen, and the child obediently wrote to the journals of Freiberg a defense of his own stage-piece, *Das Waldmädchen*, which a local critic had attacked. The tone of the discussion, which grew acrid, is so different from that employed by Weber in later years, that one cannot fail to suspect some outside influence. With 1809 began his collaboration on the "Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung" with a review of Schaul's letters on Taste in Music, in which he came to Mozart's defense, and the Leipzig "Zeitung für die elegante Welt," with an article on "The Present Status of Art and Literature in Stuttgart."

In 1810, besides his epigrams and verses, he published a laudatory article on his teacher, Vogler, in the "Morgenblatt für gebildete Stände." In October of the same year he conceived the idea of an *Harmonischer Verein*.

In 1811 he wrote notes on Musical Topography, discussed Rappeller's invention for the improvement of the flute, and commenced to publish criticisms of operas (*Cendrillon* by Isouard, *Gott und die Natur* by Meyerbeer, Cherubini's *Wasserträger*, and Méhul's *Joseph*).

In 1812 there was a succession of short reviews, notably one of Gluck's *Iphigénie en Tauride*, and a humoristic piece addressed to his friends in Berlin.

By this time he was already well known as a writer, and Rochlitz warmly advised him to devote himself to musical criticism. But, too much absorbed in his duties as orchestra-conductor at Prague, he could bring out only three brief reviews in 1813 and 1814; he was, however, steadily working on his romance. Then it was that, having recognized the necessity of educating the public, he published in the "Prager Tageblatt" (Oct. 13, 1815) an article announcing a series of notes on the operas he intended to produce. These notes, together with numerous reviews of concerts, appeared in 1815 and 1816, along with the analysis of a cantata, *Kampf und Sieg*.

Leaving Prague, in 1817 he sojourned in Berlin, where he heard Hoffmann's *Undine*, on which he wrote a eulogistic criticism (for the "Allg. Mus. Zeitung"); thereafter he settled in Dresden, where he resumed his method of popular education with the article, "To the Art-loving Inhabitants of Dresden" (Jan. 29, in the "Abendzeitung"), and his explanatory notes on Méhul's *Joseph* (Jan. 29), Méhul's *Hélène* (April 27), Boieldieu's *Jean de Paris* (May 2), Grétry's *Raoul Barbe-Bleue* (May 17), Cherubini's *Lodoïska* (July 21), etc.

He edits his note on the rational composition of an opera-troupe, writes a long report on the Municipal Conservatory at Prague, and engages in a controversy over musical declamation with the dramaturge Müllner, for a piece by whom (*Yngard*) he had written the incidental music. His friendship with the poets of the *Liederkreis* urges him toward literature; he recasts his romance, pens his tales and humoristic poems, but without abandoning criticism:—notes on *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* (June 16, 1818, in the "Abendzeitung"); a reply (in the "Allgem. Mus. Zeitung," Dec.) to an attack directed against himself; little discussions on Italian Opera with Therese aus dem Winkel. In May, 1818, he edits his Autobiography.

From 1820 dates a valuable document on the composition of his music for *Preciosa*; also (in the "Litterarischer Merkur," Feb. 17) a reply to a partisan of the Italians who had attacked the news-items about Weber and his labors as a musical propagandist. In 1821 appeared a fine article on Bach, and Weber's public thanks after the representation of *Der Freischütz*.

With the appearance of that opera, his critical activity ceases. Thenceforward, to the crusade by words in favor of German Opera, he prefers the crusade by deeds. This was not the worst plan. His literary inclinations are definitively shelved; he works on *Euryanthe* and *Die drei Pintos*.

In 1824 he contents himself with issuing some few observations on the metronomic movements of *Euryanthe*, and an article (designedly impersonal) on the delays imposed on the production of that opera at Berlin.

Finally, the years 1825–6 see the appearance of only the two well-known letters (written in French) to Castil-Blaze in protest against the Parisian mutilations of *Der Freischütz* and *Euryanthe*.

Weber set great store by musical criticism. Through it he hoped to serve musical art, to educate the public, and to bring on the triumph of German Opera. In this one may see that blending of idealism with realism whereon Weber's character was founded. His scheme for an *Harmonischer Verein* (Harmonic Association) well illustrates this state of mind.

The idea found inception at Mannheim in the tavern of the Three Kings, in conversations between Weber and his friends; Gottfried Weber stretched on a sofa or striding about the room, and Weber seated according to habit on a table, dangling his legs. Their original plan was to found a new musical journal ("Der harmonische Bund" or the "Zeitung für die musikalische Welt") for the purpose of upholding so far as possible the beautiful and

good in art and esthetics, and to combat the mediocrity and despicable propaganda of pseudo-artists, of would-be critics and phrase-makers. The project was soon transformed, at Darmstadt, into an Harmonic Association, of which Weber was the spiritual father. The direct object of the Association was to help the musicians of Mannheim and Darmstadt to have their works performed and brought to the attention of Germany. Its constitution, drafted by the hand of Gottfried Weber, bore the date of Nov. 30, 1810.

Article 1 recommends the most absolute silence concerning the Association, "for the public would scarcely have confidence in the impartiality and straightforwardness of such a society."

Article 2 entrusts its management to C. M. Weber.

Article 3 designates Mannheim as the centre of operations, and G. Weber as secretary and archivist.

The raising of funds is provided for. The forms of correspondence are regulated.

Articles 6 and 7 define the qualifications of the original members (founders); these should preferably be both composers and writers, if their character renders them admissible. (These literary and moral refinements are eminently characteristic of Weber's trend of thought.)

Admission might also be granted to writers whose talent promises to be useful.

Articles 8 and 9. New members are to be admitted only with the utmost precaution; their manner of life and artistic opinions will be taken into consideration.

11. Members must sign the constitution (pseudonyms are tolerated).

13. Every year each member is to hand in a report on his own activities.

14. Aim of the Association: To sustain the good wherever it may be found, and to encourage the rising generation.

15. Inferior works will receive no notice.

Article 18 stipulates that a copy shall be kept of every review; "for every member this collection will be instructive and welcome as exhibiting results attained and the progress of the archives." (19) All should abstain from malice. (20) And if it happens (which is not to be expected) that some member of the association presents something bad, the Director is to tell him so frankly and persuade him to revise his work.

All in all, the aim is to educate the public, to ruin the worthless critics, and to serve the cause of good music while maintaining

the interests of young composers—ideas of which Weber had ever been an ardent champion.

Having chosen the motto *Beharrlichkeit führt zum Ziel* (literally, Perseverance leads to the goal), the society set to work very cleverly; following Weber's astute advice they gained a foothold in a large number of journals; as soon as they had won over any paper, they sounded the praises of the editor of some other which they desired to use, thus winning it, as well. On this head a letter from Meyerbeer (quoted by Kapp) is highly informative.

Weber never ceased to bombard his friend Gänsbacher with letters inquiring what journals were the most read, and which were the best for the purposes of their propaganda. The journals won by this means were the most important:

In Leipzig, the "Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung" and the "Zeitung für die elegante Welt."

In Berlin, "Der Freimüthige."

In Munich, "Das Gesellschaftsblatt für gebildete Stände."

In Stuttgart, "Das Morgenblatt für gebildete Stände."

In Mannheim, "Das Badische Magazin."

To the increasing membership were added Gänsbacher, Danzi, Berner of Breslau. Each musician-critic had a pseudonym. Gottfried Weber signed himself *Giusto*; Dusch, *Unknown Man*; Meyerbeer, *Philodikaïos*; Gänsbacher, *Triole*; Weber himself was *Melos* (or *M.*, or *Ms.*, or *M-s*), or sometimes *Simon Knaster*, or even *Bf.z.Z.* (initials of the society's motto). But little by little the members drifted away.

During a journey in Switzerland in September, 1811, Weber vainly sought to enlist Tschokke in the cause of the Association, his journal "Miscellen" being important. He met with no better success with the critic and publisher Nägeli, founder of the Helvetian Society of Music, with whose assistance he hoped to found, at last, the musical periodical of which he had dreamed so long.

Weber tenaciously clung to his plan; hence his didactic notes to his auditors in Dresden and Prague. He wishes to elevate the level of public taste and, above all, to purify musical criticism. It makes him furious (apropos of Meyerbeer's *Abimelek*, in 1815) to think that the fate of an artist who has created his work in the sweat of his brow should be in the hands of a nobody who snatches up a pen to criticize him. His soul revolts at the salaried critics whose arrogance is in direct ratio to their incompetence. In his eyes it is "the sacred duty of criticism to proclaim the truth." Not brutally, however. He is benevolent on principle, even

when he analyses the works of Weigl, which he utterly condemns in his private correspondence. Above all, he is intelligent; he demonstrates the necessity imposed on a critic to put himself in the place of the composer when he was writing his work. He takes the ground that it is better to leave out musical excerpts which, detached from contrasting elements, no longer possess their primal significance, and are more likely to enfeeble the demonstration than to sustain it. He knows when one should enlarge on one's theme, and, in the case of a work of slight interest, develop some general idea.¹

First of all—and this is the crucial point—his aim in writing was not to judge, but to modify; herein reappears Weber the Organizer. His critiques are never destructive, never negative; they are those of a reformer with but a single aim—the triumph of the cause of German Opera. He is therefore logical in taking the field first and foremost against Italian opera. As early as 1813, at Vienna, he complains in a letter to Suzann of the Italian invasion, and already dreams of dislodging, if feasible, this error in German taste. All his correspondence breathes the same complaints; he deplores, in a letter to Lichtenstein (1820), that Dresden is completely Italianized, and that "his heart bleeds" to see that Meyerbeer felt the need of flattering this taste by writing *Emma di Resburgo*. In his letters to Brühl (1821) he fumes at seeing German Opera reduced to the rôle of a satellite to the Italian opera, thus preserving but a semblance of life. And he had personal reasons aplenty for detesting the Italians, who always managed to get in his way—Morlacchi at Dresden, Spontini at Berlin, and Rossini everywhere. But, as Weber united in his own person an idealist and a realist, he freely admitted, from an absolute point of view, the legitimacy of an Italian art, and in 1823 at Vienna, when about to engage in the battle of *Euryanthe*, he could not help being struck by the beauty and power of the voices that lent lustre to Barbaja's troupe, conducted by Rossini himself. He even testifies (in the fragments of his romance) that Spontini, despite all his shortcomings, presented a most curious incarnation of romanticism conjoined with respect for rule. His own melodies and grand arias à l'italienne show that he rightly estimated the value of the Italian style. But Weber the Realist likewise pursued a national policy, which was to protest against the invasion

¹For instance, apropos of Fischer's *Das Hausgesinde*, observations on comic rôles; or, writing about Weigl's *Das Waisenhaus*, on the reciprocal influence of artists and audiences; or, in a critique on Poissl's *Wettkampf zu Olympia*, on the nature of Grand Opera.

of the theatre; *Der Freischütz* and *Euryanthe* are the culmination of this struggle. And his unsleeping hostility to Rossini's artistry also assumes a symbolic character—it is the fight (in the eyes of Weber and his friends, and of many contemporary critics) between German Opera and Italian Opera. That more sordid motives are involved, is certain—but human. When Weber writes from Vienna to his wife in October, 1823, concerning *Semiramide*: "Such a work dares demand applause! That shows that the Italians are treated better in Germany than I myself!" or to Gänsbacher in March, 1821: "Let us hope that Rossini will not be making history much longer; as for that, he is killing himself," one senses the movings of jealousy. Similarly in his romance, where his keen irony likens Rossini to "the sirocco, whose glowing heat will soon be abated";—Rossini, who has innumerable faults and still is "l'enfant chéri de la fortune" (the French is Weber's), a sharper who eats marchpane while his little comrades barely manage to get potatoes; "may Heaven send the capricious dragonfly a merciful flowery death, before she, in her attempts to become a bee, molests us as a hateful wasp."¹

In his response to the Dresden attack he admitted that Rossini had ideas of living force and melodies of piquant charm, but denied him dramatic sincerity; for Weber, that is a sentence from which there is no appeal, and it was also the gist of the debate. Rossini was to be fought because his operas were, in Weber's eyes, the very image of that inconsistent Italian opera a parody of which is found in Chapter VII of the romance. Here Weber imagines that in the course of a *bal masqué* the German Polichinelle, Hanswurst, presents three opera-parodies—Italian, French, and German. In a versified Prologue Hanswurst pokes fun at Italian opera, as striving only after effect, the singers thinking solely of their roulades, the ballet-dancer of her calves, the leading violin of his solo, the stage-manager of his horses and camels, and the audience of digesting a rich spectacular program without attempting to understand it. Now appears (as in a scene of some Review) Italian Opera in the guise of a woman thin almost to transparency, with an expressionless countenance, "who, whether as hero, Seladon or barbarian, never turned a hair"; she wore a robe with train of a neutral tint bestrewn with tinsel which catches the eye; then, after a brilliant overture to induce the audience to be silent, she sings this excellent "in the style of . . .":

¹Rossini was equally complimentary, if we may trust Berlioz in his *Mémoires*: "Speaking of Weber's music, Rossini says that it gives him the colic."

Recit. Oh Dio addio

Arioso Oh non pianger, mio bene!

Ti lascio . . . idol mio

. ohimè!

Allegro Già la tromba suona

Colla parte Per te morir io voglio

Più stretto O felicità (on *tà* a trill through 10 measures—
frantic applause)

Duetto Caro!

Cara!

A Due Sorte amara (on the *a*'s in *amara* the sweetest vocalises
in thirds)

Allegro Oh barbaro tormento!

Renewed applause from the audience, despite the fact that they had not been listening. Hanswurst comments on the piece, with grotesque praises of "the melody" that is quite unsurpassable and that any cook ought to understand; he admires the actors, who make the composer modify his airs, change their tessitura, introduce new numbers to show off the singers' voices—all without these transmutations being noticed by a single auditor. Finally, he praises the Italian composers for having invented a musical *passepourtout*, a melody that can be sung in any key whatever, before any decoration whatever, and in any situation whatever.¹ The main point is, that Weber would be ready to forgive them all their weaknesses if they would take some pains to obtain dramatic truth, without which, for Weber, salvation is none.

For this reason his nationalist campaign is conducted much less violently against the French composers. Not that he spares our opera. In his parody of it (in imitation of an eighteenth-century parody) French Opera comes on in the form of a Parisienne shod with buskins; clad in a too tightly clinging peplum, she struts about, continually surrounded by the corps de ballet, while the gods of Olympus ogle her from afar.—Scene: The Prince, the Princess, the chorus:

Act I. Cher Prince, on nous unit.—J'en suis ravi, Princesse!
Peuple, chantez, dansez, montrez votre allégresse.

Chorus Chantons, dansons, montrons notre allégresse.

¹He also describes their simplified orchestration, in order to make fun of it: Oboi coi flauti. Clarinetti coi oboi. Flauti coi violini. Fagotti col basso. Violino 2 col primo. Viola col basso. Voce ad libitum. Violini colla parte.

Act II. Amour—cher Prince—Hélas—Quoi?—J'expire! O malheur!

Peuple, chantez, dansez, montrez votre douleur.

Chorus Chantons, dansons, montrons notre douleur.

Act III. Pallas te rend le jour—Ah! quel moment—où suis-je?

Peuple, chantez, dansez, célébrez ce prodige.

Chorus Chantons, dansons, célébrons ce prodige.

To this Hanswurst supplies the commentary for the audience: Passion, a flood of words, declamation—that is the tiptop, all the rest is naught—notes that are super and super-acute—singing and dancing and singing;—tambourines, trombones, tam-tam—four horns, old fellow; a riot of wind-instruments enough for three operas; and seven modulations in one measure.

But when Weber has once examined the works of contemporary French composers, he discovers therein, and praises, the dramatic sincerity—whereupon they are rehabilitated in his eyes. In Grétry's *Raoul Barbe-Bleue* he lauds the striving after truthfulness in the declamation and the portrayal of character; and while he laughs at Grétry's writings as exhibiting a "very French" ignorance, he is not far from considering him the sole musician who, in France, has the lyric faculty and a sense of "the romantic." For a like reason he greatly admires (1811) *Der Wasserträger* and (1817) *Lodoïska*, by Cherubini; he does not hesitate to employ the word *Kunstwerk* (work of art), because Cherubini is in his opinion a "romanticist" who knows how to characterize his personages and sacrifice melodic effect to the dramatic effect of the ensemble. He insists in particular on the moving melancholy which this serious, great, concise, forceful (*ernst, gross, bündig, kräftig*) composer can evoke, who is both a "classic master and an innovator," "destined for immortality."¹

Beside Cherubini he sets Méhul, the former more instructive, the latter more thoughtful. Méhul's *Jacob* is very pellucid and instrumented with taste (derived from Gluck); it rejects all false effect and seeks sincerity. He is strongly attracted by Boieldieu's *Jean de Paris*, and thoroughly relishes its gay, lively tone, "so genuinely French." Boieldieu exhibits melodic fluency, clear and judicious construction, careful instrumentation, and "that correct-

¹Having to compose for the cancatrice Milder-Hauptmann an aria to be interpolated in *Lodoïska*, he rejoices that this task has been entrusted "to a German heart that highly prizes Cherubini," rather than to some Italian who would not have failed to insert "wishy-washy stuff."

ness which proclaims the master."¹ Isouard (whose *Billet de Loterie* was reviewed by Weber, possesses freshness, inventiveness, but much less craftsmanship. Nicola's *Joconde* is pleasing; Catel is not without charm. All of them, however superficial they may be at times, possess a sense of dramatic sincerity.

This sense Weber had never been able to discover in Beethoven, hence the deep-seated and ineradicable cause of his reserve with regard to the great symphonist. Other reasons, of a transitory nature, also came into play, but Weber was too intelligent not to recognize their emptiness. It has been remarked that, in letters written during his first stay in Vienna (1803), Weber mentions the names of many musicians, but never that of Beethoven. At that time he was under the influence of Vogler, whom the Viennese thought far superior to Beethoven. And the article which Weber devoted to his teacher in 1800—an article wherein the question of "genius" and "true art" comes to the fore—sufficiently shows toward which side the scales were tipped. That same year Weber, barely twenty-four years old, wrote his attack upon Beethoven in the first fragment of his romance. He imagines having dreamt that all the instruments held a discussion. The bass-viol complains of being forced to jump about like a kid, as if he were a fiddle. The violoncello cannot recall getting so heated up since the time of Cherubini's operas. The second violoncello declares they have to do with a musical monster who has no respect for the nature of the instruments, who takes no account of ideas. To stop their chatter the *Kalkant* (organ-blower) threatens to make them play the Heroic Symphony, and during their shocked silence he demonstrates that the sane tradition of Gluck, Händel and Mozart is lost, that clearness and precision are words void of meaning. Now follows an analysis of the Fourth Symphony: the slow opening movement has only short and choppy themes, quite disconnected; then comes a vertiginous Allegro in which there is no theme at all, with unmotivated changes of key, and regardless of all rules.²—Of course, the part played by humor in this romanesque fragment must be considered. But Vogler's influence is very apparent (in the remarks on the modulations and the rules). The general tone is precisely that which all

¹After hearing *La Dame blanche* at Paris he wrote to Theodor Hell that it was replete with French charm and *esprit*, and that, since Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, no comedy-opera of equal value had been written.

²This attack incited Schindler to suspect that Weber was the author of certain "unsigned" destructive criticisms of other symphonies by Beethoven. Making all allowances, what we know of Weber's straightforwardness (he always signed his articles) suffices to dispose of this hypothesis.

romanticists of the time employed against Beethoven (with the single exception of the clairvoyant Hoffmann).

The letter to Nägeli (1810) has greater value, for it shows that Weber was fully aware of the more intimate causes for the disagreement. He vivaciously reproaches Nägeli for having taken him (Weber), on the strength of a Quartet and a Caprice, for an "imitator of Beethoven."

This opinion, most flattering for some people, is not at all agreeable to me. (1) I hate everything that bears the stamp of imitation. (2) I differ so widely in my views from Beethoven, that I could never bring myself into accord with him. The brilliant and incredible gift of invention which inspires him is conjoined with such a confusion of ideas, that only his early compositions please me, whereas for me the latest ones are nothing but a chaos, an incomprehensible striving after new effects, illuminated by certain celestial sparks of genius which show how great he might be if he would but curb his exuberant imagination. My temperament does not incline me to enjoy Beethoven's genius.

Here the tone is more dignified. Beethoven's genius is not denied. In fact, he never will deny it. Despite all reservations included in his opinions, he recognizes in *Christus am Ölberg*, for all of its lack of unity, "the spirit of genius"; in *Wellingtons Sieg*, in spite of a displeasing imitation of a battle, "genial features"; in the *Fantasia* for piano and orchestra, although the construction is vague, much spirit. *Fidelio*, which he brings out at Prague, finally, after rehearsals, unveils the genius to him, and to such a degree that he is furious at seeing the audience apathetic.—Thus it was only through the drama that he arrived at an appreciation of Beethoven, yet he always regretted in *Fidelio* the absence of genuinely scenic life. And he was always to be distressed by Beethoven's over-exuberance, a lavishness which enriches the symphony, but encumbers the drama. In Beethoven's music he finds fault (letter to Gänsbacher of Dec. 26, 1822) with the great multiplicity "of modulations, of complications in the intertwining of the parts, and many harmonic details" for which neither his temperament nor his musical training had predisposed him. This divergence did not prevent them from esteeming or even from liking each other. In 1823 they engaged in a correspondence touching *Fidelio*, Weber having conducted the opera at Dresden in April. He wrote four letters to Beethoven, and received three from him. Unfortunately, they are lost. There are extant only a few lines of the first one written by Weber on January 28. These were inserted by his son in his great biography. Weber felicitates himself on paying homage, from the depths of his heart,

"in which respect and love dispute the first place," to a great genius. In a letter to Könnertitz of July, 1823. Beethoven (so rough and mistrustful) subsequently writes of his "dear friend Maria Weber." Three months later came off the celebrated visit of Weber to Beethoven at Vienna, when the latter duly expressed his admiration of *Der Freischütz*. But Weber's son does not err in concluding that they could never fully understand each other; their natures were too different.

In the eternal debate aroused by the antagonism of the partisans of Beethoven and Mozart, Weber instinctively leaned toward Mozart. One of the first operas that he produced at Breslau was *Titus* (Aug. 1, 1804); a short time before leaving that city he gave *Così fan tutte*. As a restorative after the frightful dream in which the instruments tell of their Beethovenian martyrdom, he announces that he is going to hear *Don Giovanni*. When he himself brings out *Don Giovanni* at Prague, he almost quarrels with Liebich (who proposed, on the score of economy, to do without the stage orchestra), and pays the extra expense out of his own pocket. It goes without saying that it was not so much Mozart the symphonist as Mozart the dramatist that attracted him. At the end of his article on Meyerbeer in 1819 he celebrates, in Mozart, the incontrovertible founder of German Opera, and among his works he avows (1818) a preference for *Belmonte und Constanze*, as illustrating that unique marvel—the spontaneous freshness of youth. "The world was justified in expecting of him several such operas as *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*, but *Belmonte und Constanze* could appear only once." Furthermore, he unhesitatingly admits that without Händel, and, above all, without Bach, Mozart would not have been as great as he became. While Händel, in various aspects, shows affinity with antiquity, Bach seems to him to possess true German solidity of the olden sort, and still young because he is already romantic.¹

But Weber does better than support the "youthful" composers who are dead; he supports those who are alive, and that with such courage and decision as to provoke the liveliest opposition; he is accused of trying to corrupt musical taste. He found

¹He praises him for having revived some old instruments, and for employing the viola pomposa. He notes that his profession as organist influenced his style, and remarks (as a pianist) on the effect that the novel use of the thumb had on his playing. The article is dated in 1821. Eleven years previously, on Vogler's instigation, Weber had undertaken an analysis of the "improvements" introduced by the latter in the harmony of Bach's chorales. Said "improvements" demonstrated how far the Vogler school was from comprehending Bach's leading of the parts; it adds a polished chromaticism, smoothing over the solid, rugged conception of Bach. Weber, as an obedient pupil, then justified his teacher's procedure.

no difficulty in defending himself in his Reply (Feb. 15, 1820), in which he dwells upon the eclecticism of his repertory and his criticisms. Whenever he thought a new dramatic work to possess merit, he sustained it with all his might. So it came that he was the first to produce Spohr's *Faust* (at Prague, Sept. 1, 1816). Weber had met Spohr at Stuttgart in 1807. The latter, already well known as a violinist and composer, found Weber's works decidedly amateurish, and lacked the insight to perceive what they promised. He had at command a most solid and thorough-going technique; far superior to that of Weber. It is certain that Weber's craftsmanship is inferior to that of Spohr—which is a proof that "craftsmanship" is not everything when the spark of genius is wanting. *Faust*, with its romantic fantasmagoria, its music sprinkled with *Leitmotive*, possessed something to please Weber's turn of mind, like Hoffmann's *Undine* (1817), despite its rather loose construction. While Weber admonishes Hoffmann regarding slight defects (the abuse of antiphonal effects, attributable to Beethoven's influence, the abuse of the violoncellos and violas, of diminished sevenths and too abrupt cadences), he warmly praises his instrumental effects, correct declamation, unity of impression, and, most of all, that dramatic sincerity which renders *Undine* "one of the most intelligent works of our times." He is no less well disposed toward Meyerbeer, in so far as he does not pay tribute to the Italian fashion, and, as usual, it is the correctness of his declamation that engrosses his attention. It was Weber, again, who launched Marschner on his musical career by producing *Heinrich IV. und d'Aubigné* at Dresden (July 19, 1820). And it was Weber who aided Loewe in his earliest attempts.¹

It was the final aim of all these efforts to attain the goal that Weber had set himself—the writing of a genuine German opera according to a very definite ideal.

He discerns the weaknesses of French opera and Italian opera, in which unity is lacking. He rejects "those fickle up-flarings of the spirit's flame which delight us with details, while losing sight of the total effect." From this is derived his theory of the opera after the heart of a German—"a work of art forming a finished whole, wherein all parts and contributory effects of the kindred coöperating arts are so fused and blended together that

¹They had met in Leipzig. Loewe dedicated a *Lied* to Weber; they met once more in Dresden in the winter of 1819-20, while Weber was at work on *Der Freischütz*. In a sense he might be called a pupil of Weber, for, with his official application for the post of Director of Music at Stettin, he handed in a *Miserere* on which he wrote that Weber, to whom "he was in the habit of sending his works for correction," had spoken very highly of it.

out of their destruction, as it were, a new world emerges." This is the undiluted romantic theory of Wackenröder or Hoffmann—a theory that strives to combine organically all the arts under the sway of music.

But this new form is not to be obtained by throwing overboard the old, substantial forms of art that have stood the test. For this reason he upholds the traditional division of the opera in "numbers," each number forming (as he says in his romance) an organized whole, although disappearing in the harmonious ensemble of the entire work.

At bottom, Weber is a romantic at heart, but classic in intellect. He does not rebel against the rules, but seeks to explain them. In his Autobiography (and he returns to the subject in his romance) he tells how, about the year 1802, a doctor of medicine to whom he was giving lessons in harmony unsettled his convictions and nearly drove him to despair by his incessant questioning as to the reason for every rule and every prohibition. The only answer he could find was, Because it is so. And he felt how unsatisfactory this was—and still that the rules were necessary. Vogler, by explaining the why and wherefore of these rules to him, won his gratitude; this is the real cause of the attachment that Weber always felt for him. He repeatedly declares that Vogler was the first to work according to a veritable musical system.¹ No one was further than Weber from "romantic derangement" and "mad inspiration." "It is contrary to my disposition to write rapidly and carelessly" he writes to Rochlitz in 1813. He maintains, apropos of Himmel's *Fanchon* (1817), that the truest inspiration amounts to nothing without assiduous labor and quiet reflection. He demonstrates in his romance (Chapters VIII and IX) that one does not write the gayest music when one is joyous, or the best funeral march when one is sad. The most favorable time for composition is when the mind is in a state of serene equilibrium. This would have amazed de Musset and Berlioz, his admirers.

He insists on the avoidance of all that disturbs balance: "Exaggeration of means is the first step toward chaos." Out of this chaos German opera must be lifted. In the parody that he devotes to it, German opera appears like an invalid scarce able to stand, who is trying on a thousand costumes in turn—now an Italian habit, now a French robe—and finds nothing to suit until

¹In his analysis of Bach's chorales as "improved" by Vogler he praises the latter for having advanced reasons for the rules of harmony, and for founding his method of instruction on a "philosophic basis."

the arrival of some romantic tailor 'prentices who hit upon the happy idea of choosing "some patriotic goods" and representing the story of Agnes Bernauer "in the heart of Germany." Thereupon all the defects of the operas in vogue are mercilessly exposed—abuses in changes of scene, of spectral apparitions, of premonitions, of old trees sheltering hermits (here we have an advance criticism on the books of *Der Freischütz* and *Euryanthe!*). The parody of the act-close is typical; enter the Hermit, singing; Agnes, in castle to left, sings while a chorus of vine-dressers resounds, right. Under the trees Albrecht, asleep, sings in his dream. Kaspar, in affright, hides in a hollow tree, where he sings a polonaise. In the grotto brigands are singing a wild chorus. Overhead, genies appear above Albrecht. Behind the scenes there is a warlike tumult and the strains of a march:—all this going on at once. Then two lightning bolts fall and kill several persons as the curtain descends.

Hanswurst, in his commentary on the music, suddenly assumes a prophetic tone (presaging that of Hans Sachs). He protests, in the name of German art, against the "English, Spanish, Italian and French" influences enfeebling that divine element "which should raise German art above all the rest." But the audience laughs Hanswurst to scorn, and he concludes: "I have made a fool of myself by coming too early; ten years from now I may be better received." Weber has faith in the advent of a true German art. "Felix" (Weber's spokesman) enlarges on it in the course of the chapter. He knows that public taste is perverted, but feels that it can be educated. Herein we recognize the fundamental idea of Weber, idealist and realist in one: Perform masterworks, and the public taste will be elevated. He believes in the grandeur of art and the mission of the artist. He sets forth in his Autobiography that the applause with which his first concerts and earliest operas were received gave him "all the strength and all the high resolve which alone make of man a veritable high priest of his art." He lived only for art, not aloof as a sage and visionary, but as a man of action; and it was in just estimation of his own worth that he desired to have inscribed on his tomb:

Hier liegt einer, der es wahrhaft redlich und rein mit Menschen und Kunst meinte.

(Here lies one devoted in all simplicity and sincerity to mankind and art.)

(Translated by Theodore Baker.)

SPACE AND SPACING IN MUSIC

By HERBERT ANTCLIFFE

ANALOGIES between the arts are always dangerous and have not infrequently led to a complete misunderstanding of that which they have been intended to explain. Because music has never developed an independent vocabulary, however, interchanging its few individual words with those relating to other arts and sciences, such analogies in its case have been unavoidable. There are conditions in the art of music which can be described in no other terms than those which, strictly applied, relate to other matters, and some of them to matters which have no direct or exclusive reference to either art or science or to the two. And one of the most common of these is the term **SPACE**. "Chaque sens," says Racine, "a son champ qui lui est propre: le champ de la musique est le temps, celui de la peinture est l'espace." This may be literally true, but it does not prevent the intercourse between the two arts by means of an occasional or even frequent visit of the one to the field of the other, and still less does it prevent a comparison of the effects of one with the other in terms which strictly refer only to the one.

Like Light, Shade, Colour, Outline, Form, the term Space is one that is commonly used to describe certain characteristics in music. Yet although, and possibly because, it is one of the most common it is one that is very frequently misunderstood and misapplied. We often speak of a spacious musical work, or refer to the way in which a composer has used his spaces; and still more often do we refer to a spacious manner of interpretation and performance. (Humorists have here an undeniable opportunity which few of them seize, of taking advantage of the physical attributes and motions of conductors and executants!) And how many who use the term really know exactly what they mean by it, or do even so many convey even the slightest definite meaning by their use of the term?

Space in material things is the extension, one may say the limitless extension, of Form, or perhaps it would be more correct though less easily comprehended, to say that Form is the demarkation of Space, and as Form is necessary in Music so Space must in some way be a characteristic of the same art.

Music is a passionate art, whether the passion it expresses be unfettered or restrained, and for its appreciable transmission a "form," a "mould," is necessary; for such a form is merely that in which it is contained. Passion is, as it were, a fluid, an electric, intangible fluid, and must therefore be contained. A solid may be shapeless because it is self-contained and self-supporting, but not so a fluid, which uncontained and unsupported by other matters will quickly lose itself. Similarly, Space in itself is nothing, it cannot of itself be conveyed or represented, and to suggest it we must have it solidified, contained or restricted. And it is in this that we see most forcibly how rightful is the use of the term as applied to music. It is the opening within the Form unfilled by matter, and the Freedom beyond it. And the smaller, the more confined, it is the less real and significant is it likely to be.

To get a sense of Space we must have a vision which takes us "away from the immediate," which gets beyond the things in close tangency with everyday life, and lifts us into the omnipresence of that which we cannot know but can only sense or even imagine. There must in Space be no excitement, no fuss, not even body or movement. It must, in fact, be the very opposite of what we know as realistic, while at the same time it must be equally convincing of its reality. Space in art, in music, must never suggest emptiness, for that implies desolation, and art must always be social, even though the society consists but of an artist and an observer. How far is this borne out by actual Space as we know it in other matters?

In the physical world we are told that Space,—what the ancients considered to be unlimited and infinite emptiness,—is full not only of spiritual beings but of the more readily apprehended chemical matter we know as Ether. Ether is the supporting and uniting fibre of the Universe, and to the eye of the artist, of the one who can see beyond the tangible and obvious, it is full of life and significance which exists in nothing else. Every landscape painter knows this, and the finer his sense of it and the greater his power of expressing it, so much the greater is his art. In this respect no group of artists is greater than those of Japan, though even they vary largely in their capacity for and their style of such expression. Yoni Noguchi has described the work of Korin, probably the greatest of Japanese painters, as being largely dependent for its effect upon its treatment of space:

His pictorial magic, so far as it is seen in technique, is evoked from the manner in which he handles the empty space in a picture, let me say, in which he leaves the space unfilled. This full and empty space of

Korin's pictures is not merely a space of emptiness, but a substance itself. It has more value in fact, than the part of reality painted. . . . Korin is a magician in whose hand the mystery of how to make the painted and empty spaces balance is hidden in a thousand variations. As much as his painted part is living with animation, his empty space is living with suggestion: therefore, they meet on equal terms in his pictures.

One sees something of this in practically all great art, and not merely in that of Japan and the Orient where it is most noticeable, and it is to a large degree the criterion by which one may tell whether an artist is really what his efforts claim for him. Among the works of the older European painters we find it to a greater extent than among those of painters now at work, although it is returning with the wider experience of life and wider study which recent events have brought to artists as to artisans. Constable had it in a way that gives his drawings what we call their English character, though this is quite different in its technique and external evidence from that of Korin and other Orientals. It is a curiosity of art and psychology that it is in the small and comparatively crowded countries, like England and Holland, that one finds a love of space, and of ample space, most marked. Hogarth and Jan Steen notwithstanding, the artists of these two countries as a whole display it greatly. Even the common people in their games, their love of the sea, their instinct for civilization, show it constantly and continuously. Who by birth or descent of English race has not heard and spoken of "the spacious days of Elizabeth" or earlier periods when our present civilisation was in its first beginnings? And in those days, when England was as great in her music as in her seafaring, her games or her literature, such music was as spacious as the seas her pirates, her traders or her warriors roved, or the fields where her youths and maidens played.

Space in Music! It is a thing as difficult to define as it is easy to realise when we experience it. Even painting cannot do more than suggest by means of perspective anything more than the narrowest confines of space, for the largest paintings have but limited areas which, compared with what they have to represent, are almost infinitesimally small. Music, on the other hand, making its appeal direct to the emotions and the mind, has an advantage in not being representative but in its nature suggestive and recalling the feeling rather than the fact. Its presentation of space may be analogous in some respects to that of painting, but it is in its nature something different. "Space in music," said the child, "why that is what makes you lift up your arms and take a deep breath when you hear it!" Like most children's remarks, this gets at the truth

in the shortest way and gives us a starting-point from which to proceed further towards a complete and technical definition.

One of the essentials of the expression of space is simplicity, simplicity in thought as well as in utterance, simplicity in mind rather than in means, though of a nature to find and employ the simple means. The composer who uses a single melodic line may or may not express space, but it is certain that the composer who multiplies his melodic lines for the sake of multiplicity (whether he is aware of it or not) will not do so, for his mind and his means both lack the necessary simplicity. Bull and Byrd and Palestrina had this power of suggesting space by simple means, as had Handel and, occasionally, but only occasionally, Bach. Like his degenerate successors, Bach was too concerned with "facts" (which he recognised and conveyed as none since him has done) to be quite successful in creating a sense of space at all frequently. In much of the B minor Mass, at some points in the Passions and in a few of the instrumental works he gets it, but that is about all. Haydn and Mozart got it fairly frequently, but when we come to later days than theirs, it is the exception rather than the rule. Had Brahms possessed a sense of space and a power of using it, he would have been incomparably greater than any of his contemporaries. There are passages in the first and last symphonies that suggest he is getting near it, but as a rule the lack of it reduces his work below the highest. Wagner had it when he wrote much of *Parsifal* and parts of *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, and it is in those parts that he rises to the highest inspiration. And with both these composers it is found when they are most simple; for both had the failing of multiplying their lines to the degree of making a solid mass.

It is coming back with some contemporary composers, particularly with those of the younger schools. Richard Strauss never gets it, Elgar does sometimes, Vaughan Williams, Turina, Ravel, Pierné, Santoliquido, Pizzetti, Boughton, Szymanowski, are others among a large number of contemporaries in whose work I have observed it, while among Americans MacDowell in his *Keltic Sonata*, and many of his smaller pianoforte works as well as some of his songs, often displayed it. We are getting back to a sense of space in music as we return to the appreciation of space generally, as we begin again to realise the value of open houses, of fields and mountains, of the sea and the upper air. When music became most cramped in its methods and feeling was when people began to live in cramped houses, to regard the open as vulgar and common, and to prefer a crowded garden or ballroom to a hilltop or a stretch of ocean.

It may be objected that, with our dancing-saloons, our picture-theatres, our music-halls and even our concert-rooms, as well as our flats and imitation cottages, we are still continuing the bad tradition. This is true to a certain extent; but these attract only a portion of the people and with most of these only part of the time. We are daily finding more individual ways of living and still more of holidaying, by which the crowded ways of life inevitable with the enormous and ever increasing growth of population are avoided permanently or temporarily, while composers of the temper of Rutland Boughton in England, Francesco Santoliquido in Africa and Egon Wellesz in Austria are, so far as the need of selling their wares to others will allow them, fleeing the haunts of men and the centres of convention and fashion.

All this, however, does not take us much further on the way of a definition of space, though to the careful student of the subject it will suggest some points of observation. Let us then, first of all, say that it is not necessarily the frequent occurrence of rests and pauses, nor is it mere "bigness" of conception. The analogy of the works of Korin which was made earlier may suggest that the former of these has at least something to do with it, and one must concede that "spacing," the proper (or improper) setting out of the details of rhythm in such a way as to make them most effective and convincing, may not be without its bearing upon it. Properly managed, a rest has a suggestion of "that full and empty space" of which Noguchi speaks; and so has the fermata held as Wagner in his *Über das Dirigieren* says Beethoven would demand it. This, however, is only incidental. The size, that is, the length and the number and dynamic power of the forces employed in a work, has still less to do with it. A big work is not in consequence of its bigness a spacious one, any more than is a big building. A factory with several thousand small workshops is not a spacious building, nor is "Ein Heldenleben" a spacious musical work. Rests and pauses may help to make a work spacious, but without other features, and still more without certain other qualities, in the work they will be quite ineffective for this purpose. They may even break it up into small closets which have a less spacious effect than a continuous and closely woven web of sound. Space in music is something more essential, more inward, than this, which, try as we may, we cannot achieve by any technical means unless we have the sense of it within us and the impulse to express that sense.

Æsthetically it is the grouping of ideas into their appropriate positions and the combined joining and separating by means which, when it is badly done, we call "padding." Every piece of music

of any serious length has some of this, or it conveys a feeling of a crowded picture or, worse still, a crowded mind. It is a mixture of focus and climax. Climax may be worked up to by the sudden or gradual unfolding of an idea through many others which, far from giving a sense of space, convey a sense of narrowness and crowding. Space generally demands that the main idea shall be observable at any moment from one or other point of view. Yet the sense of space must not be a sense of emptiness. This is why I say it has an element of focus. From the picture must stand out the main object, but it must be accompanied by some intangible and invisible atmosphere, and clothed with the ethereal substantiality which makes the sky azure and the sunset orange. How to create that space, how to clothe the object with something that makes it more evident, shows it in every detail of its beauty, puts it in a position in which its smallness of size is overlooked in the unescapable greatness of its significance, is the problem of how to create space in music.

And although one refers to it in terms that are applicable primarily to representative art, it is equally essential in abstract music. Being the exact opposite of what we generally know as realism (which is seldom near to reality), it is rarely created or suggested by the more obvious types of programme music, even when they deal with big subjects in which it ought to play an important part. This is why so many of the longer programme works fail to give the emotional effect which is necessary for their purpose, and so fall into the crowded lower ranks of composition. To maintain the same concentrated interest from beginning to end of a work of considerable length is beyond the powers of any composer, interpreter or listener except on some rare occasion when the subject as well as the circumstances are out of the ordinary. The interest may be, and generally it must be, cumulative, but it will not be so if the spaces between the points of rest or climax are filled in with fussy 'doing for doing's sake,' or by vapid, meaningless sound. In the former case we fill up space that should be left free and open, and in the latter case we make such space *ennuyant* and purposeless. The space is necessary to allow the emotion to relax and expand itself; but the emotion must still be there. We know that in other matters relaxation does not mean cessation of feeling or activity; and the rest, the sustained note, the technical filling in, or the broad outlining of theme or development (using this word in its general sense rather than in its scholastic signification), which suggest space, may be as restful as the spaces of the sea and sky, and in their way as significant.

And as space is light in weight, so also, as a rule, is the music which represents it. We get this sense of space in modern works of the types of Bax's "The Garden of Fand," Delius's "In a Summer Garden," "Sea Drift," and perhaps still more in "A Song of the High Hills," though in this last case the atmosphere (which in music as in Nature is not necessarily space) is so rarified as to interfere with the comfort and power of observation of the ordinary listener. Yet though the majority of instances occur in lightly constructed works, some of the most notable are quite the reverse. No one would suggest there was any lightness of weight, for instance, in the Judgment section of Elgar's "The Dream of Gerontius." It is spacious, however, because of its suggestion of fullness without crowding, of rank after rank of angelic orders, of a blaze of light that can be apprehended but cannot be comprehended, of its representation of things infinite, of an intangible place that stretches not only beyond our observation, but beyond our ken or our imagination. It is the same spaciousness that Doré gets in his painting of the same scene, but which neither Dante, Newman nor Milton was able to translate into words.

It would be out of place here to discuss the possibilities of space in verbal utterance, but it may be noticed that one of the advantages music has over words is its power of suggesting space and even of expressing the emotions felt on seeing or imagining a space that is beyond our normal experience. It will describe or suggest the breadth of ocean which we see when land is far from sight and the waves are not too large to give a view from horizon to horizon. Better still will it suggest the space of the Universe and of Eternity, which we can barely imagine, for what can be imagined may often be expressible in words, while that which is beyond the imagination can find no expression except through the emotions of which music is the ordered and organised outward sign. May we not, indeed, say that music is more in its right element in expressing those things which are outside the narrow limits of this life and in bringing home to us the unutterable and the unthinkable which requires universal space for its content?

And so, just for a very brief moment we must turn to its expression in interpretation. This is not essentially different from its expression in composition, but its circumstances and method are different. We cannot very well express what does not exist in the music itself except by creating it in some way with the help of what the music does contain. A spacious interpretation is possible in nearly all except the most unworthy music, and sometimes even in that. If there is space in the music it will find its expression

by the way in which the interpreter fits himself to the music and discovers its qualities and arouses his own sympathies with them. In any case the essentials are the same; simplicity, a kind of detachment, freedom from any "finnicking" regard for unimportant detail, and yet a clearness of vision as to the relative significance of each and every point effected by the composer. In interpretation the observation of pauses and rests has a little more influence on the creation of the sense of space than it has in composition, but it is a subtle one and the mere extension of these will not help unless there is something more behind such extension. Often the pause which comes between the close of a work and the first sound of applause is the result of a conscious or unconscious realisation of this spacious treatment, for nothing holds the emotions more in restraint, nothing seizes the imagination and holds it in greater awe—an awe that is often quite agreeable, but none the less great—than wide space. It cannot be achieved without freedom of thought and action on the part of the interpreter, a freedom that claims its own rights but strictly regards those of the composer, which gives to the composer the same authority as it claims for the interpreter. And if the interpreter finds it difficult to make space where the composer has not provided it, equally can the interpreter take away from a work its spaciousness by a narrow and unsympathetic treatment. Like all other æsthetic characteristics of music, it depends on both the composer's treatment of his subject and that of the interpreter. Without coöperation and sympathy none of these things can be properly achieved.

WHAT WAGNER FOUND IN SCHOPENHAUER'S PHILOSOPHY

By ELIZABETH WENDELL BARRY

UNLIKE the æsthetics of many philosophers, Schopenhauer's theory of art is not added to his general metaphysical scheme because he felt that his account of the Universe would be incomplete without it; it is a necessary and vital part of his system. Therefore we must study it in its metaphysical setting as a logical and inevitable outgrowth of his general outlook upon reality.

In his main work, "The World as Will and Idea," Schopenhauer gives the essentials of his philosophy. The later writings are principally comments on and expositions of the ideas contained in his opus magnum. Schopenhauer starts with Kant's subjective idealism. The world exists in the minds of percipient beings—without a subject, no object. Our world is a construction of the Self; it is our idea. It follows that it is illusion therefore, and has no existence in and for itself. But true reality exists behind this appearance, this is Kant's "thing-in-itself," and it is accepted by Schopenhauer. But he does not accept Kant's agnosticism on this point. Instead of agreeing with his predecessor that we cannot know the thing-in-itself, he maintains that this knowledge is possible by intuitive if not by a logical procedure. As we are part of reality we can have immediate experience of it, and any conclusions that we may reach in regard to ourselves may be applied by analogy to the outside world, to what is outside of ourselves, the rest of reality. For surely we may assume that reality is all of a kind? Schopenhauer decides that this underlying essence in man, this bit of reality, the thing-in-itself, is Will. Will is more important than and prior to intellect. Man is primarily an active and willing rather than a thinking being. The Intellect is the slave of the Will. The sovereign Will orders the subject Intellect to carry out his mandates. The Will is mind's reason-for-being. Schopenhauer shows the Will within us and the Will as manifest in the phenomenal world to be one and the same thing:

If we observe the strong and unceasing impulse with which the rivers hurry to the ocean, the persistency with which the magnet turns ever to the north pole, the readiness with which iron flies to the magnet, the

eagerness with which the electric poles seek to be reunited, and which, just like human desire, is increased by obstacles; if we see the crystal quickly take form with such wonderful regularity of construction, which is clearly only a perfectly definite and accurately determined impulse in different directions, seized and retained by crystallization; if we observe the choice with which bodies repel and attract each other; lastly, if we feel directly how a burden which hampers our body by its gravitation towards the earth, increasingly presses and strains upon it in pursuit of its one tendency—if we observe all this, I say, it will require no great effort of the imagination to recognize, even at so great a distance, our own nature. That which in us pursues its ends by the light of knowledge, but here, in the weakest of its manifestations, only strives blindly and dumbly in a one-sided and unchanging manner, must in both cases come under the name of Will, as it is everywhere one and the same; just as the first dim light of dawn must share the name of sunlight with the rays of the full mid-day.¹

Will in itself is blind and unreasoning. In the lower forms it is without the aid of intellect and functions as instinct; as it rises higher in the scale it creates for itself a mind and by its help seeks to free itself of the increasing incumbrances it has gathered in its passage from "an indefinite incoherent homogeneity to a definite coherent heterogeneity," as Spencer phrased it.

Because of Will's very nature, Schopenhauer's pessimism becomes inevitable. All willing arises from want. The Will is never satisfied; it eats and is not filled, it drinks and is thirsty, it is clothed and is naked:

The satisfaction of a wish ends it, yet for one wish that is satisfied there remain at least ten that are denied. Further, the desire lasts long, and the demands are infinite; the satisfaction is short and scantily measured out. It is like the alms thrown to a beggar, that his misery may be prolonged till the morrow. So long as we are given up to the throng of desires, with their constant hopes and fears, so long as we are the subjects of willing, we can never have lasting happiness or peace. It is essentially all the same whether we pursue or flee, fear injury or seek enjoyment; the care for the constant demands of the Will continually occupies and sways the consciousness.²

Impelled by Will every living thing works feverishly for something of no value.

Happiness, accordingly, always lies in the future, or else in the past, and the present may be compared to a small dark cloud which the wind drives across the sunny plain; before and behind all is bright, only it itself always casts a shadow.³

¹Vol. I, p. 153. "Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung."

²Ibid., Vol. I, p. 199.

³Ibid., Vol. III, p. 112.

Life, thus far, does not seem worth living, but Schopenhauer offers us a palliative in the shape of Art. There seems to be an inconsistency in Schopenhauer's system at this point. Critics have not been able to reconcile the relations of the Will and the Platonic Ideas. Having said that everything was Will, something other than and different from Will suddenly appears on the scene—the Platonic ideas which the Will seeks to reproduce. This is the interpretation of one section; elsewhere the Ideas appear to be stages that the Will has reached in objectifying itself. The Will continually seeks to objectify itself after the pattern of the universal types or "Platonic Ideas" which have their existence outside of the phenomenal world. By pure contemplation of the objects in which the Will has objectified itself Art seeks to see the Ideas that lie behind the objects and to reproduce them more purely, more perfectly. Art has its beginning in the knowledge of the Ideas and its sole purpose is to communicate them. The tormented human soul in contemplating a work of Art loses all sense of his existence in time and space, frees himself from his tyrannical Will and in a state of pure perception gazes and becomes lost in the Platonic Idea that is mirrored in the masterpiece. In order to have the true æsthetic experience a man must view the art object disinterestedly and without relation to his will. Contemplation must be free from desire:

If, ceasing to consider the when, why, what and whither of things, we concentrate upon the *what*; not allowing abstract thought with its concepts to possess our consciousness, but sinking ourselves wholly in perception of the object; then we escape our individuality and will, and continue to exist only as the pure mirror of the object, with which we become identified; so that what is known is no longer the particular thing, but the Idea, and the knower is no longer an individual but the pure knowing subject.¹

Schopenhauer is careful to state how the work of art produces this effect:

Every work of art can only produce its effect through the medium of the fancy; therefore it must excite this and can never allow it to be left out of the play and remain inactive. This is a condition of the æsthetic effect, and therefore a fundamental law of the fine arts. Everything must not be directly given to the senses, but rather only so much as is demanded to lead the fancy on to the right path; something and indeed the ultimate thing, must always be left for the fancy to do. We are only perfectly satisfied by the impression of a work of art when it leaves

¹Vol. III. "Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung."

something which, with all our thinking about it, we cannot bring down to the distinctness of a conception.¹

Schopenhauer, by fancy, evidently means a play of the intellect which is for the moment released from bondage to the Will. The intellect forgets its origin, is for the moment its own master, and hearkening to the summons of the work of art, joyfully loses itself in an æsthetic experience. The fancy is a part of the intellect that slumbers as long as the intellect is the slave of the Will. It wakes under the kiss of Art. As long as the work of art can charm the fancy, so long does the exquisite æsthetic experience last. But the moment the Will reasserts itself, perhaps in a desire to possess the object, then fancy sinks back into her sleep for another hundred years, or at any rate until Prince Charming again appears. The work of art is incomplete without the contributions of the fancy. We must give as well as absorb beauty from the art object. The æsthetic experience involves giving as well as receiving, indeed it would seem that we must contribute the larger part. What we receive in an æsthetic experience is in proportion to what we can give. Of the origin of the fine arts Schopenhauer says:

The mother of the useful arts is necessity; that of the fine arts superfluity. As their father, the former have understanding; the latter, genius, which is itself a kind of superfluity, that of the powers of knowledge beyond the measure which is required for the service of the Will.²

Schopenhauer gives to Music the highest place of honor among the fine arts. Poetry, painting and the plastic arts merely represent the Ideas, but Music can express the Will directly:

In the language of music, which is understood with absolute directness, but which is yet untranslatable into that of reason, the inner nature of all life and existence expresses itself.³

As expressive of the Will it can act upon the individual will and exercise a cathartic effect:

That music acts directly upon the will, or the feelings, passions and emotions of the hearer, so that it quickly raises or changes them, may be explained from the fact that, unlike the other arts, it does not express the Ideas, or grades of the objectification of the will, but the *will itself*. Music transfers the movements of the will over to the province of the mere idea. Music never causes us actual sorrow, but ever in its most melancholy strains is still pleasing, and we gladly hear in its language the secret

¹"On the Inner Nature of Art."—Supp. Bk. 3, Vol. III.

²"On the Inner Nature of Art."

³Ibid.

history of our will, and all its emotions and strivings with their manifold protractions, hindrances and griefs, even in the saddest melodies. When, on the other hand, it is our *will itself* that is aroused and tormented, we have not then to do with tones and their musical relation, but are rather now ourselves the trembling string that is stretched and twanged.¹

Music holds up the mirror of flattery to the Will; it gazes into its cunningly fashioned depths and finds itself exceeding fair:

Music really only flatters the Will-to-live, because it exhibits to it its nature, deludes it with the image of its success, and at the end expresses its satisfaction and contentment.²

In regard to the union of music with drama Schopenhauer says:

Music is an independent art and does not need the words of a song or the action of an opera to give it meaning. . . . In opera, music stands to the libretto and the action in the relation of the universal to the particular, of the rule to the example. The music of an opera, as it is presented in the score, has a completely independent, separate and, as it were, abstract existence for itself, to which the incidents and persons of the piece are foreign, and which follows its own unchanging rules.³

With this brief survey of Schopenhauer's metaphysics and aesthetics we can now turn to Wagner and his reactions to this philosophy. In Wagner's autobiography we find his account of his first impressions of Schopenhauer:

In the peaceful quietness of my house at this time I first came across a book which was destined to be of first importance to me. This was "Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung" by Arthur Schopenhauer. . . . What fascinated me so enormously about Schopenhauer's work was not only its extraordinary fate,⁴ but the clearness and manly precision with which the most difficult metaphysical problems were treated from the very beginning.

I had been greatly drawn towards the work on learning the opinion of an English critic, who candidly confessed that he respected German philosophy because of its complete incomprehensibility, as instanced by Hegel's doctrines, until the study of Schopenhauer had made it clear to him that Hegel's lack of lucidity was due not so much to his own incapacity as to the intentionally bombastic style in which this philosopher had clothed his problems.⁵ Like every man who is passionately thrilled with

¹Ibid. Vol. III. "On the Metaphysics of Music."

²Ibid.

³Ibid.

⁴It had been published thirty years before but had attracted no attention until this time.

⁵Hegel was Schopenhauer's chief abomination, for it was to the former's popularity that he attributed the neglect of his own works by the public. He considered himself the victim of a conspiracy of silence on the part of the German professors with Hegel as leader. He made many caustic comments on this philosopher and his works. The criticism quoted above is typical and makes interesting reading to a student who has himself despaired over his Hegel.

life, I too sought first for the conclusions of Schopenhauer's system. With its æsthetic side I was perfectly content, and was especially astonished at his noble conception of music. But on the other hand, the final summing-up regarding morals alarmed me, as indeed it would have startled anybody in my mood; for here the annihilation of the will and complete abnegation are represented as the sole true and final deliverance from those bonds of individual limitation in estimating and facing the world, which are now clearly felt for the first time. . . . At first I could not readily abandon that so-called 'cheerful' Greek aspect of the world, with which I had looked out upon life in my "*Kunstwerk der Zukunft*." As a matter of fact, it was Herwegh who at last, by a well-timed explanation, brought me to a calmer frame of mind about my own sensitive feelings. It is from this perception of the world—so he said—that all tragedy is derived, and such a perception must necessarily have dwelt as an intuition in every great poet, and even in every great man. On looking afresh into my *Nibelungen* poem I recognized with surprise that the very things that so embarrassed me theoretically had long been familiar to me in my own poetical conception. Now at last I could understand my Wotan, and returned with chastened mind to the renewed study of Schopenhauer's book.¹

In a letter to Liszt, Wagner also speaks of his discovery of Schopenhauer:

Apart from slowly progressing with my music, I have of late occupied myself exclusively with a man who has come like a gift from heaven, although a literary one, into my solitude. This is Arthur Schopenhauer, the greatest philosopher since Kant; whose thoughts, as he himself expresses it, he has thought out to the end. . . . His chief idea, the final negation of the desire of life, is terribly serious, but it shows the only salvation possible. To me, of course, that thought was not new and it can indeed be conceived by no one in whom it did not pre-exist, but this philosopher was the first to place it clearly before me.²

It was in the capacity of elucidator that Schopenhauer was most valuable to Wagner, it seems to me. He expressed in clear language theories that Wagner had employed in his works, but had never formulated for himself. Wagner, guided by an artist's intuition, which often anticipates and overleaps his reason, had evolved characters whose actions were incomprehensible to his understanding, but were felt to be inevitable by his poetic intuition. In an artist's mind, swift-footed intuition is chosen in preference to rational knowledge as a guide in expressing the "concrete universal." But intuition can never be conscious of the steps along the way; rational knowledge can proudly trace its course from start to finish. Rational knowledge is useful in corroborating the conclusion reached by intuitive knowledge. An æsthetic

¹"My Life," Wagner, p. 614.

²"Correspondence of Wagner and Liszt," p. 168.

theory is usually propounded upon completion of the art work; to reverse the procedure is dangerous, for then emphasis is laid too strongly upon method and style. Bellerophon clips his winged steed and confines him to earthly pastures. It is safer for an outsider to formulate an æsthetic theory from contemplation of the work of art. He may succeed in seeing the theory that was merely an intuition in the artist's mind, and, by expressing it in definite form, do him a great service. This is, I believe, the value of the æsthetic philosopher—to discover the theories of art that lie back of works of art and thus help the artist to understand his intuitions, to show him and others the *why* and *how*, as well as the *what* of his production. The artist, thus encouraged by a clear understanding of his art problems, freed from perplexity as to what he was actually doing, why he was doing it, and how, goes confidently forth to conquer new worlds. Wagner freely acknowledges his debt to Schopenhauer in this capacity:

For many years afterwards that book never left me, and by the summer of the following year I had already studied it for the fourth time. The effect thus gradually wrought upon me was extraordinary, and certainly exerted a decisive influence on the whole course of my life. In forming my judgment upon all those matters which I had hitherto acquired solely through the senses, I had gained pretty much the same power as I had formerly won in music—after abandoning the teaching of my old master Weinlich—by an exhaustive study of counterpoint. If, therefore, in later years I again expressed opinions in my casual writings on matters pertaining to that art which so particularly interested me, it is certain that traces of what I had learned from my study of Schopenhauer's philosophy were clearly perceptible.¹

Wagner also adopted Schopenhauer's ethics. Both Schopenhauer and Wagner were attracted to and influenced by Buddhist philosophy. This is apparent in Schopenhauer's contention that pity is the chief virtue. In feeling pity for others we deny the Will as expressed in ourselves and lose our individuality in entering into or sympathizing with another being. By constant practice in living in others we lose the sense of a personal existence and thwart the expression in ourselves of the "will-to-live." We reach nearer to the blissful state of Nirvana and "exist" no longer in the sense of living an individualistic life. The highest ideal of life is to stifle all desire and thus attain the heaven where we lose consciousness.²

¹"My Life," p. 616.

²In an essay on Beethoven, ix. pp. 77-151, Wagner expounds Schopenhauer's theory of music at length.

Schopenhauer's unfavorable opinion of Wagner's music and his preference for Rossini, of all composers, does not lighten Wagner's debt to Schopenhauer, nor depre-

Then nothing can trouble a man more, nothing can move him, for he has cut all the thousand cords of will which hold us bound to the world, and, as desire, fear, envy, anger, drag us hither and thither in constant pain. He now looks back smiling and at rest on the delusions of this world, which once were able to move and agonize his spirit also, but which now stand before him as utterly indifferent to him as the chessmen when the game is ended, or as in the morning the cast-off masquerading dress, which worried and disquieted us in the night in carnival. Life and its forms now pass before him as a fleeting illusion, as a light morning dream before half-waking eyes, the real world already shining through it so that it can no longer deceive; and like this morning dream, they finally vanish altogether without any violent transition.¹

In a letter to Liszt, Wagner himself gives a clear exposition of the Schopenhauer-Buddhistic ethics:

The question then arises, what he sees in this abnormal state, and whether our sympathy takes the form of *common joy* or *common sorrow*. This question the *true men of genius* and the *true saints* of all times have answered in the sense that they have seen nothing but *sorrow* and felt nothing but *common sorrow*. For they recognized the normal state of all living things and the terrible, always self-contradictory, always self-devouring and blindly egotistic nature of the "will of life" which is common to all living things.

This act of the "negation of the will" is the true characteristic of the saint, which finds its last completion in the absolute cessation of personal consciousness; and all consciousness must be personal and individual.

This deep longing (for the cessation of personal consciousness) is expressed more purely and more significantly in the most sacred and oldest religion of the human race, the doctrine of the Brahmins, and especially in its final transfiguration and highest perfection, Buddhism. This also expounds the myth of a creation of the world by God, but it does not celebrate this act as a boon, but calls it a sin of Brahma which he, *after having embodied himself in this world*, must atone for by the infinite sufferings of this very world. He finds his salvation in the saints who, by perfect negation of the "will of life," by the sympathy with all suffering which alone fills their heart, enter the state of Nirvana, i.e., "the land of being no longer." Such a saint was Buddha. According to his doctrine of the migration of souls, every man is born again in the form of that creature on which he had inflicted pain, however pure his life might otherwise have been. He himself must know this pain, and his sorrowful migration does not cease until, during an entire course of his new-born life, he has inflicted pain on no creature, but has denied his own will of life in the sympathy with other beings.

ciate the value of Schopenhauer's theory of music, as Henry T. Finck, the music critic, would have us believe. ("Wagner and His Works," Finck, Vol. II, p. 249.) Schopenhauer, however, admired Wagner's Nibelungen poem and said to Herr Wille, "Tell your friend Wagner that I thank him for his book, but that he should give up music; he has more genius for poetry. I, Schopenhauer, remain faithful to Rossini and Mozart." "Do you . . . fancy," added Wagner, "that I bore the philosopher any grudge for this?" (Ibid., p. 250.)

¹"The World as Will and Idea." Vol. I, p. 504.

In early Christianity we still see traces of the perfect negation of the "will of life," of the longing for the destruction of the world, i.e., the cessation of all existence. . . . In order to communicate this insight to others, the sublime founders of religion have therefore to speak in images, such as are accessible to the common normal perception. The normal vulgarity of man and the license of general egoism further distort the image until it becomes a caricature.¹

In his last opera, "Parsifal," Wagner embodies Schopenhauer's idea of pity. The chief source of the plot is "Parzival," an epic poem by Wolfram von Eschenbach. Another source was a Buddhist tale in Bournouf's "Introduction à l'histoire du Buddhisme Indien" (pp. 183-187) which suggested to Wagner in 1856 a drama to be called "Der Sieger" (The Victor). He had written down a rough sketch in which the hero, Chakya-Muni, becomes a Buddha by being "through pity enlightened." In addition, we find in this story the incident of the spear thrown by the wizard remaining fixed in the air and refusing to pierce the sacred hero; here also appear the beautiful decoy maidens, subject to the sorcerer's commands. These three details were later used in "Parsifal." A third component was another drama that Wagner had contemplated, "Jesus of Nazareth," in 1848, in which we find Magdalena (Kundry in "Parsifal") anxious to atone for her sins by service. She also washes the feet of Jesus (Parsifal in "Parsifal"), and dries them with her long black hair. Instead of writing two separate dramas, Wagner fused them by combining them with a third, "Parzival," a story from the Holy Grail cycle. Parsifal, the hero, has characteristics of Buddha, Christ, and Wagner's earlier heroes, Lohengrin and Siegfried—his mission is to relieve suffering and bring redemption. Kundry, the heroine of "Parsifal," is under the spell of Klingsor, a wizard, and enemy of the knights who guard the Holy Grail. She is forced to serve Klingsor for a part of her time, and in company of a number of decoy maidens, leads into sin the Grail knights who pass that way. When released periodically from her bondage, she seeks atonement for her sins by becoming the lowly servant of the Grail. She is identified with the Magdalene and with the Herodias of German legend who laughed at the Savior when he passed by, borne down by the weight of his cross, and for her mocking laughter was condemned to wander and to laugh eternally. In the first act, Parsifal is ignorant of pity, the highest moral virtue. He first shows his ignorance of pity and lack of compassion by wantonly killing the sacred swan. Gurnemanz, a knight of the Grail, reproaches him

¹The Correspondence of Wagner and Liszt, p. 190.

bitterly in a moving speech and makes Parsifal realize the sin he had committed. This is the first step in Parsifal's enlightenment—he has learned to feel pity for animals.¹

He has yet to attain the next degree and learn pity for a fellow-being. This opportunity is given him when Gurnemanz takes him to see the feast of the Holy Grail. Amfortas, the king, who had been wounded in a struggle with Klingsor by the Holy Spear and had been robbed of the weapon, was doomed to suffer until "the guileless fool, through pity enlightened," should close his wounds with a touch of the very spear that had pierced him. Every time Amfortas unveiled the Holy Grail, his strength was renewed and his suffering thus prolonged; each time, therefore, he shrank from the task. But he unveils the cup, nevertheless, blessing with it the bread and wine, which become possessed of a miraculously sustaining power, and are partaken of by the Brotherhood. Parsifal has remained a spectator of the solemn feast, but is utterly mystified, and when questioned by Gurnemanz at the end, is unable to answer. He is driven from the temple with contempt.

In the second act, in Klingsor's garden, Parsifal is tempted by Kundry, but instead of succumbing to her kiss of love, he suddenly understands Amfortas's sufferings, and is aware of Kundry's fate. Filled for the first time with pity for his fellow creature, he desires to help Amfortas and Kundry also. He is now the "guileless fool through pity enlightened." But Kundry is infuriated at her failure to charm and refuses to listen to his explanation that to grant her his love would condemn her to continue her miserable existence. She curses him to wander about the world, searching in vain for King Amfortas. But Kundry has done him a great service; through *love* he had learned pity and because of pity he was moved to give his aid. From this point his character undergoes a change; he now dominates the situation and carries out his destiny as redeemer. Klingsor appears and hurls the sacred spear at him, but it remains suspended over the head of Parsifal, who seizes it and describes the sign of the cross. Instantly

¹"Only once in his life did Wagner kill an animal for amusement. He joined a party of young hunters and shot a rabbit. Its dying look met his eyes and so moved him to pity that nothing could have induced him ever to go hunting again." This impression is reflected in the pathetic lines of Gurnemanz just referred to.

"Wagner was passionately fond of animals and they are introduced in all but three of his operas (Flying Dutchman, Tristan, and Meistersinger). There are horses in *Rienzi*, *Tannhäuser*, *Walküre*, *Götterdämmerung*; a swan and a dove in *Rheingold*; a ram in *Walküre*; a bear, a dragon and a bird in *Siegfried*; ravens in *Götterdämmerung*; a swan in *Parsifal*. The swans, the bird, and the dragon are accompanied by some of the most characteristic or beautiful music in the respective operas." . . . ("Wagner and his Works," Finck, Vol. II, p. 198.)

the castle vanishes and the garden is changed to a desert. Kundry sinks in a swoon.

The last act is devoted to Parsifal's search for the Grail Castle, long and fruitless because of Kundry's curse. At last it is ended, and Parsifal heals Amfortas, and takes in his hands the Holy Grail from which emanates a wondrous light. A descending dove circles above Parsifal's head; Kundry falls to the ground, lifeless; Gurnemanz and Amfortas sink to their knees before the holy Parsifal, while voices sing softly of redemption. In "Parsifal," Wagner has followed Schopenhauer's conception of pity as expressed in "Grundlage der Moral":

Pity alone is the true basis of all free justice and all genuine humanity. Only insofar as an action springs from it, has it a moral worth.¹

Wagner adopts Schopenhauer's theory of love in "Tristan and Isolde," which is considered by many the most perfect of his operas. Schopenhauer considers love the most powerful and irresistible of motives after the love of life itself. As such it is eminently entitled to be the chief interest of a drama:

This high importance of the matter, in which it is not a question of individual weal or woe, as in all other matters, but of the existence and special nature of the human race in future times, and therefore the will of the individual appears at a higher power as the will of the species;—this it is, on which the pathetic and sublime elements in affairs of love depend, which for thousands of years poets have never wearied of representing in innumerable examples; because no theme can equal in interest this one, which stands to all others which only concern the welfare of individuals, as the body to the surface, because it concerns the weal and woe of the species. Just on this account, then, is it so difficult to impart interest to a drama without the element of love, and, on the other hand, this theme is never worn out even by daily use.²

A man and woman in love are merely dupes of the will to live. Under an illusion that they seek their own pleasure, they serve the species:

Marriages from love are made in the interest of the species, not of the individuals. Certainly the persons imagine that they are advancing their own happiness; but their real end is one which is foreign to them-

¹P. 208. "Parsifal" was the immediate cause of the dissolution of the famous friendship of Wagner and Nietzsche. Nietzsche had started out as an ardent disciple of Schopenhauer, but when "Parsifal" was written he had repudiated the doctrines of pessimism and had transformed "the will to live" into "the will to power." From his new standpoint he believed pity the chief vice, hence his horror of "Parsifal," which exalts pity as the chief virtue.

²"The World as Will and Idea." Vol. III, Bk. 4, p. 340.

selves, for it lies in the production of an individual which is only possible through them.¹

In plays and novels we sympathize invariably, Schopenhauer says, with the young lovers who fight in the interest of the species, rather than with their elders who are thinking merely of the welfare of the individuals and try to separate them:

For the efforts of the lovers appear to us much more important, sublime, and therefore right, than anything that can be opposed to them, as the species is more important than the individual. Accordingly, the fundamental theme of almost all comedies is the appearance of the genius of the species with its aims, which are opposed to the personal interest of the individual presented, and therefore threaten to undermine its happiness. As a rule it attains its ends, which, as in accordance with poetical justice, satisfies the spectator, because he feels that the aims of the species are much to be preferred to those of the individual. Therefore at the conclusion he leaves the victorious lovers quite confidently, because he shares with them the illusion that they have founded their own happiness, while they have rather sacrificed it to the choice of the species, against the will and foresight of their elders. . . . In tragedies containing love affairs, since the aims of the species are frustrated, the lovers who were its tools generally perish also.²

In "Tristan and Isolde" we have the tragedy of two lovers who are drawn together by the will of the species. The magic love-philiter, which they drink in the first act by mistake, thinking it a death potion, is "the visible dramatic symbol of love's irresistible power, and as such it pervades, both poetically and musically, the whole drama."³

Wagner has changed the Tristan legend to the extent of making Isolde merely the betrothed of King Mark, for in the last act King Mark says to Isolde that he had come not to punish but to give her as bride to Tristan. The fact that Tristan made love to King Mark's betrothed and not to his wife may help us to a slight extent to condone his behavior. But the chief reason for our sympathy with the lovers is that we know that they are acting under the compulsion of the love-draught, symbol of the will of the species. This irresistible love has its origin in the sexual impulse and is indeed synonymous with it under special conditions, according to Schopenhauer:

For all love, however ethereally it may bear itself, is rooted in the sexual impulse alone, nay, it absolutely is only a more definitely determined, specialized, and indeed in the strictest sense, individualized sexual

¹Ibid., p. 371.

²Ibid., p. 365.

³"Wagner and His Works," Finck, p. 168.

impulse. If now, keeping this in view, one considers the important part which the sexual impulse in all its degrees and nuances plays not only on the stage and in novels, but also in the real world, where, next to the love of life, it shows itself the strongest and most powerful of motives, constantly lays claim to half the powers and thought of the younger portion of mankind, is the ultimate goal of almost all human effort, exerts an adverse influence on the most important events, interrupts the most serious occupations every hour, sometimes embarrasses for a while even the greatest minds, does not hesitate to intrude with its trash, interfering with the negotiations of statesmen and the investigations of men of learning, knows how to slip its love-letters and locks of hair even into ministerial portfolios and philosophical manuscripts, and no less devises daily the most entangled and the worst actions, destroys the most valuable relationships, breaks the firmest bonds, demands the sacrifice of life or health, sometimes of wealth, rank and happiness, nay, robs those who are otherwise honest, of all conscience, makes those who have hitherto been faithful, traitors; accordingly, on the whole, appears as a malevolent demon that strives to pervert, or confuse, and overthrow everything.¹

Although Schopenhauer was undoubtedly the chief philosophic influence on Wagner, it is equally true that Wagner was an extremely complex character and expressed himself in many ways that were inconsistent with Wagnerism and pessimism alike. This is surely nothing against him, if we believe with Emerson that consistency is the vice of small minds. We shall make slow progress mentally if we search the dusty records of our past utterances to see whether we have said, or, more damningly, written anything that contradicts, or is inconsistent with, what we now think or wish to write. It is a foolish egotism that bids us crawl on all fours after consistency; a desire to make such world-true statements that they will outlast the individual. Having laid down the law, as it were, we seemingly scorn, but in reality are afraid, to erase what we have written. We should realize that no statement of truth is final, and be proud of having the mental ability to constantly revise and edit our conclusions in the never ending search for greater truth. It is far better to be inconsistent in one's own statements than to be at odds with the truth. It is wilfully choosing to wear bonds of self-manufacture to striding free among the enchanting fields of thought. To refuse the god-like privilege of changing one's mind—what folly! A man who is slavishly consistent in his ideas is inconsistent with his hopes of realizing his highest mental grasp. Foolish consistency denotes mental hesitation and sometimes decay; it is a refusal "to put away childish things." And to demand consistency of a great mind is to stretch genius upon a Procrustean bed.

¹"The World as Will and Idea," Vol. III, Bk. 4, p. 339.

In his brilliant little book, "The Perfect Wagnerite,"¹ Shaw has painted a truthful portrait of Wagner, the "inconsistent."

Wagner's explanations of his works, for the most part, explain nothing but the mood in which he happened to be on the day he advanced them, or the train of thought suggested to his very susceptible imagination and active mind by the points raised by his questioner. Especially in his private letters where his outpourings are modified by his dramatic consciousness of the personality of his correspondent, do we find him taking all manner of positions, and putting forward all sorts of cases which must be taken as clever and suggestive special pleadings, and not as serious and permanent expositions of his works. Those works must speak for themselves: if "The Ring" says one thing, and a letter afterwards says that he said something else, "The Ring" must be taken to confute the letter just as conclusively as if the two had been written by a different hand.

However, nobody fairly acquainted with Wagner's utterances as a whole will find any unaccountable contradictions in them. As in all men of his type, our manifold nature was so marked in him that he was like several different men rolled into one. When he had exhausted himself in the character of the most pugnacious, aggressive and sanguine of reformers, he rested himself as a pessimist and nirvanist. . . . Wagner was not a Schopenhauerite every day in the week, nor even a Wagnerite. His mind changes as often as his mood. . . . In short, Wagner can be quoted against himself almost without limit, much as Beethoven's adagios could be quoted against his scherzos if a dispute arose between two fools as to whether he was a melancholy man or a merry one.

¹Page 116.

RICHARD WAGNER : CONSTRUCTIVE AND DESTRUCTIVE

By ADOLF WEISSMANN

THE time has come when we can command a view of Wagner's achievement. True, the world is by no means through with him as an artistic phenomenon. He cannot be waved aside or ignored; on the contrary, he is still courted, even eagerly. Indeed, it might be averred that Wagner's influence is far more undisputed abroad than in Germany, where, even long before the war, we had begun to test him with the critical probe. Of course, this has also been done abroad, especially in France, as is proved by the emergence of Debussy, who circumvented Wagner critically and cleverly. But the great multitude of music-lovers cling to Wagner. Their longing for him has even increased since the war. It is a matter of record that not only *Tristan* and *Die Meistersinger*, but the *Ring*, as well, are performed everywhere, and that people are striving to penetrate the meaning of just those of his works which are evidently the most impermanent. For it may well be already accepted as a platitude that, in the Tetralogy, theory exercises a debilitating influence and impairs the effect of the grand situations upborne by inspiration. And yet Wagner, who swayed the minds and hearts of his contemporaries with so tyrannous compulsion, though vehemently attacked both by word and deed, has not been surpassed in his peculiar domain, the opera. The power of the great non-problematist, Verdi, and the skill and refinement of the epigone, Puccini, have held their own against him, to be sure, and *Carmen* has lost none of its freshness. For some twenty years Mussorgsky's *Boris Godunov*, as the glorification of Russian nationality by a genial dilettante, has exerted its captivating charm. But Wagner stands apart from them all—ay, above them. His *Tristan*, his *Meistersinger*, still hold their own uncontested. Meanwhile *Pelléas et Mélisande*, that marvel of refinement, the fine flower of a nature averse to all self-revelment, the repudiation of the opera, has also had a hearing. Richard Strauss's *Salome* and *Elektra* have made a sensation as feats of artistry and as reflexes of human neurasthenia. In France and Italy new experiments have been tried, but without lasting influence on the masses.

Richard Wagner has maintained his unique position in the world of opera. This position, however, results from the fact that, as his music-drama was evolved from a criticism of all earlier opera-production, with Wagner himself begins the entire problem-complex of recent times. Wagner's work is fruitful criticism of the opera, systematically carried out. But, at the same time, his system convulsed the very foundations of music. By the creation of his seductive, gigantic work, and forcing its success by a ruthlessly uncompromising propaganda, he brought about disintegration, started controversies, and sowed the seed of all dissensions regarding the later music down to the present.

We are inclined and accustomed to consider Wagner's works as the synthesis of all romantic music. True as this is, it must be said that the peculiar way in which he worked entailed hitherto unheard-of consequences in music.

Wagner represents the fundamental opposition to all naturalism in music. He possesses a continuity of contemplation, of introspection, such as Berlioz possessed before him, and applies it systematically as an element of creative activity, thereby troubling the fountainhead of creation. All his music was produced only in relation to poetry and literature, with an eye to the intellectual. And while intellectualism thus seemingly celebrated its most brilliant triumphs, its nature was determined by a deep-rooted erotic vein in the man Wagner. Never had sensuality found more dangerous expression in music, for never had it entered into so intimate a combination with the intellectual. Both elements of music, the sensual and the spiritual, were brought into a system. The Wagnerian music-drama was the most grandiose of all self-revelations in music. And it would likewise have been the most untrammelled, had not that same self-observation that kept watch over all his creative activities always spoken the deciding word.

In an ultimate sense, Wagner is never sincere. He systematically exploited the "pose" in music. Nietzsche gibbeted the "playactor" in Wagner. We, however, must go still further and demonstrate how egoism, washing away all that was noble in Wagner, presided over the introspection of Wagner the artist. His egoism is unexampled in the history of art. In him we first encounter the genius without character. He gave evidence of character only by the manner in which he carried his work to a conclusion—and here, too, with an unparalleled egoism which exploited ruthlessly all other artists, every available agency of art, for his own ends.

Herefrom results Wagner's peculiar *modus operandi*, his tremendous power, the constructive and destructive potency of his achievement.

First of all, let us examine Wagner's orchestra, probably the most striking factor, and the one which has exercised the strongest influence on following times. In it two principles assert themselves, the dramatic and the symphonic. For the dramatic principle Wagner employed the leading-motive as chief agency. It has been repeatedly pointed out that the leading-motive has its ancestors in the history of music. With Wagner, however, it gains a new significance. Theory, poetry and literature have played their part in its development. It is indeed a wonder that inspiration was able to participate at all, and to make itself felt.

For the symphonic principle, Beethoven was Wagner's model. But Wagner was by nature no symphonist, not possessing the handicraft. He needed the symphonic element in order to develop the epic. We well know with what solicitude, with what heedfulness for intensification, Richard Wagner ordered the *crescendi* and *decrescendi* of the several scenes. For these sonorous waves he required the symphonic element.

But from this coalescence a species of hybrid necessarily resulted. Wagner's orchestra commingled the two principles, the dramatic and symphonic, in sonorities of intoxicating effect. The kinetic force operating therein is of a psychophysiological nature. Sensuous man is the creator of tone-combination: but, however strongly sensuousness might be developed in Wagner, he could never have imagined such tone-complexes if he had remained a purely German artist as regards the use of artistic means. The charge that Wagner exploited Liszt's work for his own benefit has been repeatedly repelled by the Wagnerians. But it must be said (without impugning the greatness of Wagner) that without Liszt his achievement would have assumed a totally different shape. Everything in Wagner's works related to impression and color, was anticipated by Liszt. Liszt, the most remarkable phenomenon of the nineteenth century, was the eternal Bohemian, the great cosmopolite, predestined to link together the art and artists of all the world. His were the unrestful spirit, the ever-impressionable nerves, the creative emotionality, that could absorb whatever was most alien and recast it as something new. But what this consummate virtuoso and half-master created, could be used only as a means to a higher end. Liszt did not possess the faculty of concentration that would have conduced to a purposeful elaboration of his discoveries. It was Wagner's great good fortune

to find this artist, who squandered his wealth in small coin, who was disinterested as a man, and so placed all his attainments at the disposal of him whom he considered to represent the consummation of his epoch in music.

In Liszt one notes the operation of certain fundamental principles which reappear in Wagner. With Liszt, who was no symphonist, the motive—conceived as a leading-motive—is used as a building-stone, and in a quite different sense from that in which it was employed by Beethoven. Richard Wagner, who resembled Liszt in certain fundamental views, though not in race, possessed the power to erect a convincing counterfeit form out of a combination of the dramatic motive with Beethoven's symphonic development—which Liszt did not succeed in doing. Liszt spent his energies on the symphonic poem, on which Wagner always looked down derisively, but which he himself scrutinized with most heedful attention. For it was his principle to take the good wherever he found it.

Richard Wagner, although not indubitably an Aryan *pur sang*, was nevertheless a systematist, whereas Liszt followed fortuitous impulses. By nature Wagner was destitute of harmonic inventiveness; it can even be shown that he long had a questionable predilection for the diminished seventh-chord. Liszt, on the other hand, an artist who not only revelled in light and color, but pressed forward much faster and more erratically than Wagner, discovered that augmented triad whose ambiguity rendered it the vehicle for expressing all that is veiled and mystical. These two, Wagner and Liszt, were affiliated by a similar sensuous longing. With Liszt the decisive suspended Tristan-chord makes its appearance before developing its vast germinal power with Wagner.

So we see that, while in Liszt and Wagner the same fundamental principles, the same romantic yearning, the same fondness for theatricality, the same trait of universality, operate in conjunction with two totally opposite characters, the influence of these latter brings about totally different results. Wagner's methodism, supported by an inflexible egoism and an unwearied power of assimilation, realized the marvellous feat of combining the most diverse elements and welding them into a whole.

That this whole should bear the characteristics of a hybrid must be evident to every musician, and so we see why all the "regulars" rose as one man against Richard Wagner and accused him of desecrating the temple. For, firstly, no more violent assault on conventionality in form is conceivable, than was launched by Wagner. Secondly, this orchestra not merely asserted itself as

the mightiest champion of sensuous mankind, but at the same time claimed to be the expression of the loftiest idealism in the musical art of the stage—loftiest music and loftiest drama. Wagner employed the agency of polyphony, but in his hands it becomes a simulated polyphony, because the sensuous element is the decisive one. This element insists that the polyphony shall be as euphonious as possible. Polyphony is the handmaid of transcendental music; euphony implies something material. Hence, Wagner's orchestra is the scene of a contest between two opponents, one of whom, the champion of sensuous man, wins the victory. Wagner's orchestra for the first time carried out the employment of accessory (filling out) parts to such a degree as to intensify the sonority to intoxicating effect. Thus the world has seen how a man not musically endowed by nature, a musician who would never have become great on the strength of his melodic invention alone, realized tremendous effects by blending various antagonistic elements in his orchestra. And this orchestra, the resultant of a blending of two opposing elements, is likewise capable of the utmost refinement, whereof *Tristan* and *Die Meistersinger* are the proof. With comparatively slight expenditure of means, unheard-of results were attained.

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Although Wagner's orchestra was a hybrid product, it cast its spell over the world entire, because it met the longing of the senses common to all impressionable humanity. Wagner's form encountered far more violent opposition among musicians.

His form, too, is of course a hybrid, but it is *his* form, and his alone. It was an abrupt negation of the sonata. To be sure, one can find in Wagner a great deal of thematic work in Beethoven's style, but the constructive principle is different, growing, as it does, out of a different individuality; the development of the scene, too, requires another course. In fact, no justification can be found for this form considered as pure music, but only in connection with the action and the words.

And yet, in the overtures to Wagner's music-dramas we have examples of a wholly new constructive power. In this respect the Vorspiele to *Lohengrin*, *Tristan* and *Die Meistersinger* are marvels of structural genius. In Wagner we find the unique capacity of uniting the intensest nervous sensibility to the intensest will-power. Though we are bound to say that in Wagner not everything was pure inspiration, it is equally necessary to add that, in

moments of highest inspiration, no one has reached Wagner in perfection of constructive mastership. Of himself the Master said: "I am neither a poet nor a musician. But in the moment of creative inspiration, I become both." Wagner certainly could not compete in fugue-building with one of the great contrapuntists. He could write no dry, workmanlike counterpoint. But presently, in the Vorspiel to *Die Meistersinger*, he surpasses them all, these men who made a handicraft of counterpoint. Without being prepared, or rather exhausted, for the great moment by daily exercises, he writes from inspiration, in a moment of strong emotion, such a counterpoint as had never been known. Here he achieved the unique, because the commonplace was foreign to him. The visionary contemplation of the scene and the imaginative evocation of the German past made of him in this case, and likewise in the *Prügelszene*, the most remarkable of contrapuntists.

Similar architectonic power is shown in the Vorspiel to *Tristan*. In one aspect his art is here possibly even more admirable. For out of a nucleus of two measures, that an average composer would not have thought available as constructive elements, he develops the whole structure of the monumental piece. Many attempts have been made to explain the architecture of the *Tristan* Vorspiel. One thing is certain, that it contains a continuous succession of chords in delayed resolution. Here, too, the visionary contemplation of the scene, or rather of the psychic processes, impelled the musician to the uninterrupted development of the nucleus, to the tremendous intensifications, and to the soft exhalation of the close. Boundless longing herein becomes creative.

The form which Richard Wagner devised for the several numbers of his music-dramas, cannot be traced back to some determinate formula. It could not, however, have been realized without that rhythmic impulse that always revived when longing, spirit and nerves threatened a debilitating reaction.

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In Wagner's music-dramas the orchestra seemingly played such a rôle that one could hardly conceive how the human voice can "come through" at all.

It is sufficiently obvious that Wagner took only an indirect interest in the voice as a voice. He was too deficient in "natural" musical instinct to love song as song. Although he acted as Kapellmeister for a while, and brought out Italian operas, he, the dramatic poet and universal mind, was chiefly occupied with the

spirit of the language. The voices interested him only in so far as they expressed the spirit of the language and as a means of expressing the action. His *Sprachgesang* arose from a quite natural contempt for *bel canto*. But Wagner could assuredly not have created it without knowing its predecessor, the *recitativo secco* and *obbligato* of the Italians. The difference between them is merely this—that Wagner never ceases to allot to the orchestra the leading rôle in the music and in the psychological motivation of the action. Wagner's *Sprachgesang* must gradually grow into something artificial. For it is simply impossible to evolve the sung part solely out of the language. There is no uninterrupted parallelism between the two factors. As a matter of course, under such conditions the vocal line must suffer. There is a striving to assimilate the notes to the words. But, however carefully the words of the drama may be chosen with reference to the music, the secret antagonism between the two cannot be reconciled. The spirit from which language flows runs counter, in its very nature, to the wellspring of music. The organs which produce a telling speech are not the same as those which create inspired music. In fact, the propensity for verbosity which has already been determined, has had disastrous results for said *Sprachgesang*. Wagner continually seeks after rational statement in words. He favors logical procedure above music. The rational is opposed to the irrational. So it is quite natural that his music should be subjected to and impaired by a higher influence, the *Sprachgesang* of the actors and singers. The *Sprachgesang* has its own line, its form. But this is only a simulated form. Fortunately, this antagonism between words and music is resolved in great situations into a perfect concord by the musician's creative inspiration; at times it is supplanted by lyrical effusions, vividly brought out by this master of scenic art. But still more has been done: the speech-inflections are often most admirably caught by Wagner the musician, and interwoven with the sense of the words. Precisely in *Tristan*, whose lyricism to our mind is of uniquely grand and compelling effect, there are certain questionings, certain ironical turns in the music, such as genius alone could imagine—a genius, to be sure, that could never have attained the conversational charm of the French comedy-opera, and yet drew forth from spiritual depths a power for the masterly command of musical speech. We are not unaware that Wagner's prose style was unwieldy, and that this quality of his prose frequently infected his poetry. Facility was not in his line. He did not write in dance-rhythm. Wit he did not possess. When he strove for it, as in the Beckmesser

scenes of *Die Meistersinger*, we find the weakest points in this masterwork. For the humor of the *Meistersinger*, developed from a broad view of life, is out of harmony with, let us say, the kind of wit that springs from an intentionally false accentuation of syllables. That is artificial wit. Strangely enough, these situations have actually won celebrity, and the laughter of theatre-audiences approves them: similarly, these audiences would find something funny in a misstep or fall during the performance. On the other hand, a man like Richard Wagner, brought up on German humanistic lore, often conceives his poetic text as a lecture; like a true pedagogue he repeats what he had said before, just to make sure that his reader (whom he looks upon as his pupil) has understood it. Wagner, as a dramatic poet, is logical and philological.

It is passing strange that all this artificiality, this logics and philologies, did not, in their foreign interpretation, paralyze the effect of Wagner abroad. One can understand how a German, with his native spirit of deference and natural craving for education, accepts even those features which seem totally at variance with the dramatic effect. For, after all, the congeniality of these German words to the German mind is undeniable. But how does it happen that foreigners as well are not deterred from harkening to the magician, and following him through the most tortuous mazes of the Teutonic legendary world? That must indeed be an irresistible power which so attracts even foreign musicians and music-lovers. And little as we are inclined to underestimate the potent effect of stage-management as ultimately embodied at Bayreuth, we can ascribe the unexampled influence exerted by Wagner only to the might of his music.

Its distinctive trait is the unique blending of the immeasurable with the sensual in such wise, that this latter always regains the upper hand. For the first time it came to pass that instinct found metaphysical justification in music. The vast dimensions of this music, contravening all custom, found their repeated vindication in the spirit that controlled them and in their imposing synthetic architecture; still, prolixities oftentimes made themselves felt, but least in *Tristan* and *Die Meistersinger*, which have thus become the criteria for Wagner and his influence.

Tristan is not only the culmination of Wagner's art, but a boundary-mark in music as a whole. This music-drama is meant to be a glorification of superhuman love striving after Nirvana, and is likewise the most complete and undisguised revelation of the human ego. Never was erotic longing expressed with stronger and with so unequivocal devices. Here we stand at the point

where the romantic stream flows into the physiological and, arriving thus at fullest fruition, renounces its own individuality. *Tristan* is the music-drama of psychic tensions urging on and on without resolution. The expressive agent of these tensions is the suspended dissonance. Wagner, physically pulsating and panting, by systematizing the use of the suspension, exhausts its value as a means for the expression of longing. The Wagnerian sequence which, as in the *Liebestod*, urges forward with calculated intensification, may be considered as the musical imitation of a physical process. But nothing was more dangerous than to resolve romantic longing—that yearning after the infinite—into a longing for the finite, into something physiological. This self-revelation, which was a systematic exploitation not only of the suspension, but also of the chromatic harmony associated therewith, was bound to bring about the death of romanticism.

With what mastership Richard Wagner employed the material provided him by his period, and more especially by Liszt, may be seen *inter alia* at the beginning of the second act of *Tristan*. One can hardly find lovelier impressionistic music than this. The ascending basses tell of profound longing. But never had they been devised, had not Liszt written his *Waldeesrauschen*. Thus a piece of salon music stands in blood-relationship to the most poetical inspiration to be found in the realm of tones. And that is just the point—the systematic, calculated, utterly unrestricted manner in which Wagner exploited every means for the expression of longing, carried romanticism to its loftiest height and its final bound.

In Wagner's music, however, the affinity to the physical does not make itself felt only in the expression of erotic feeling, in the utterance of Dionysiac passion. We all know how, in the third act of *Tristan*, every heart-throb, every breath of the suffering, fevered hero is reflected in the interpretation.

Wagner's second work of worldwide influence, *Die Meistersinger*, may be viewed as a counterweight to *Tristan*. Here C major, the diatonic system, wins the day, although here too the suspension plays a leading part, and the kinship with *Tristan* is obvious. In this drama a strong, wholesome popular type comes to the fore. The march, the simplest and most German of measure-forms, is the foundation of the rhythm. Even the Number, recalling the Aria, is retained, whereby an affinity with the old Opera is established. Besides, Wagner's orchestra is here reduced to its simplest constituents, and derives its euphony essentially from a peculiar style of polyphony, and therefore sets a precedent.

But in *Die Meistersinger* we again find something untoward; here the *Sprachgesang* is for the first time applied to everyday matters. The *recitativo secco*, formerly used in the freest way to help along the action with the support of simple chords, was of course replaced long before by the so-called endless melody; but even here, where the stream of music seems to flow incessantly, a certain dryness in the expression of the commonplace, of things material, cannot be avoided. To be sure, this same stream also carries one over the shallows. In any case, this *Sprachgesang* in *Die Meistersinger* infected the whole world. From that work, the fruitful effort of a genius, came the impulse for the "through-composed" opera. Since Wagner no bit of talk, however impossible of musical setting it may appear, but is set to music. This precedent had its strongest effect on Richard Strauss, that born symphonist, who, taking *Die Meistersinger* as his model, utilized his unlimited technical resources for the presentation of the most material subjects. *Der Rosenkavalier* is comprehensible only as a combination of the Meistersinger style with the Viennese, tempered by the striving of Richard Strauss after a new Mozartism.

Now, contemplating Wagner in all his aspects as a romanticist, it must be said that he carried the possibilities of the sensual tendency in romanticism to their ultimate development. In romanticism lies an embryonic sensuality. The truly great romanticists, including the poets, were sensualists. And beyond a doubt the longing of the romantic musician was always ready to turn into physical longing. He sought for strange sonorities that should excite his senses. Far apart as were the Austrian Schubert and the Franco-Pole Chopin, the sensuous intoxication of tone is common to both. In Robert Schumann this romantic tone-color is blended with something spiritual and something bourgeois. And still, even with him, polyharmony, the sister of polyphony, made progress. Thus the harmonic element acted as a destroyer of form. In fact, the true romanticists were masters of the small form, striving as they did to make the vertical section of their scores as full-sounding as possible. But the non-sensual and super-sensual tendency in romanticism found its fulfillment in Brahms through a conjunction of the counterweight of the large form inherited from Bach and Beethoven with the romantic element. His influence would have bereft romanticism of all that is physical and sensual, had not Wagner championed the sensual tendency by means of his stage-works. He combines all the elements of romanticism, the spiritual, the literary, the bourgeois and the sensual, yet in such a way that, in the final analysis, the physical

element prevails in the music. Hence the tremendous and perilous influence of Richard Wagner can be explained; by enlisting the sympathies of intellectuals and slaves of instinct alike, this music achieves more than any other of the nineteenth century, but at the same time brings about that nervous exhaustion, that weariness, manifested in various symptoms.

Materialism in music—such is the result of a development brought to a conclusion with Wagner and by Wagner. This is sufficiently remarkable, for in this art a tendency toward the metaphysical has always been in evidence.

The foregoing discussion shows that Wagner's music has had such transporting power because in it the mighty expression of physical longing was commensurate with the power of the will. And the physiological spell of this music was cast even over the most exacting, because this same will controlled the multiple rhythms arising from the relation of the music to the body by a super-rhythm which in turn governed the architectonics of the art-work as a whole. Here that which we should like to call the loftiest dilettantism expanded, for the first time, into mastership.

But it will be understood that an art-work dependent on so unique a combination of, in part, antagonistic factors is necessarily impossible of imitation with respect to its method for all time to come. Upon this problem much effort has been wasted.

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With Richard Wagner begins whatever is problematic in music. Even what we designate as reaction against him, is bound up with him in its positive aspects. Nor need we marvel thereat. Only with the greatest difficulty shall we arrive at a decision to banish longing out of our creative work. However vehemently we may wage war upon romanticism, it is hard to do without it; from Beethoven downward it has stood the test in so many instances, has so enraptured mankind; and it is still a living power. Indeed, a large part, the great majority, of those who are impressionable to music, do not participate in this war upon romanticism, and possibly know nothing about it. This goes so far that Mozart himself, whom some declare to be unromantic, a pure musician, stands by no means so high in favor as all the masters that succeeded him. We shall not attempt to decide, whether Mozart is really unromantic; certain it is, that in his music there can be no question of any relation to the physical man in the degree familiar to the nineteenth century. Just for that reason, it is to-day the

connoisseurs rather than the general public who range themselves on Mozart's side. A program of Beethoven's works filling an evening is far easier to listen to, than one such of Mozart's. In the latter's works people find too much uniformity. Besides, with romanticism begins the development of originality. The stronger the attraction felt by the organism in every fibre for music, and the more closely the literary and the sensuous, the spiritual and the physical elements are coördinated, the more will uniformity in creation be shunned and the exceptional sought. This leads, however, to an unheard-of consumption of material. What is termed "musical invention" was extended, by Wagner's efforts, to entirely new elements of the work of art. And inasmuch as the latter ceases to be a purely musical work, the purely musical element loses in value.

Still, one might guess, from the echoes following Wagner's achievement, what would be really popular about the year 1900. The producers between 1880 and 1900 may be dismissed without comment. Then, two masters confront each other—in Germany Richard Strauss, as Wagner's heir; in France Claude Debussy, the anti-Wagnerian. Strauss one-sidedly continued the materialism of the orchestra, and degraded the romantic element into sentimentality; but, by drawing upon all tangible things and his own ego as material for musical setting, he is independent of Wagner as regards formal construction in so far as he, with unparalleled ability, brought the expanded sonata-form to fullest fecundity in his symphonic poems. Furthermore, his temperament is quite dissimilar to Wagner's, having none of the latter's ponderousness and pathos, and a different rhythm; while employing the ampler resources of the orchestra, he can be positively amusing. True, he possesses neither the depth nor the breadth which alone ensure a work of lasting life. It is also true, that Strauss has an unquenchable yearning for Mozart, and, in *Ariadne auf Naxos*, attains to an immaterialization of the music—at least in his sense. Withal, Strauss must be considered the most original representative of post-romanticism in its materialistic development; in his orchestra, too, the polyphony is simulated throughout.

None the less, Richard Strauss is more popular in the musical world than Claude Debussy, whose aim and end was the total extinction of romanticism. There is no doubt whatever that Debussy was a far more genuine innovator than Strauss. For, although he borrowed the bourgeois sentimentality of Massenet's entourage, and the ninth-chord with its intensifications from Wagner's realm, he knew how to utilize these things after his own

fashion. Endowed with too slight power as a musician to succumb to the blandishments of indecency, he shakes off sentimentality in every guise, and sets chords side by side as expressional values. All longing, all relation to the physical and its tributary system of suspensions, is brushed aside. Debussy, as a "pure musician," thought he had thus found the way back to the French music of the eighteenth century, and switched off the romantic-sentimental nineteenth. But is this Debussy, who derives his Tone from the laws of acoustics, actually a "pure" musician? Is no trace of romanticism to be found in him? He is a man of letters, a poet, an intellectual, who from his height of culture would restore music to pristine purity. But for that very reason he too, in all his originality, can not as a musician completely divest himself of Wagner's influence. In his *Pelléas et Mélisande* he took over the germs of musical decadence, all that was feeble and failing in *Tristan* and *Parsifal*. He also depressed the folk-tone in Mousorgsky, in order to adapt it to his own uses.

Debussy's influence on musicians was that of a true pioneer; for modern music, what he wrought is indispensable. But for the host of those who delight in music he had not sufficient energy to make head against Wagner and everything associated with him. The general public may indeed, as a creature of habit, have a leaning toward sentimentality. For sentimentality is precisely the unproductive slothfulness of feeling that is induced by habit. But this same public accepts only such matters as pertain to flesh and blood, and rejects those of languid growth. It is true that the sensuous is not everything in music, and requires purification; but woe to music when it renounces sensuousness altogether. That way lies death.

In Arnold Schönberg the reaction against romanticism strives to maintain its course. But in his case we feel, even more than in Debussy, the attempt to overcome Wagner's predominance at all hazards. For he comes from a country of which romanticism is a native product; moreover, he belongs to a race which lends a peculiar color to romanticism. As a Jew, he deepens romantic emotion by his fervency, but at the same time an inborn negative element of criticism opposes it. All his early works bear witness to the mighty influence exerted upon him by Wagner as embodied in *Tristan*. Of this we find plain evidence in *Verklärte Nacht*, *Pelleas und Melisande*, the *Gurre-Lieder*. But in his chamber-music the struggle with romanticism is likewise felt. We may even assert that this conflict hinders Schönberg from becoming an architect in the grand style. The reaction against the romantic

manifests itself acutely in what is called horizontal counterpoint. When musicians appeal to the final Beethoven, and above all to Bach (whose horizontal counterpoint is under theoretical investigation by Ernst Kurth), they enter the lists for the rehabilitation of pure music. They would uproot sensuous romanticism in its extremest harmonic effects as represented in Wagner and the new colorist school. For them horizontal writing means a negation of the tonal centre. This extreme reaction against romanticism, as manifested to-day among the younger German composers, is an outrage by the brain on the senses. Tone as tone, i.e., sonority, is repudiated; hearing with the inner ear, as opposed to the outer, is raised to a dogma. This strong reaction against romanticism is natural and necessary. But as nothing which is dogmatic, being founded on argumentation, can create real music, this movement will lose itself in sand unless some genuinely creative genius shall free it from the fetters of dogma. There can be no horizontal counterpoint without a leading part. When a part leads, however, it must be inspired by a truly creative power. There is nothing worse than a counterpoint in which all the parts are equal.

Nothing can be more sharply contrasted with Richard Wagner than chamber-music, which repudiates aught of hybrid origin. For chamber-music is the concrete disavowal of all that is vague, all padding, all the arts of the colorist. The essential substance shall again come into its own. But what is this substance? It is said to be (in total opposition to Wagner) totally dissociated from humanity—pure music. But is there a music which is not rooted in the soil of humanity? Is there a real music minus emotion? Must not a music that is nothing more than a juxtaposition of parts without concern for their combined tone-effect, finally become drab and empty?

Such are the questions attending this extremist insurrection against romanticism. We are the witnesses of an intellectual excess which is championed, we must admit, with great contrapuntal skill and astounding will-power by a youthful composer like Ernst Krenek. Great works, however, can be produced only when a genius has complete freedom of choice as to the means. Horizontal counterpoint is only one of these, and an harmonic centre must always exist. Paul Hindemith, in his earliest string-quartets at least, presents the best example of the possibility of an original polytonality. While by no means everything he has written is successful, we know whither music, divested of romantic elements, is bound; assuredly not toward a purely intellectual goal, but a goal whereto inspiration shall lead.

Dionysos being thus, to all appearance, finally dethroned, and succeeded by speculative intellectualism, the simultaneous rise of Gustav Mahler should excite the utmost surprise. For in Mahler we experience a revival of clangorous Wagnerianism. Wagner's stage lends its decorative art to Mahler's symphonies. He is an exponent of ecstasy, a neurasthenic; both vibrate in his tone-color. But not these alone. For in recent times there is nothing more complicated than Mahler's work, in which the scenic, popular and intellectual elements are blended without combining into unity. But that such a phenomenon should meet with so loud acclaim in one part of the world once more bears witness to Wagner's power. People are not ready to give up their clangorous tone-festivals. They love the physical, the romantic, in music.

And in another part of the world, where the forces of a novel sonority are deployed against Wagner, the Russian element, the spirit of Moussorgsky, has become fruitful through Igor Stravinsky. The Primitive has risen to oppose the Romantic. Stravinsky is perhaps the sole important musician of our times who has nothing of Richard Wagner in his make-up—perhaps the only one who renounces the entire evolution of the nineteenth century, from Beethoven down. Nevertheless, he possesses romanticism a-plenty, as a counterpoise to sublime impudence. Proof—his fondness for one Tchaikovsky, impossible to imagine without Robert Schumann.

But this primitive element, in association with atonality, certainly represents the strongest reaction against Wagner. We do not know, however, what fruits it yet may bear.

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We repeat, that everything problematical, everything in the nature of a crisis, derives from Wagner. Of course, on the opera, his appearance has had, in general, a positively destructive effect. He was the first to bring home to us all the absurdity inherent in the genus, by presenting it in perfection through the stage-management of Bayreuth and exhibiting it to the whole world as a model. His *Sprachgesang* has not simply become the enemy of *bel canto*, but, all in all, has so plainly shown, precisely by the achievements of the music-drama, the irreconcilable antagonism between music and words, that no return would seem possible. *Bel canto* is clarity, simplicity, beauty, but also limitation. Verdi, while listening to the earlier Wagner, was the last champion of this

limited loveliness. *Sprachgesang* and endless melody are an attempt to make the human voice—that most physical of all instruments—the vehicle, the interpreter, of the illimited, the metaphysical. But the instant this is done, not only has the Aria ceased to exist, but likewise all naïveté has vanished from the opera. Yet it is solely through the naïveté of the senses that one can accept the conventionality of this genus as naturalness; whereas the sophisticated sense rejects it as unnatural.

We have seen with what consistency Debussy proceeded in his conscious avoidance of Wagner. But his music-drama, the most artistic of all modern music-dramas, is nothing more or less than absolute hopelessness. In contrast to him stands Puccini, the utilitarian, the man of compromise, who has drawn from Wagner conclusions available for effect. In *Tosca* one can hear echoes of the *Meistersinger*-style in the musical language; indeed, the first act of *Tosca*, however different the spirit of Puccini from that of Wagner, is in many features strongly reminiscent of the last act of *Die Meistersinger*. The positively unprecedented skill with which he went to work is not recognized by those others who pit their creative energies consistently and unswervingly against the opera. The naïveté of Puccini is not that of Verdi, but it is in evidence within certain limits; and the delight in *bel canto* reawakens: on the other hand, in this same Italy, where the masses still idolize the pure beauty of the human voice, Wagner has so quickened the conscience of the composers that they no longer dare follow their instinct. Verdi, in his ripest maturity, foresaw this development. For him Wagner was the great Germanic monster predestined to strangle all Italian instinct. It well may be that Verdi himself at last feared for the future of *bel canto*. At all events *Falstaff*, his final creation, was the ideal of the Italian comedy-opera. But the man who rose to so lonely a height relinquished the public which he had formerly viewed as the highest tribunal, the court of last resort, when success was in question. For, at the final moment, he valued the artistic impression more than outward effect. Thus Verdi crossed the threshold of our post-Wagnerian age. A marvellous and, *pace* Wagner, a thorough man, he died before he could become problematic.

Now for the Lied. To what extent the Lied has been altered and injured in its nature is already ascertainable. The Lied, as a "straight" German product, this lyrical revelation evolved out of the depths of emotion, was instantly made to feel the reflex of the music-drama. The songs forming the germ of *Tristan* are at once a first example and a culmination. Hugo Wolf himself, who

carried the German Lied to its highest perfection, also exemplifies the decline of the species. In him the influence of the musico-dramatic element is such as finally to attack the lyric, and the melodic line. The principle of the leading-motive is transferred to the accompanying instrument, which now enters into equal partnership and acts as a miniature orchestra. With literary proficiency and enhanced nervous sensibility the words are now listened to and made to sound. As a result, the melodic line can no longer develop itself naturally, the intervals become unvocal, and chromaticism dislocates the line according to the requirements of an expression whose chief exponent the piano has now become. All that is fundamentally characteristic of melody—its progression in undulating lines, its purposeful intensifications, which permit of graphic delineation—in short, all symbolism, is given up. The vocal line pursues a crooked course. The overburdening with expression provoked by the literary conscience and sensitive nerves results, however, disastrously just for the Lied, because the whole "scene of action" is so limited. In the case of Hugo Wolf, the gifted master of the Lied, we can trace how the decline of the Lied into the recitative-style, under Wagner's influence, proceeded step by step. Richard Strauss, whose fame was in its incipency about the time that Wolf was nearing his end, has not the remotest intention of developing the Lied in this direction. Having been nurtured on the romanticism of Mendelssohn and Brahms, his first act is to go back a step or, rather, several steps. We can broadly assert that nowhere are Richard Strauss's individual limitations more strongly manifested than in the Lied, with which he has scored so great success. Nowhere is he more unstable, more part-colored, than here. As a romanticist he is not deep enough to say something original; the simplicity of his song is not very expressive, but his craftsmanship is indisputable, and sometimes succeeds in dissimulating the fact. In contrast to such more than naïve, sugary, very dashing songs as *Ständchen*, *Heimliche Aufforderung*, *Morgen*, which made him famous, are the songs of the post-Wagnerian Strauss. In these latter the illustrative element luxuriates, the knight of the orchestra gives the piano a predominant place, he becomes "interesting." One of these interesting Lieder, *Der Arbeitsmann*, is a gem. With these Lieder of his middle period, those of the last are strongly contrasted. In them we note a simplicity of the melodic line which does not represent final maturity, the highest stage of development, but, on the contrary, degenerates into a cheap toying with tones. And thus Richard Strauss, the successful Lieder-composer, proves into what a blind alley

Richard Wagner has driven the German Lied. All Lieder of the post-Straussian epoch are of a distorted, or super-refined, or all too romantic type. The proportions of the German Lied have been lost, because it is weighed down by a surplus of literary music.

Now, some not altogether unsuccessful attempts have been made in Romanic quarters to rehabilitate the Lied from another side—the unromantic. While Debussy, with exquisite taste, turned his interesting anæmia to good account in this field as in others, Frenchmen like Duparc were at work; and now Pizzetti has fallen back on the musical renaissance and created noteworthy exemplars of pure vocality. But it still remains to be proved whether the Lied, as a lyrical revelation, can ever be revived. Mahler represents a new birth of the Lied in Germany; but he himself has again promoted an evolution of the Wagnerian type by burdening his lyrics with the orchestra, like Strauss, and making of them a public exhibition.

And however much Debussy, as a continuator of eighteenth-century music, may have done in the way of reviving piano-playing and pianistic composition, and however much Ravel and Busoni have enlarged the possibilities of the piano, it is still doubtful whether their work will prove as fruitful as that of the romanticists, the men who discovered the soul of the piano. Wagner, the contemner of pure instrumental forms, likewise did his best to render the piano superfluous.

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To-day we are threatened with a collapse of that world of which Richard Wagner was the consummation, without knowing what may follow. This genius, who gained the widest hearing of any because he appealed to the senses and the intellect of a world-wide audience, likewise taught the world to see clearly. He prepared the birth of the New Man by sounding the deepest chords of the Old. What is this New Man in music? Is it he, who would force all the chaos of the External into music, or is it the other, who, *per contra*, would shut out all externality, that he may in no wise be disturbed in his dream of artistic idealism? This mere statement of the question shows that we are caught in a dilemma. And into this net we were driven by Richard Wagner.

To sum up : Wagner taught the musician continuous self-observation, thus making him self-critical in the highest degree. But in so doing he undermined all creative naturalness. Finally, he himself is a convincing proof that loftiest dilettantism may

become loftiest art. In his work he opposed the handicraft. For he was stronger and more successful than all the professional symphony-writers, who so mightily contended against him. He created for himself a new form in which everything academic was discarded.

Thereby the great destroyer prepared the way for the future. For it can no longer be denied that he was a destroyer. This ominous term of a decadent art is first of all applicable to him. For his art is based on a state of nervous irritation, such as first came in with and through romanticism. This nervous irritation, which progressed together with intellectualism and led to super-intellectualism, counts upon overstrained nerves in spectators and listeners. Will art ever be compatible with healthy nerves? There are nations that strive to make the body healthy, who see in "sport" their highest aim. Such is the ideal of the Anglo-Saxon. This ideal is not merely antagonistic to all romanticism, but might in time become dangerous to music in its entirety. For music can spring only from a linking of sense with intellect. In Wagner's art this synthesis is attained. But therewith are also exhausted the means by which it was attained. Wagner's pathos is no longer consonant with our epoch, which has a different tempo, a swifter habit of thought; myth, fairytale, legend, all seem bereft of life. Let us not forget, however, that within the pale of sport-loving England itself a Rutland Boughton is grafting the art of Wagner upon his native folk-music. Indeed, it may be that Wagner's influence has in general imparted an impetus to nationalism in music. But in opposition to this idea we hear the assertion that nationalism in music is nonsense.

One form of the reaction against Wagner's pathos is the Parody. Parody, or caricature, is ultra-modern; it is just now a favorite sport among musicians—rhythmical acrobatics, using as an arena the material of lofty art.

But this cannot be the goal of art. Parody, however clever it may be, is an artistic genus of the second rank. And thoroughly as the material of music would appear to be exploited, the art has a future. Let us hope that out of all ramifications of Wagnerism, out of all this neo-romanticism, there may arise a purified art.

(Translated by Theodore Baker.)

